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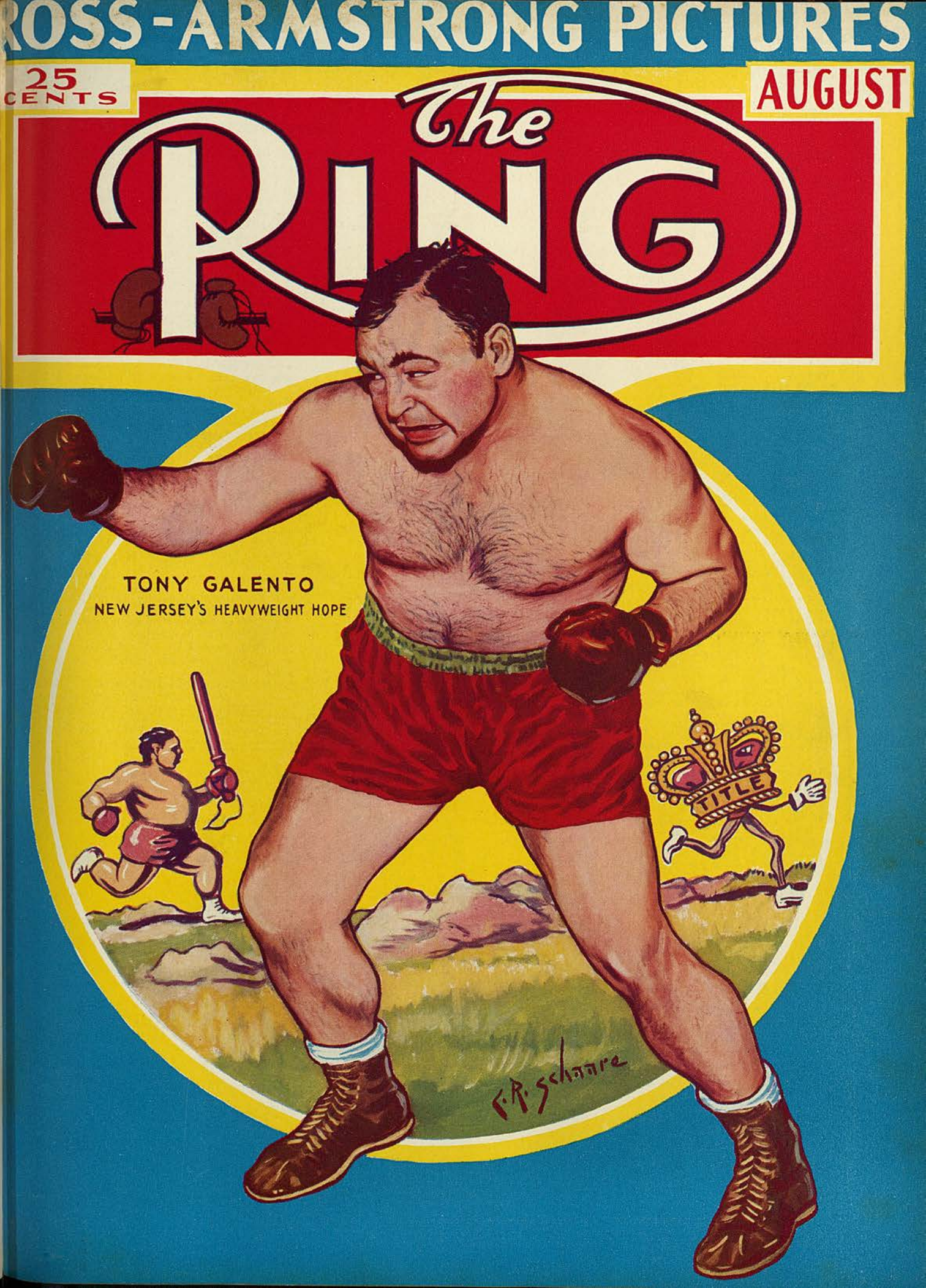

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The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

The Louis-Schmeling fight, the most discussed contest of recent years, is over. The Ring, in its eagerness to serve its readers only the best, had several cameramen at the ringside and their "shots" will be used for the pictorial presentation of this international contest.

Six pages of stirring photographs in addition to a complete report of the bout by The Ring's staff of experts, Nat Fleischer, Daniel M. Daniel, A. D. Phillips, and Eddie Borden will make the September issue of The Ring one worth keeping for a souvenir.

Don't miss it.

The aftermath of the Schmeling-Louis fight. What Now? Who gets the next title shot? How does the heavyweight situation now shape up?

The answers to these will be found in an article by Hype Igoe, one of America's leading boxing critics.

Opportunity may not always make the man, but if you want to make a sure-shot bet, then place your dough on the proposition that Opportunity makes the fighter. You won't believe it? Well you'll be convinced after you read "When Fortune Smiles."

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MAX LOOKS BACK

Calls Boxing the Ideal Sport—Proud of His Calling, Says He Couldn't Be Happy in Any Other Profession—Recalls the Lean Days

By HYPE IGOE

THERE were times in his glamorous career when Max Schmeling might have had the sinks for fair, times when he must have said to himself that this was a cruel, flinty-hearted world and that there was no fistic justice.

I have in mind those lonely nine months he spent in utter oblivion at Madame Bey's camp at Summit, N. J., months idled away in brooding and wonderment, painful nights and days of nursing a broken left hand, an injury he had toted to this country as an aftermath of his last fight in Germany and prior to his first appearance in the United States.

It took courage to sit out those seemingly endless days, courage of the belly kind. He wasn't known and he was dead broke in everything save health and an unshaken belief in himself. He thought he could fight. His might have been a German idea of what a real ring star should be, mentally and physically.

For one thing, he had never learned the proper use of a left hook or a left jab. He didn't realize then what an important item it is in Fistiana and that clever men and hitters, too, just a few of them, mind you, will go down in glove history as the darlings of the fighting gods, their names to outlive the sport itself.

If Schmeling wasn't naturally gifted with a good left hand, the Fates were unusually kind to him when they gave him one of the best and most effective right hands in all the history of the game!

What he lacked in left hand authority, he made up in being able to drop a right hand fist on a man's chin with all the destructive spitefulness of a hand grenade.

That injured left hand took an unusually long time to mend.

* * *

MADAME BEY, a lovable, motherly woman of culture and one-time social position in diplomatic circles, fostered this unhappy man with all the deft sweetness of a real mother. His own mater in Germany couldn't have been more solicitous, more endearing than was this dark-eyed keeper of the training camp broods.

She "staked" Schmeling to casual money needs and they were not many. The German is anything but a high-flier. He needed but little pin money in those days. Whatever it was, Madame Bey supplied it. She fed him and she clothed him. She gave him his cinema money, one diversion of which he is quite fond.

"Don't worry, Max. Forget your troubles. You are in a strange land, but you are among friends here. You are a strapping big fellow. I think you will make good in the ring. Your day will come, as the others have had theirs. As for the money and the board and lodging, why, dismiss that from your mind. Concentrate on making good when your injured hand is healed. You will be something. I know the earmarks. You will succeed. You will, some day, be a champion."

That was the background of Max Schmeling's advent in this land of plenty. Time went on and Max Schmeling became the heavyweight champion of the world. Madame Bey saw her prediction come true!

* * *

THERE was a strange interim. It came while Schmeling fretted in the little camp about his future. At the time, there was quartered there, Andre Routis, the featherweight champion of the world. Pete Reilly, who has sent Freddie Miller around the world, fighting, several times, was interested in Routis, with Joe Jacobs.

A sticklet for keeping tabs on a fighter, Joe went down to Madame Bey's one day to have a look at Routis in training. While there he saw, for the first time, Max Schmeling. Immediately he was impressed with the resemblance of the German to Jack Dempsey.

Also, Max, working out for one of the few times his injured left hand had permitted, was boxing and throwing right-handers as only Schmeling can send them across. Jacobs made an instantaneous appraisal of the fellow.

Who was this stranger? What kind of Fate had sent him into the featherweight's camp? Who was the manager, and what were his chances of launching so valuable a piece of fighting material in the New York fistic whirlpool?

Jacobs made a few verbal passes at Schmeling, and the stranger, feverishly anxious to get started, made some sort of a bargain with Joe, one which was not complimentary or exactly fair to the man who had crossed the Atlantic with Schmeling.

Eventually, that same manager, one Arthur Buelow, went to court over the loss of his fighter, for indeed, Jacobs, backed by the generous bankroll of Reilly, snared the German. Jacobs became the German's manager and new pages were soon to be written into ring history.

First of all, Jacobs came running back to New York, declaring that the future heavyweight champion of the world had dropped right into his lap. He raved about the likeness between Max and Dempsey, and it was this resemblance which first attracted the American writers to Schmeling. We adopted him, in a way of speaking, long before we ever had seen his hands raised in a fighting position.

* * *

TIME marched on and Schmeling fought Jack Sharkey for the world's title. The boxing commission had nominated them as the two most formidable and likely successors to Gene Tunney's vacated crown.

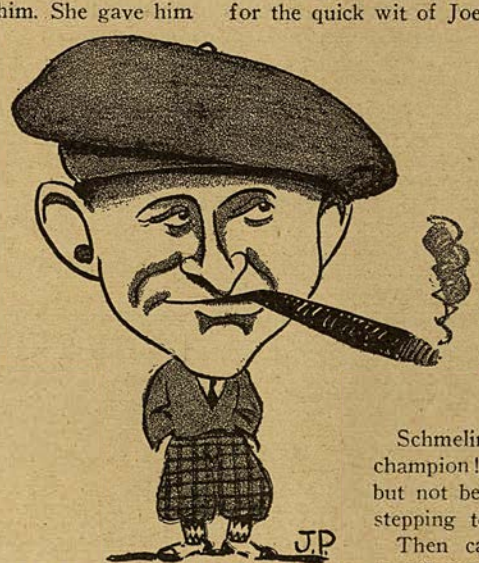
So long as fight stories are told, always there will be a word for the quick wit of Joe Jacobs, who, when Schmeling was sent to the floor with one of Sharkey's body blows, immediately set up a yowl of "Foul!" so loud, indeed, that at least two of the officials reversed themselves and voted for a "low blow."

To Jacobs, and Jacobs alone, rests the credit for winning a world's title for Max Schmeling while the German was squatting on the floor!

At first Schmeling did not claim foul. He merely held his stomach, registering pain. When Jacobs signaled "foul," Schmeling then assumed the pose and his face displayed the agony of a man struck below the belt!

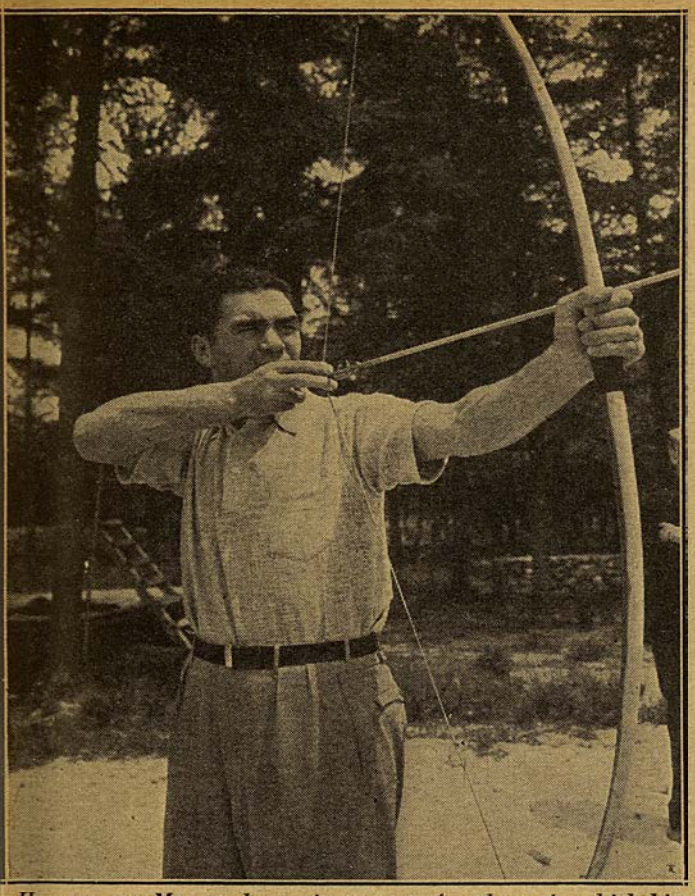
Schmeling became the world's heavyweight champion! He lost it to Sharkey in a return bout, but not before Schmeling had done a lot of side-stepping to avoid the second meeting.

Then came fame, fortune, a few downs but mostly ups. The greatest triumph was to come when Max was supposedly "through." He entered the

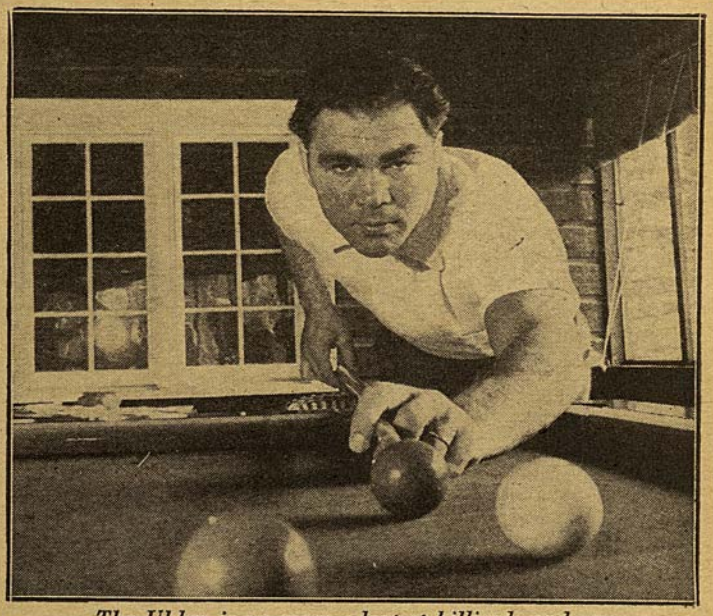


Joe Jacobs, the man who made Schmeling a champion.

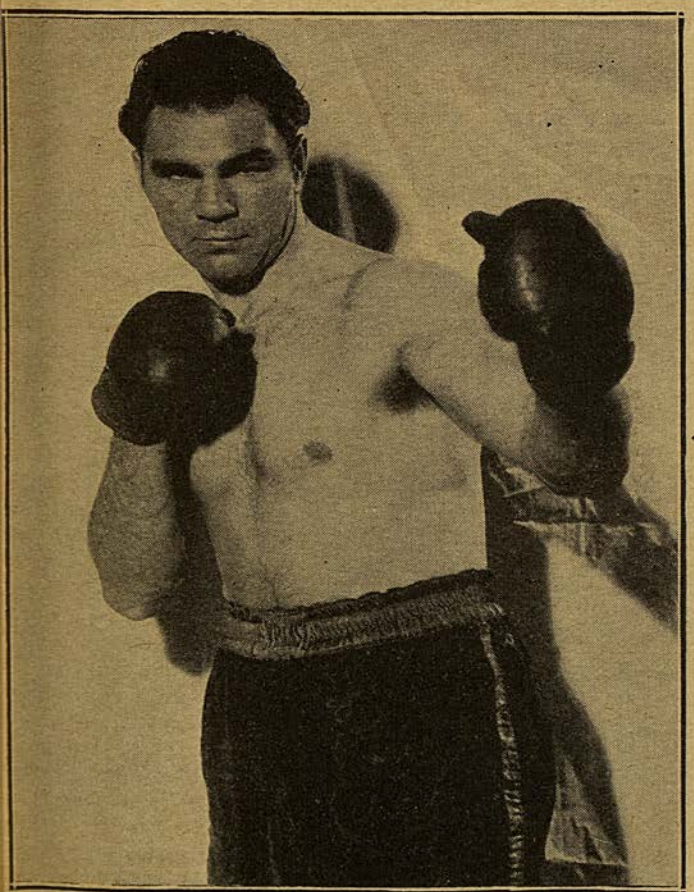
Schmeling at His Ease



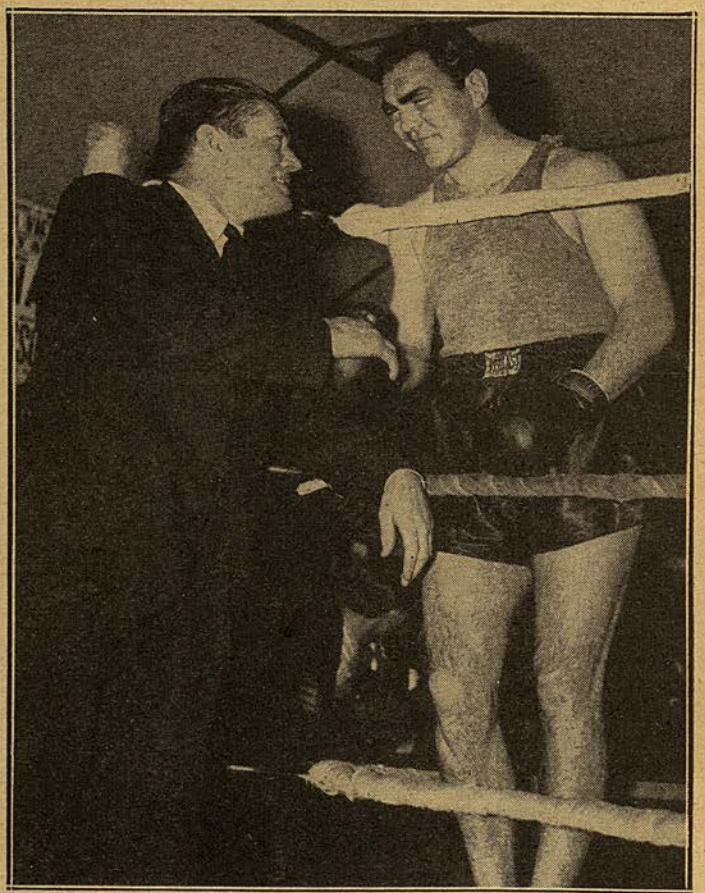
Here we see Max at the ancient sport of archery, in which his abilities are little known.



The Uhlan is no mean adept at billiards and can run off fair skeins.



Here the warrior of the Rhineland is in a relaxed pose in training camp.



Gene Tunney is telling Max, "You have the best right hand in the world."

ring a twenty-to-one shot over Joe Louis and he made daring backers happy when he accomplished a knockout in twelve rounds!

There was no question that the German's hitting has been the magnet. He has drawn gates on a parity with those which Joe Louis coaxed into the coffers of the promoters. The romance of Max Schmeling's career has been of the picture book variety. They never called him the "Cinderella Man," but he was one just the same, as the old hearth fires at Madame Bey's could attest.

When Schmeling was quartered at Speculator, N. Y., training for his second fight with Louis, a place which Max loves as much as Gene Tunney did, I approached him on the subject of ring fame. We were seated in the lake front yard of the magnificent hunting lodge which had been turned over to him as a camp.

Max was coaxing little chipmunks to eat peanuts out of his hand. The chipmunk, a gaily colored little fellow of the squirrel family, becomes quite tame with patience, and the big German, seemingly forgot the cares and worries of an impending second meeting with Louis, to play with these tiny creatures of the pine forest which surrounded his camp. He said that no such animal ever was seen in his own home woods and when I asked him why he didn't catch a few and drop them down in his own forests when he returned home, he said:

"I am not certain that these little fellows are not pests. My country is most careful about those things. We are told of the story of the German who brought Belgian hares to Australia because he was homesick for a rabbit hunt, and today that original pair has propagated to the extent that the Australian government, in desperation, had to inaugurate rabbit drives in order to kill off the pests which absolutely destroyed crops."

* * *

"MAX," I asked the deep-chested German, "if you had to do it over again, would you still be a ring fighter?"

"Vy not?" quickly asked Max. "Fighting has brought me wealth, fame, health, a body of which I can be proud, position, a home, standing in my own country as well as yours, self-reliance, knowledge, friends of importance, wisdom which I never could have gleaned from any other business, self-control, and most of all, travels which never could have come to me had I been a mediocre drone in life's busy beehive."

"Do you think that your station in life put you on an equal footing with the best men in the world? Have you ever been ashamed of your calling? Was there ever a time when you regretted that you had not taken up the law, medicine, science or big business instead of boxing?"

"I think that boxing embodies all of the things you have mentioned, in a way at least," answered Schmeling.

"Boxing is a law within itself. The law of boxing is that you must be fair, upright and that you will not hit below the belt. Teaching your body to respond to the burdens that boxing forces upon it, is being a medicine man of some sort. The fighter medicates and tunes his body as well as a practicing doctor can do it, better perhaps.

"Boxing is a science, an exacting science, and one of the most difficult in all the world to learn. You can count the great heavyweights of all time on one hand. Boxing is big business. What business could I have entered which would have brought about a turnover such as my bouts have brought about? No, I'm not sorry I became a boxer because, outside of the comfort and the confidence which the money has brought me, it has delivered a clean, healthy body and in that I am one of the richest men in the world!"

* * *

"HAS boxing improved with time?" I then asked.

"Every sport has improved. Day after day, we see old records fall. Living has changed. Food and the system of producing food has changed for the better. There was the old raw beef, beer and ale age in boxing. That is laughed upon these days.

"The entire set-up of boxing is better. The commission control here and abroad has been for the betterment of boxing. It used to be outlawed as something terrible. Now they teach boxing in schools all over the world, if for no other reason than to instil manliness and confidence in youngsters.

"In my country, boxing has become part of the upbringing of every boy. They are not schooled to be fighters, they are taught to be little gentlemen, and there can be no true little gentleman unless he has learned physical contact, physical balance, physical poise. A bad tempered boy is changed to a well-mannered boy through boxing. I am a great believer in boxing as an incentive to better manhood, a better world."

* * *

"HAS commercialism taken some of the romance out of boxing?"

"I hardly think so. In the old days they fought for what they called glory.

"I suppose that by glory they meant achievement without much pay. That was not best for boxing. Sane and honest governing of boxing has done more to bring it to the front than anything else. Confidence in the big promoters like Tex Rickard and Mike Jacobs has gone a long way to help boxing.

"The sheriffs do not chase principals and public up hill and down dale now. It is big business and the governments and the states are benefited.

"Boxing has been wonderful to charity and to the needy. I'm proud that I'm considered a 'top-notch' boxer. I wouldn't change my profession for any other in the world. I don't think I could be happy in any other calling. It has been wonderful to me.

"There have been bad days and good, but the good ones have drowned out the bad. I will always look back on boxing as a career which I wouldn't exchange for untold riches. When I meet men of letters, of science, of wealth and power, I never am embarrassed.

"Sometimes I find it the other way around, and usually because the fellow seems to know he couldn't possibly change places with me and that I had to be healthy, strong and capable to reach the top. I'll never regret a single day spent in boxing."

* * *

THERE, then, you have a pretty fair insight to what travels around in the mind of this deep-thinking German. He has lived a clean life and the best proof of this is that he approached the second battle with Louis well over the thirty-year mark, a dividing line over which they said no man could wander and be efficient.

Schmeling has knocked down a lot of false ideas. He proved in the first fight with Louis that mind could conquer matter. Louis was the superman, but not when Max got through with him. Max outthought the Negro, and in the end outpunched him, though Max didn't settle down to heavy hitting until he had gradually worn down the Brown Bomber.

Max outtimed and outthought Louis in that first fight. He was the man and Joe the boy. I'll never forget the sight of Joe falling from his kneeling position over onto his side, shaking his head in response to Jack Blackburn's calling:

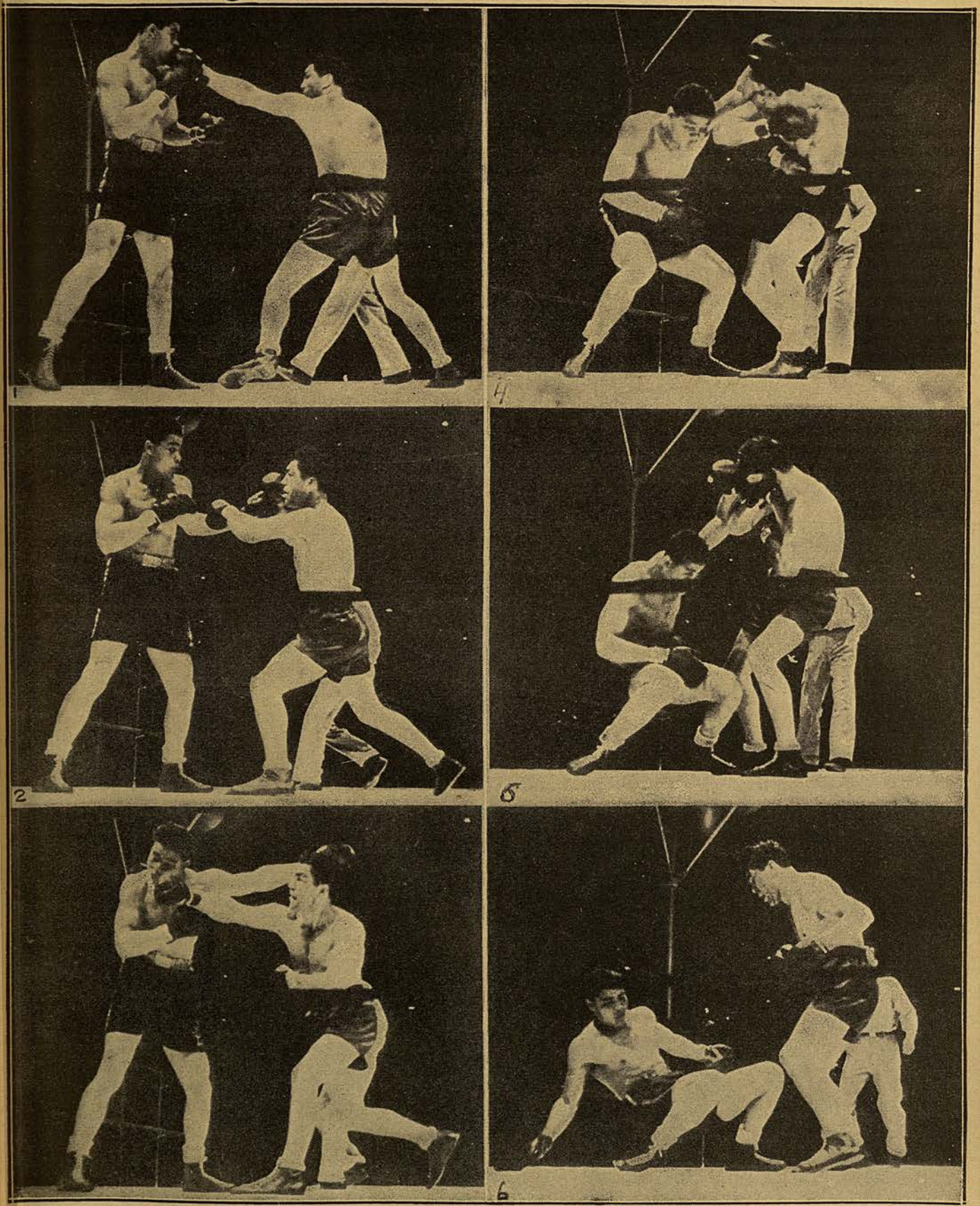
"Git up, Chappie, git up and start swinging again!"

Louis looked toward his corner, raised himself on his elbows slightly and then shook his head with the mournful look of a fighting terrier who had been disemboweled. No such calamity had been visited upon Joe, but he was hurt, was beaten, was acknowledging that, on that night at least, he had met his superior.

The fight business has produced few men of Schmeling's peculiar temperament, his ability, his stubborn resolve to be the first to regain the lost heavyweight championship of the world. He has been a dangerous foeman any time he got into the ring. He had a knack of crossing his right with force and deliberation and he never was beaten while he could cock that right fist.

He will go down in ring history as one of the best men ever to come out of the Old World. Germany, slow to accept him, made him a national hero after the twelve-round knockout of Louis. It was an unbelievable triumph. If Schmeling had never done another thing in boxing, that feat alone would always keep his name prominently spread across the pages of ring lore. He was ever interesting, and God's gift to the promoters of the world, the Dempsey of Germany!

First JOE-MAX Melee



Here are some very poignant views in so far as Louis is concerned. Here we see the high lights of the first meeting with Schmeling. Here are the best shots of the famous tenth round, in which the Max right mauled Joe—mauled him right into a knockout. But note. It is not alone the right. See the first view. It is Max's left which is initiating the carnage.

Studies *in* Black *and* White

Louis-Schmeling Match Brings Up Facts and Fancies for Fistic Analyst

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THIS is a story about impressions. Impressions touching on Max Schmeling and Joe Louis. Ideas that come while a man sits at the typewriter and wonders what is in the offing in so far as the heavyweight championship is concerned.

Starry night, and what is in the future? Max Schmeling the winner over Louis—and what then? Another fight with the Negro? A Schmeling-Baer imbroglio, to let the German get his revenge on the man who gave him an unmerciful beating in the Yankee Stadium?

Starry night—and what's in the crystal? Max the winner and taking the title back to Germany, refusing to meet non-Aryans, perhaps refusing to fight anybody and keeping the situation in a turmoil for a while, and then giving the game a serious wallop from which it would take years to recover? As the Mexican says as he lies in the shade, while the sun beats down on the cathedral square—Quien sabe?

Starry night—and Louis the winner. Schmeling finished and through forever. Back to Germany with all those fine American dollars, backed by thirteen billions in gold reserve—official figures, mind you, and no monkey business.

Back to Berlin with all those Yankee dollars, to live the life of a country squire on a big estate, and laugh at the turmoils of the world, and the suckers who have to go to sea in ships, and into mines with lanterns, and fighters who fight until it is too late and they have that urge to sit down on the floor and cut out paper dolls.

* * *

SUNNY day, and Gene Tunney at the training camp of Joe Louis. Tunney, who used to be champion. Tunney, who was hailed as one of the master boxers of heavyweight history.

Tunney goes into a room with Louis, and then he comes out smiling, and Louis comes out thinking. The next day, a story in the papers that Tunney had tipped Louis on the best way to avoid that Schmeling right hand.

The next day denial from Tunney that he had instructed Louis.

The next day Tunney goes to Schmeling's camp, and tells the German he has the greatest right hand in the world. He adds, "I did not instruct Louis. If I had it in my power to tell either of you how to win this fight, I would not say a word. I want the better man to win on his own merits."

Much ado about nothing in particular. Those former champions telling fighters how to do this and that usually are a joke. The leopard changeth not his spots. The fighter goes into the ring and fights his own fight. He has to be himself.

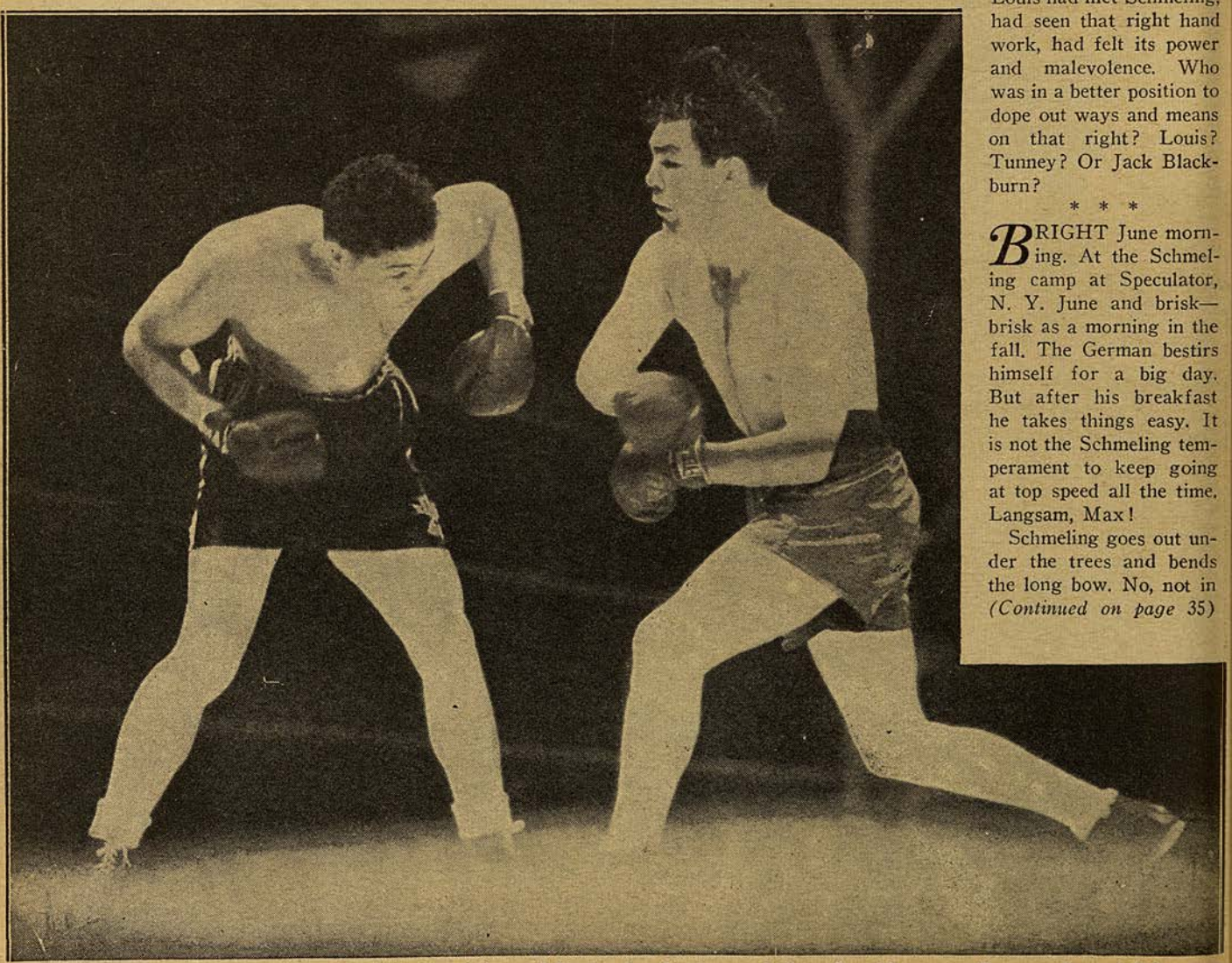
So Tunney's vehement denials—well, what's the difference? Louis had met Schmeling, had seen that right hand work, had felt its power and malevolence. Who was in a better position to dope out ways and means on that right? Louis? Tunney? Or Jack Blackburn?

* * *

BRIGHT June morning. At the Schmeling camp at Speculator, N. Y. June and brisk—brisk as a morning in the fall. The German bestirs himself for a big day. But after his breakfast he takes things easy. It is not the Schmeling temperament to keep going at top speed all the time. Langsam, Max!

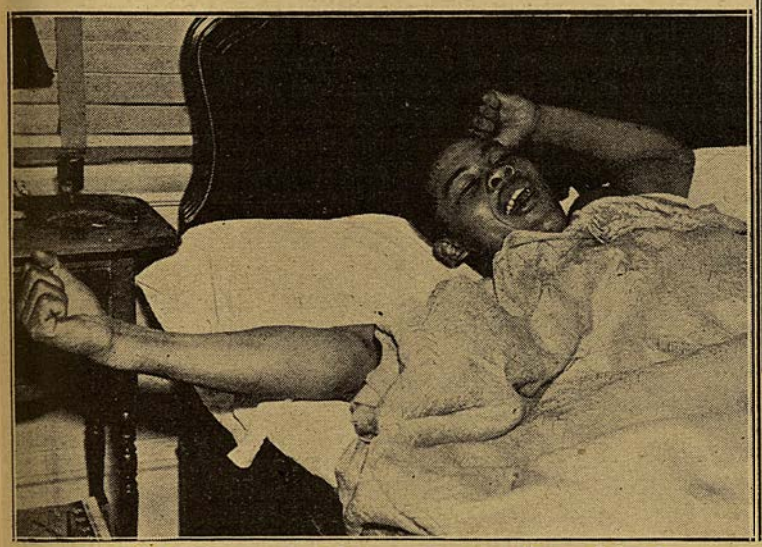
Schmeling goes out under the trees and bends the long bow. No, not in

(Continued on page 35)

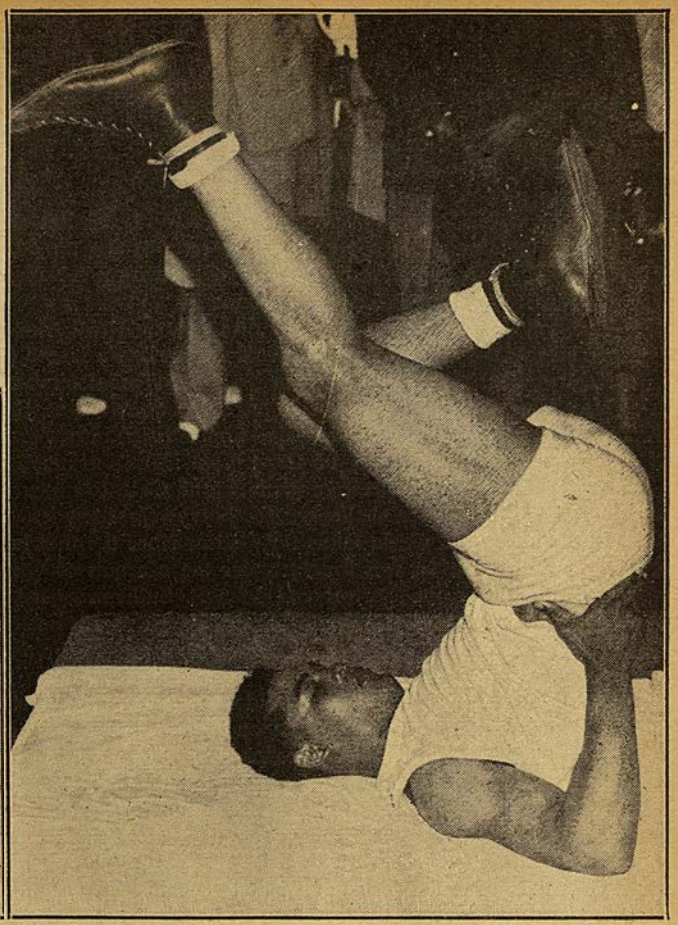


This shows the start of the first Max-Joe fight, and Louis already is puzzled—and, wide open. For another right!

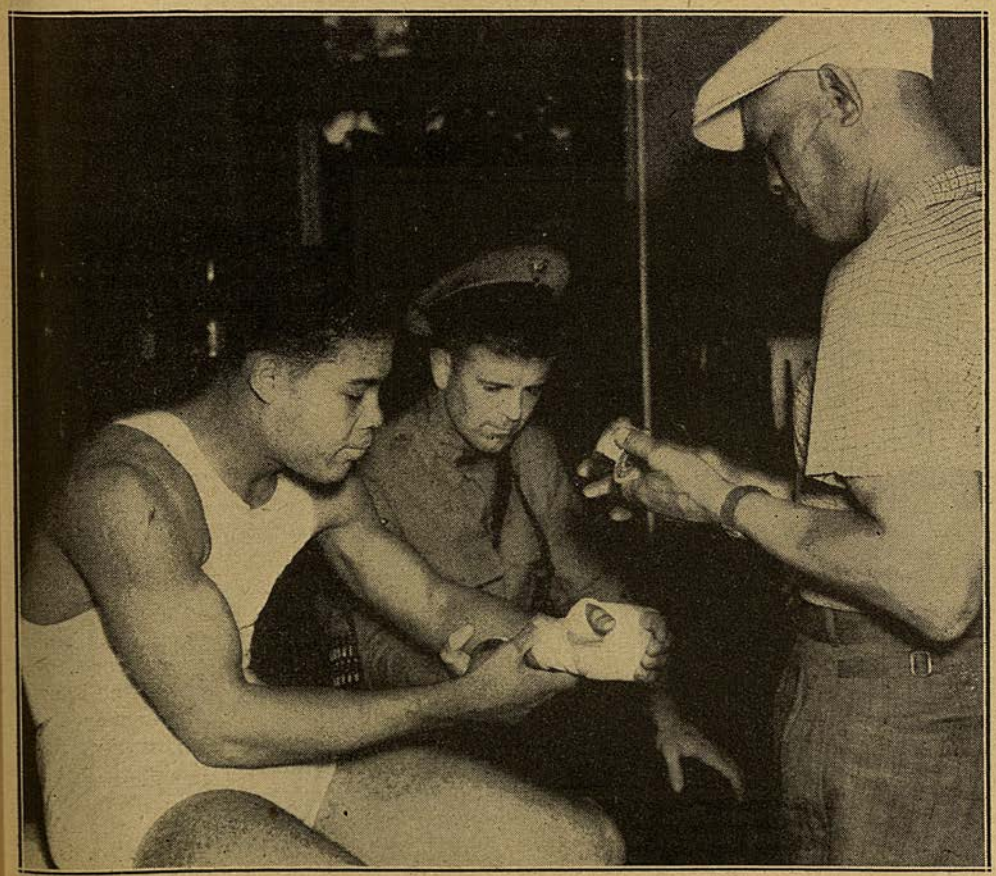
Around the Clock with LOUIS



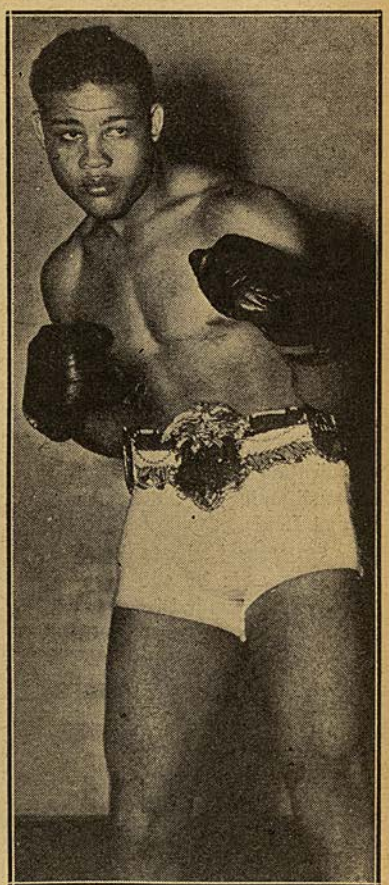
Six in the morning, so it's up and out on the road for Joe.



Limbering-up exercises for the Detroit walloper, who must watch his legs.



Getting ready to box. Jack Blackburn taping Louis' hands. Joe never handles the bandages.



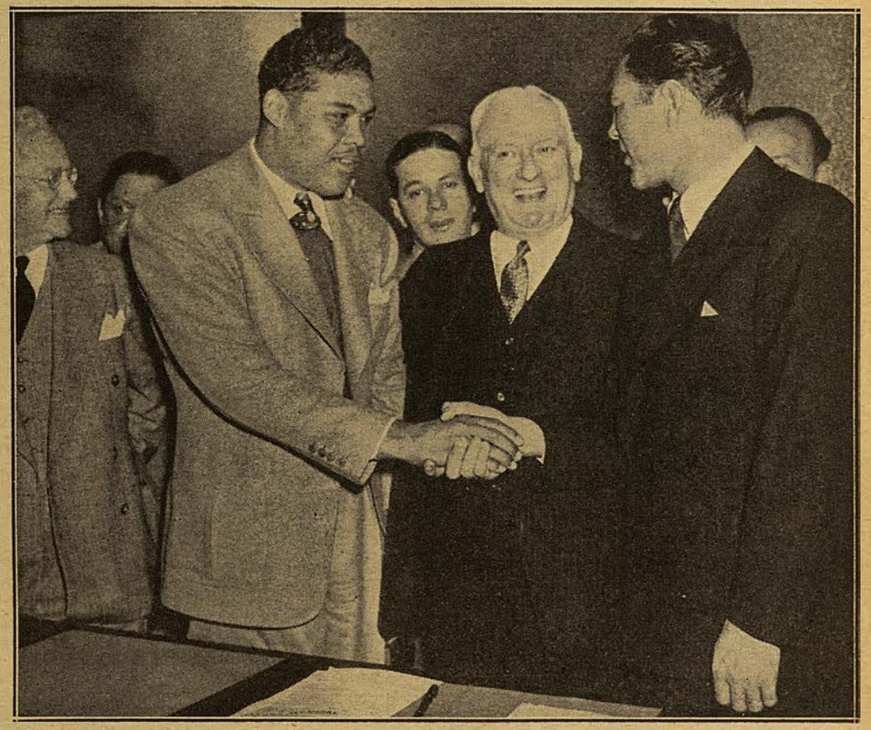
Ready to go, with THE RING'S *heavyweight championship belt around the regal middle.*

BAER Stands Out for Next Battle

Max Is Regarded as Certainty for Heavyweight Match, Now That Louis-Schmeling Affair Is Over

By

THE RING EDITOR



Happy commissioners and happy warriors as the contract was signed for the fight that enabled each to reap a fortune a few weeks ago at the Yankee Stadium. Left to right—Colonel Wear; Julian Black, one of Louis' mentors; Joe Louis; Secretary Beck of the Boxing Commission; General Phelan, chairman of the New York Board, and Max Schmeling.

WHERE do we go from here? With the Schmeling-Louis fight over, with the roar of the crowd died out, the blast of the ballyhoo down to a whisper—what's next on the program?

The way I see it, you name your own ticket. It will take some time before the situation levels itself out and we know for a certainty what Mike Jacobs has in his bag of promoters' tricks.

Max Baer seems to be the standout for the next fight, though Tony Galento is pressing close behind him. Pastor, Farr, Adamick—they are temporarily out of the picture. Max's triumph over Farr regained a lot of prestige for him, and Galento's kayo over Mann made him an ace challenger for heavyweight honors.

In the meantime, we do know this—never since the first heavyweight titular contest was fought under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, with Jim Corbett and John L. Sullivan as the contestants, did two boxers enter a ring so perfect physically, so mentally primed for an important battle as were champion and challenger for the latest affair.

The reason for their superb condition was two-fold. First, the international interest in the contest, an interest that was so great that five weeks before the affair, close to $200,000 was on hand from many parts of the world in advance of the ticket sale. RING readers alone, in their desire to make certain of their reservations, sent in more than $5,100 within a few days after the articles of agreement for the fight were signed.

Then there was the desire of Louis to regain lost prestige. His sole aim was to avenge the knockout he had suffered at the hands of Schmeling. With that in mind, he made certain that he was fit for the combat of his career. But no more so than Schmeling, to whom the winning of the championship was an ambition cherished by him since the day he started his comeback by knocking out Steve Hamas in their return tilt in Hamburg.

Thus the incentive was there. Champion and challenger had every reason in the world to be so physically fit so that not a finger of suspicion could be pointed to either with the statement that one or both went into the fray with only one object—to obtain his portion of the huge gate. This was one fight where I can safely state that the financial returns were secondary. To win the battle—that was the main objective.

There can be no excuse for the loser to declare that lack of condition or mental worry caused his downfall. In my thirty odd years of sports writing, during which time I have attended hundreds of training camps, I can think of no pugilists who trained more faithfully, who stuck so conscientiously to their task of conditioning, as did Schmeling and Louis.

On several trips to the working grounds of the rivals, I was accompanied by the octogenarian sports critic, A. D. Phillips, a gentleman who has followed boxing for almost seventy years and has seen every heavyweight of note from the days of Jim Elliott and Johnny Dwyer, bare-knuckle kings and champions of the glove period, and his observations are worth recording. The work of Schmeling, in particular, was a treat to the old man who thought that Herr Max was far superior to Louis. He gave it as his opinion that never in his long stretch of sports writing had he seen such workmanship as the German exhibited. He predicted that Max would knock out Louis and so did my wife, who likewise is a great boxing enthusiast. I stood alone sold on Louis.

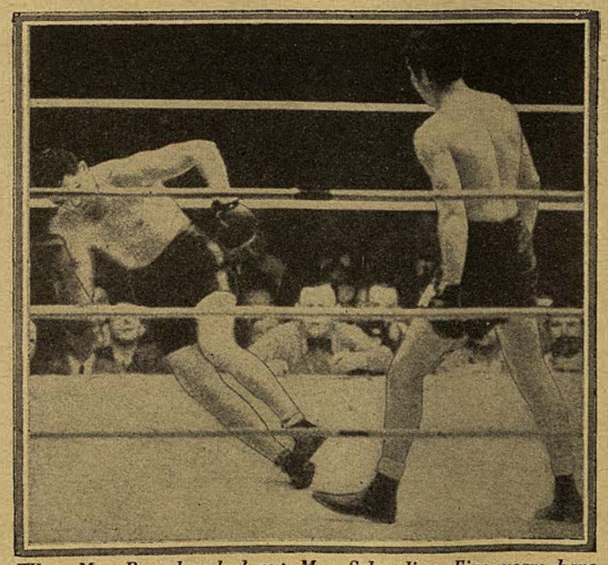
To Phillips, Schmeling was the ideal fighter. He observed that he possessed everything essential in a great ringman and what he saw at the Speculator Camp and also at the Pompton Lakes headquarters of the Brown Bomber, caused him to reflect on the condition of other champions and challengers he had closely watched while tuning up for important contests. What he saw in the Schmeling and Louis camps convinced him that the modern system of training is better than that of the old school and that the present day fighters are far more advanced in technique than were the old-timers.

* * *

PERHAPS Mr. Phillips' observation was a correct one. He is a keen student of boxing and as such, undoubtedly sized up the rivals accurately in his comparison with the stars of his early days. But I think that the primary reason for the splendid condition of the rivals was the fact that neither had let the grass grow under his feet while waiting for the "Battle of the Century" to materialize. Each realized that the bout was inevitable. Each knew a year ago that the contest was the most logical for a big money maker and accordingly began to tune up for it. Schmeling tackled Neusel, Foord, Thomas and Dudas, four contests that enabled him to sharpen his eyes and perfect his timing.

Louis, after winning the world crown, was a real fighting champion. He knew that if he remained idle while waiting for the Schmeling mill he would probably be more badly whipped than he was in their first engagement, so he decided to keep busy. In that respect he kept pace with Herr Max by tackling Tommy Farr, Nathan Mann and Harry Thomas.

When the time arrived for the German Uhlan and the Brown Bomber to start training for their return mill, they already were in excellent physical condition. That's where they each had it on many of the previous title-holders or past champions who either were setting out to defend their crown or to attempt to regain it, only to find that idleness, the curse of all boxers, played havoc with their fighting.



When Max Baer knocked out Max Schmeling. Five years have passed since the Californian jumped into the fistic spotlight and today he stands out again as the leading contender for world heavyweight honors. He'll undoubtedly get the chance to face the champion in September.

Let us look back at the mistakes of other great fighters who, instead of keeping busy at the trade as did Louis and Schmeling during the past year, took long rests between battles. Ring warriors are like musicians, artists and others who have to keep in practice to remain at the top of the heap. They cannot afford to rest on their laurels once they have reached the top and expect to retain their championship form merely by sitting prettily on their throne.

That point was well brought out by Mr. Phillips in a discussion of fighters, past and present. He argued that the reason for the tremendous advance the sport has made in the last twenty years, is because those in it, those who follow it as a vocation, take their work seriously. The days of the booze-crazed pugs, the hog-fat fighters and the "dees—dems and dose" ring men who flourished when he was a young man, are gone.

Today we have a school of boxers who realize their obligation to the public and to themselves and train accordingly. The present day stars also realize that idleness spells defeat. Champions, contenders and just ordinary palookas keep quite busy either in the ring or the gymnasium, because they know what's best for them.

* * *

"YOU all remember the sad fate of John L. Sullivan when he went up against Jim Corbett in 1892," remarked Mr. Phillips. "Well, Sullivan for ten years held the championship of America against all comers and considered himself invincible. He had gone into the ring so often when hog fat and out of trim that he thought he could get away with Corbett without much training.

"In fact, his work at Canoe Place Inn down on Long Island was a perfect farce. He simply laid off there and guzzled bottle after bottle of ale right under the nose of his patient trainer, Phil Casey, the handball champion. When Sullivan's closest friends suggested a little real training, he sat back and declared that Corbett was such a pipe that he didn't have to be in first class form to win in a few punches.

"Still, in his fat condition, we all thought that Sullivan could win, as he had done so many times before under similar adverse conditions. You all know the result of the mill. Sullivan was too heavy and slow to get out of his own way. He never landed a solid blow in the twenty-one rounds. He became so tired that he couldn't hold up his arms in defense and finally went down in sections, Corbett continually raining blows on his jaws and body. Finally, he dropped in a heap, completely exhausted but practically uninjured. As soon as he was counted out, he got up slowly and made a speech to the immense crowd at the ringside—an unusual thing for a defeated champion to do.

* * *

"LET me cite a few other cases where over-confidence and lack of ability caused the downfall of great fighters," continued Mr. Phillips. "There was Jimmy Elliott, who gave Jim Dunne of Brooklyn the fight of his life. Elliott was taken out of Sing Sing Prison after many years of absence from the ring and was pitted against that slashing young giant, Johnny Dwyer of Brooklyn. The battle took place in Canada before as fine a gang of cutthroats as ever held up a train. Elliott was aged and slow and Dwyer cut him to ribbons in eight rounds. When they picked poor Elliott up and washed the blood from his broken face he turned to me and said:

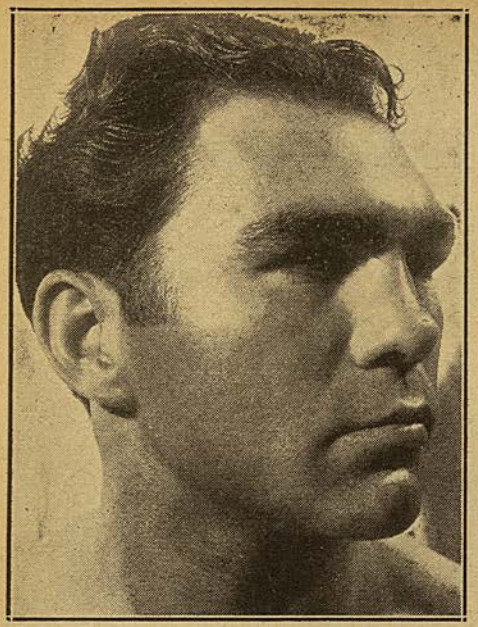
"'I've been too long away from the game. It's my own fault. I should have tried myself out before I went up against such a clever man.'

"Yet Elliott had the nerve to go up against John L. Sullivan three years later, in 1882, in New York City. Sullivan was in his prime then, just after winning the championship from Paddy Ryan, and the way he knocked out poor Elliott in the third round was a shame. It was a picnic and a lot of easy coin for the champion. After it was all over I asked Elliott why he used such poor judgment in going on with Sully, whereupon the broken down pugilist whispered to me:

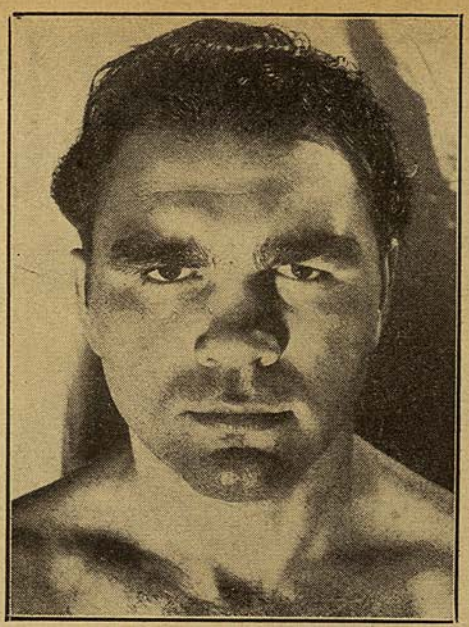
"'I needed the money! I'm getting so slow I can't break into banks any more, so I'm willing to take a knockout with big gloves.'

"With all his faults, Elliott was dead game. It was not long afterward that he was killed by Jere Dunn in a fierce gun fight in a Chicago restaurant.

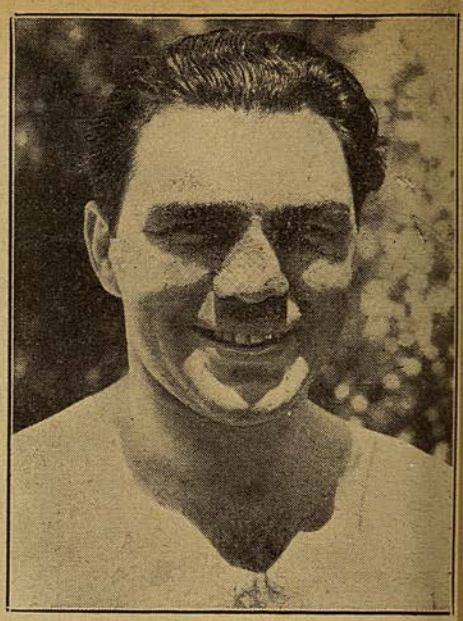
(Continued on page 42)



Schmeling now becomes the serious, determined fellow who won't be stopped.

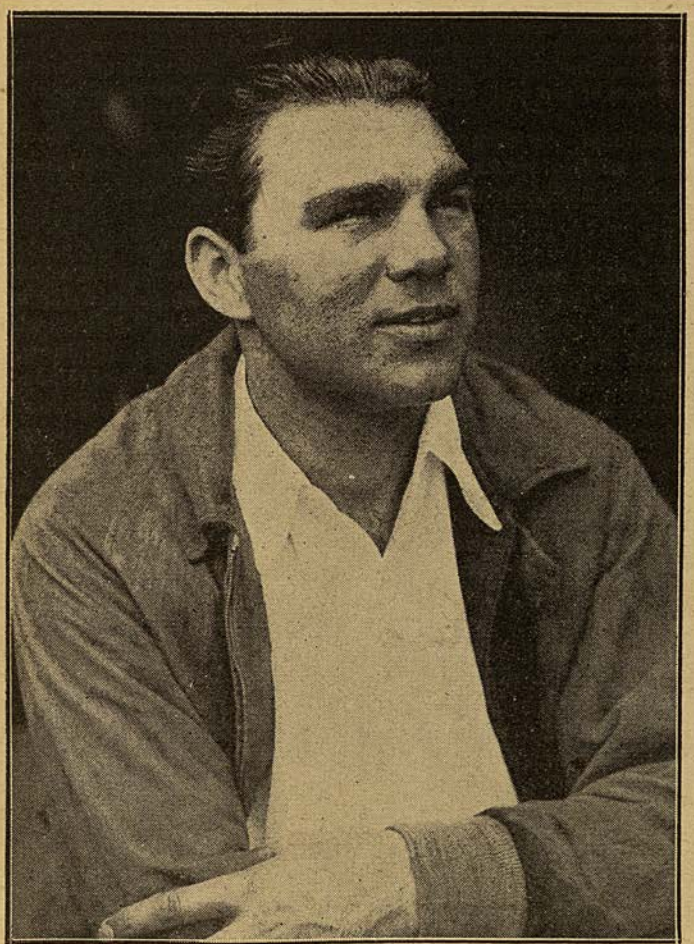


Here we see the socker from Swastikaland in a half serious, half jocund pose.

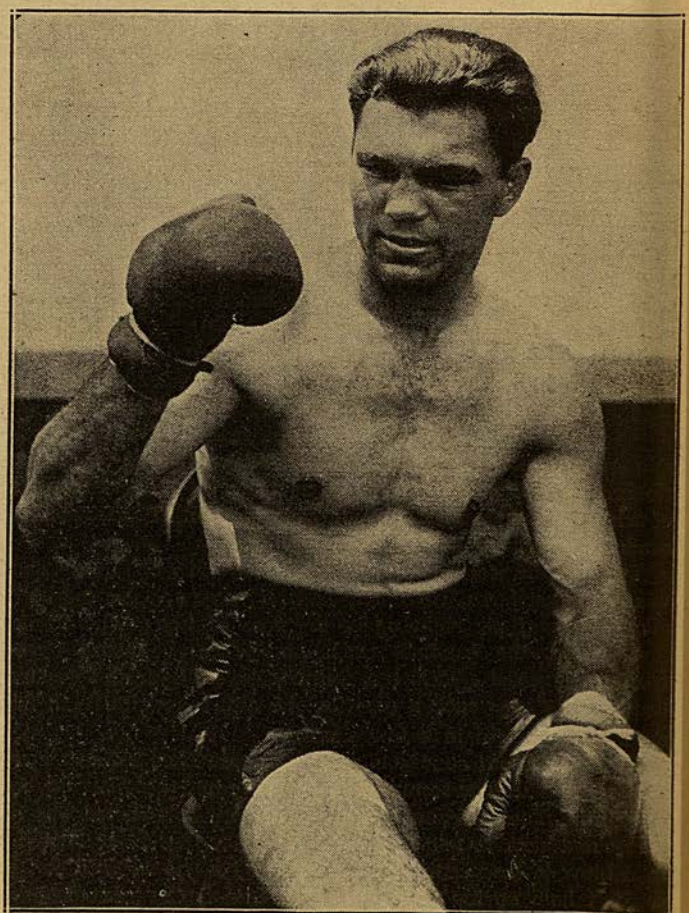


This is a shot of the German battler in one of his merrier moments.

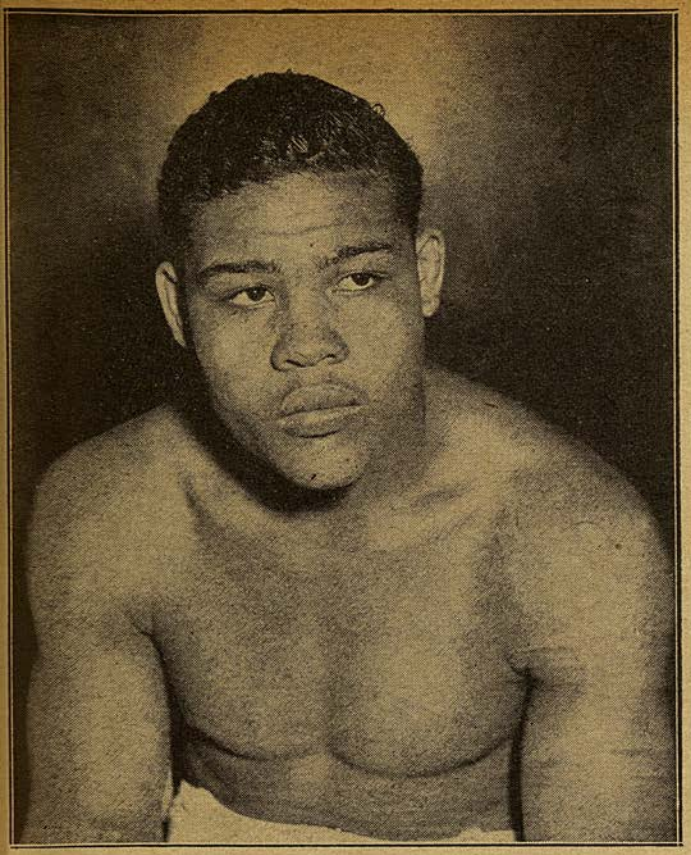
Max in Many Moods



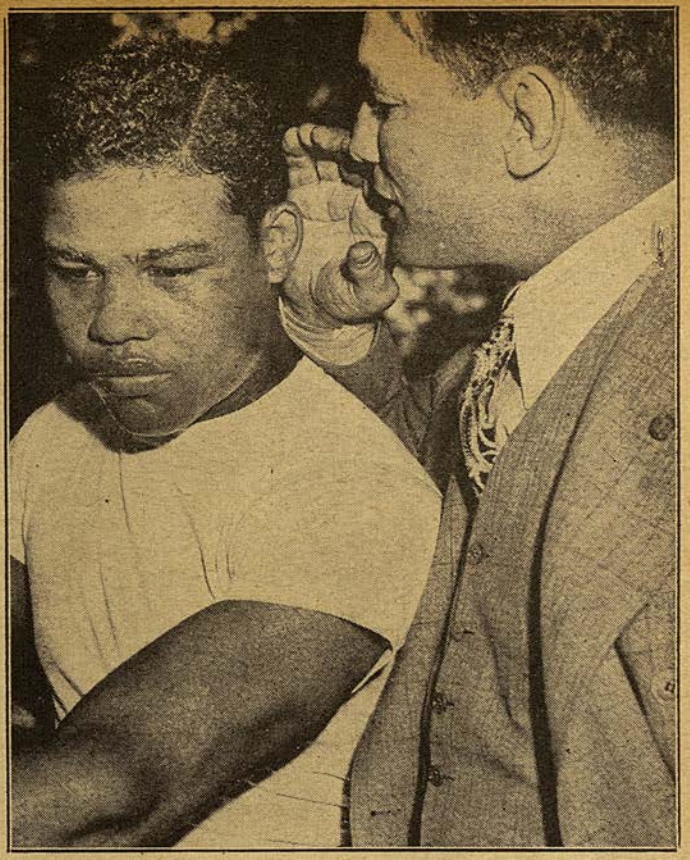
Dreaming of the Fatherland, of family, of things he'll do when gloves are hung up.



Yes, this is the famous right with which he once took that title.

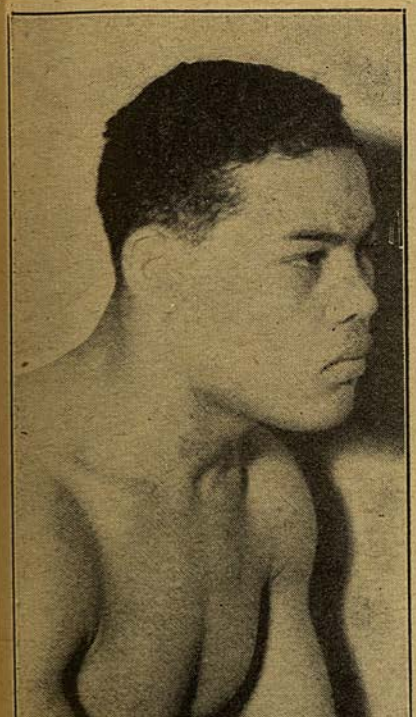


"If I had had any real schooling, I doubt if I would have become a fighter."

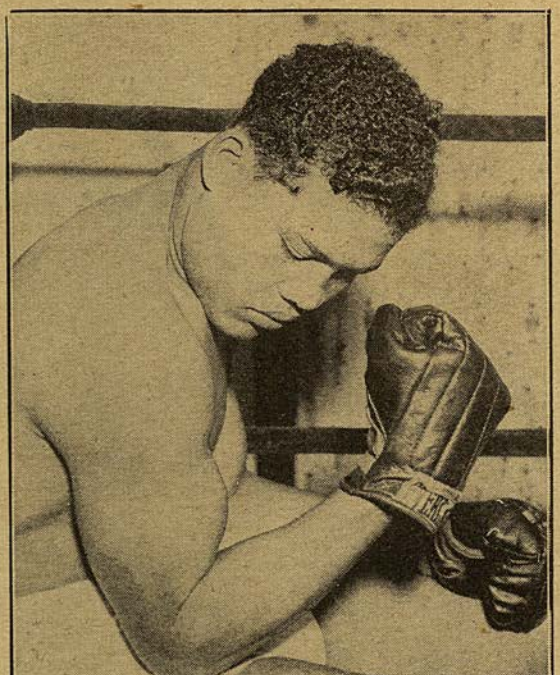


Serious business, this. Louis listening to a few tips from veteran Jimmy Braddock.

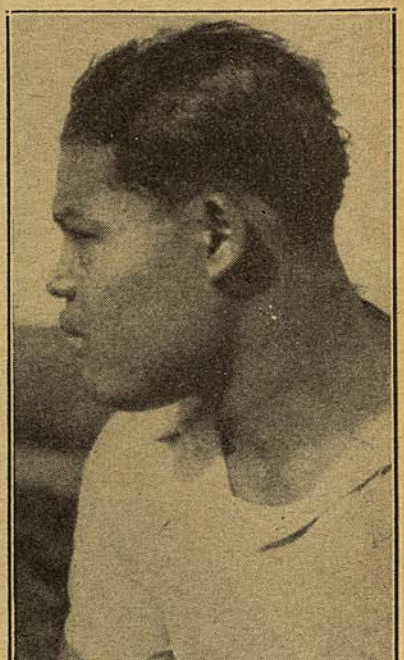
A Visit With Jolting JOE



"Yes, I made mistakes in the first fight with Max, but who is faultless?"



The Brown Bomber is pretty well fixed in the muscular line.



"I'll quit this business some day, but not until I have been hurt."

JOE LOUIS *Deplores*

JOE LOUIS today is grateful to boxing because it has made him independently wealthy at the age of twenty-four, but to this very hour he regrets that he couldn't go to school instead and become, in his own words, "a smart man."

For all the glory and international publicity that has been thrust upon him, Louis never has lost sense of real values. In his own mind, Joe still is a fellow whose tough luck it was not to be able to continue his education.

"Sure, I like fighting," was his response to the question put to every boxer of prominence. "Why shouldn't I? It has made a lot of money for me. A lot more than I could make in any job considering that I didn't get above the lower grades in school."

Would he have become a boxer had he gone to high school or college?

"No, sir! I'm sure of it," was Joe's emphatic reply. "If I had had some education I would have thought I was too good for fighting. You know, I would have felt I was meant for something better. I know there are educated fellows in boxing, but most of the fighters are like myself.

"Don't get my ideas wrong. I have absolutely no fault to find. Boxing has been great to me. So have all the people in it. But having money doesn't make you a smart man. That's something you can't buy. I wish I could be that way."

* * *

JOE is one of the most widely known figures in boxing today, but few fans honestly know the Joe Louis beneath the surface, the Joe Louis represented by the above viewpoint.

Candidly, he is no flashy conversationalist. But for a Negro boy who went into an auto factory at an early age, he expresses himself well. And each time he returns to New York, one notices some new development in his personality.

But two characteristics never change. One is his sincerity. The other is his unwillingness to say a hostile word, deserved or not, about anyone. Shallow critics mistake the latter for dullness, but that's snap judgment of the worst sort. A person taking the trouble to understand his origin would understand.

His sincerity is exemplified in casual conversation. He never says a word he doesn't mean whole-heartedly—whether he talks movies, poker, baseball, softball or boxing. So far as he has learned to reason, his opinions are based on logic.

Naturally, you'll inundate Joe if you try to talk politics, national or international. But your inundation will merely mean silence. Joe is never trapped into a silly statement based on ignorance, because he doesn't dare discuss a subject beyond him.

Louis won't utter a harsh word concerning even those who have hurt him.

"I have a boy friend in Detroit," he said, "who stole an expensive suit from me. I know he took it and I know how he did it. But I never said a word to him. I don't know why, but I can't get angry. We're still good friends and he doesn't think I know what he did. If he ever found out, he'd probably never come to see me again. He'd be so ashamed of himself.

"There's another fellow in Detroit who took my brand new car and smashed it up. The accident put him in a hospital. For four weeks I paid his hospital bill, $97 a week for doctors and nurses. Before that he stole some money from me. I never said anything to him either."

* * *

JOE'S monologue switched from human relations to boxing. As he talked he seemed to swing back continually to his experiences as an amateur. These were days in which fighting seemed an end in itself, with no visions of big money.

"It was hard work. I had a job in the Ford factory. I punched a clock at 7 A.M. and got through at 3:30. Then I'd go over to the Brewster Center to train. I had nobody teaching me, so I'd do the best I could by myself. I'd work there for a couple of hours. Finally I'd go home dead tired and ready to drop into bed as soon as my mother gave me supper.

"Sometimes I wanted to quit boxing. I figured I had a job. Maybe I could work up to $50 a week. One day I decided that I was through fighting. But I was already entered in the Detroit Golden Gloves. When I came home, I saw a letter on the mantel piece. I knew it was from the Gloves people, but I left it alone.

"It didn't fool my mother. She said to me: 'Joe, what's the letter?' 'I guess it's from the Golden Gloves, ma,' I said. 'Well,' she said, 'aren't you going to fight?' 'No,' I said, 'I decided I'm through.' 'But you're entered in that thing,' she said, 'aren't you?' I didn't say anything.

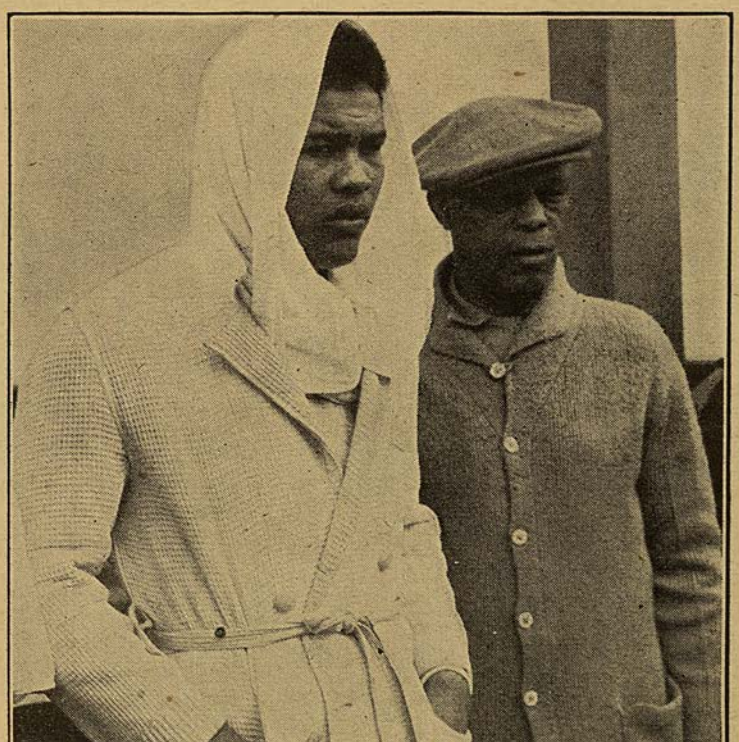
"That didn't stop her. 'It says here you got to go to that club tomorrow to fight,' she said. 'You better do it, you're supposed to.' I did. Then I kept on winning and won the Golden Gloves light-heavyweight championship. It was all on account of her.

"When I dropped my job to train for the Gloves she paid my gym dues—$5 a month. She had to work hard for the money. She went out and got house cleaning jobs at $1.25 a day. She's always been like that for everybody in the family. Down South, when I was just a little kid, one of my sisters wanted to go to nursing school in Birmingham. My mother sent her, but she worked herself sick to do it."

* * *

THE only thing Joe holds against his mother is the fact that while Joe wanted to become a trumpet player she insisted that if he was to be a musician, he had to play the violin.

"I was just too big to be a violin player. She made me buy one and go downtown for lessons. I wouldn't practice the violin, anyway. A lot of times I wouldn't even go for the lesson. I'd spend the $1 on the movies."

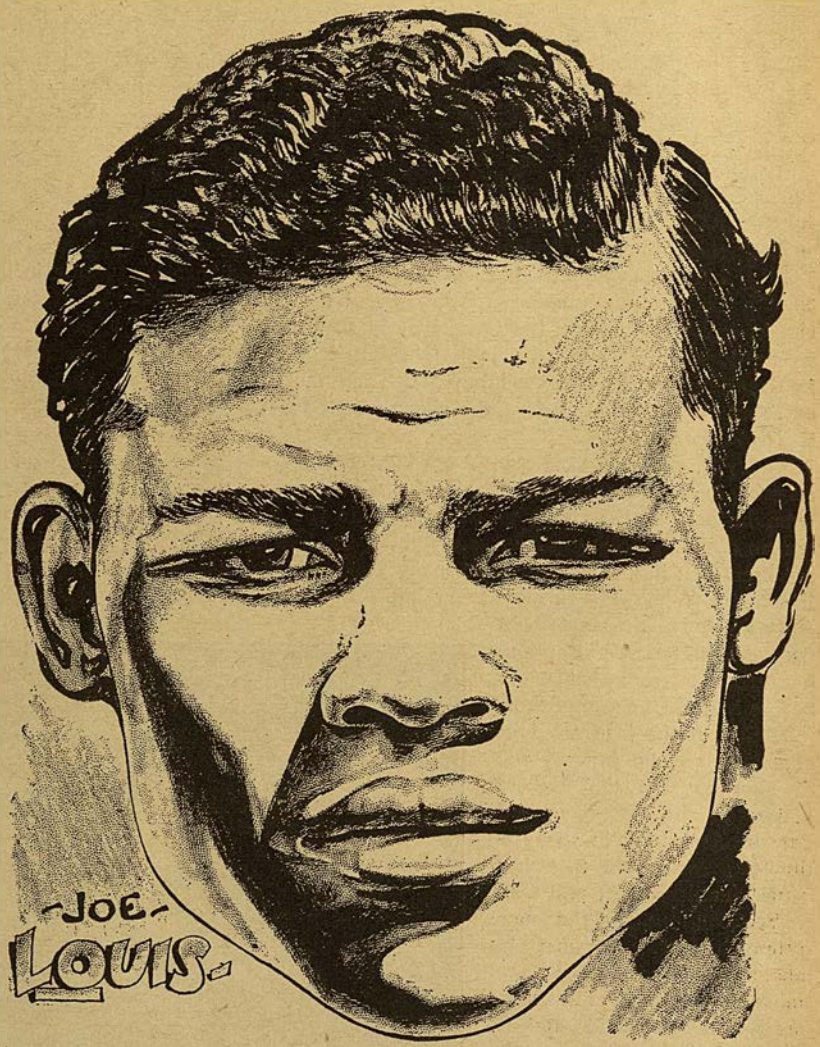


Joe and his trainer, Jack Blackburn, going in the dressing room for a rubdown after a workout.

Lack of Schooling

Sorry He Did Not Get to Be "Smart Man"—Will Go On Fighting Until He Is Hurt

By
LESTER BROMBERG



"Boxing has been great to me. So have all the people in it." That is what Louis says of the sport that has made a millionaire out of him in three years.

The disappointment Joe felt at his failure to have his trumpet was compensated for by the thrill he received when he got his first full set of boxing equipment.

"Connected with that Brewster Center was a sort of Fellowship League, through which colored boys were helped in sports by generous men. One of the men who did lots for the boys was John Roxborough, one of my managers. He helped a couple of track stars through Michigan. After I met him, he sent me a complete fighter's outfit.

"It seemed like the greatest thing in the world to me—a pair of brand new gloves, nice soft leather shoes, silk trunks and a bathrobe. I was the happiest kid in Brewster Center. That was only the beginning of the things Mr. Roxborough did for me. When I had to go to Chicago to box he got Julian Black, my other manager, to take care of me. I never had a trainer until Mr. Black brought Jack Blackburn to Chicago for me."

In his years as a fighter, Joe learned one thing above all others, that you have to keep trying to get somewhere.

"On the Detroit Golden Gloves team that went to St. Louis for the nationals we had two heavyweights, myself and Stanley Evans. Because I could make the light-heavyweight limit, they put me in that class and put him in the heavyweight. He could fight swell, and after I won the 175-pound title he won the heavyweight title.

"Stanley wasn't as lucky as I was. He didn't have anybody like Mr. Roxborough taking care of him, so he began to take things easy. He wouldn't train and he started fooling around. And he never did get anywhere in boxing."

* * *

LOUIS is fervent in his insistence that legs are the basis of a fighter's success. He lays his own defeat in his first bout with Max Schmeling to lack of stamina in his legs.

"Since I learned that big lesson, I never let a long time go without doing some sort of exercise, even if I am out of training. I ride horseback, I play golf, I go on the road. I know I can't let my legs lose their pep, even if only for a couple of days. You never know how long it will take you to get them back."

How long does he intend to keep on fighting? Has making a good deal of money reduced his interest in fighting? Does he think Barney Ross did the right thing in quitting?

Joe answered all these questions in turn.

"I'll be fighting until I really get hurt. And that will have to come when I have had my time in the ring. A young fellow can get over a bad beating. But once you see your best days, a beating can finish you. Everybody has a limit and a reasonable time to quit.

"Seems to me I'm like everybody else. The more money I make, the more I want to get. From now on, money won't make me keep fighting, but having it won't make me want to stop.

"A champion nearly always has got to defend his championship until he can't hold it any more. That's why I admired the way Barney Ross went in there and defended against Henry Armstrong. I liked Jimmy Braddock the same way, because he fought for his championship against me. I don't like it, though, when a fellow fights after losing his championship. I wouldn't feel sorry for him then if he lost."

* * *

BECOMING acquainted with Gene Tunney at Lafayetteville, N. Y., was a revelation to Louis.

"It just shows you what I always say: 'Believe nothing you hear and half what you see.' Before I met Gene Tunney, I got the idea he wasn't for me. I kind of thought he was for Schmeling. When he talked to me, I had to like him. He was so nice and friendly. After he left, I knew he was my friend, not Schmeling's.

"All the older fellows tell me Gene Tunney quit before his best days. They said he had a good reason to retire. A good reason is everything, I guess. But I haven't a good reason to quit now. And I don't see any around. A lot of folks ask if I felt like quitting after I lost to Schmeling. I never thought of it. I wanted to make up for it. My mother gave me a real talk that time. She said: 'Joe, nobody wins them all.'"

(Continued on page 35)

ARMSTRONG'S FEAT UNIQUE IN BOXING

BACK in the early nineties, the Negro race ruled the roost in three divisions. George Dixon, "Little Chocolate," was the crown wearer in the bantam and then the featherweight class; Joe Gans was the foremost lightweight and Joe Walcott, the Barbadoes Demon, was king of the welter division. A little later, Jack Johnson came to the fore and annexed the world heavyweight title. Then there was a lapse of about twenty years before the ebony-skinned boys came into their own again.

Today the colored race has in one lad, Henry Armstrong, the reigning monarch over two divisions and before the summer is over, he may be the champion of a third. In the St. Louis-born human dynamo, boxing possesses a fighter, the like of whom has not been seen in a roped square in many years. He is a whirlwind in action. When Hurricane Henry toppled the clever Barney Ross from his throne to win the world welterweight crown, he turned a trick that never before had been accomplished.

Holder of the featherweight championship, he jumped one division to win the highest honors in the next one, and for the first time in the history of pugilism, the sport has in the featherweight and welter sections, one and the same champion. A few weeks from now, Henry will tackle the lightweight king, Lou Ambers, and it is my prediction and of most fistic followers that when the smoke of that battle has blown away, there will be sitting on the top rung of the ladder in that division, the first boxer to hold three titles at one time.

* * *

THERE is much of a parallel between Armstrong's case and those of Dixon, Gans and Walcott, each of whom, like Henry, often went out of their class to tackle men ten or more pounds heavier, but the conqueror of Ross is the first of his race or any other to hold both the featherweight and the 147-pound titles at the same time. When Bob Fitzsimmons was the middleweight champion, he decided to mingle with men of the heavyweight rank. In 1896, when he was hot on the trail of Corbett, he clashed with Peter Maher and put him away in a round. Then he beat Corbett for the title the following year at Carson City. That was the first time the owner of a crown in one section of boxing skipped one division to win the title in the next higher.

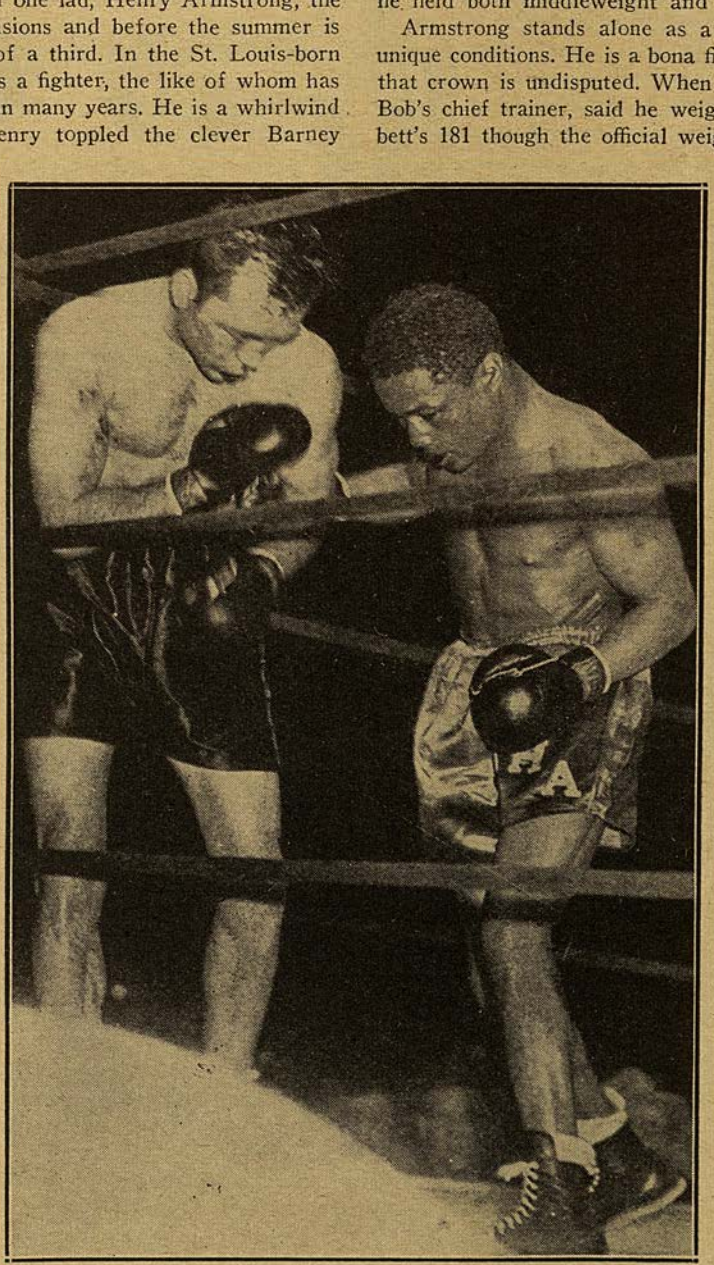
But when Fitz put that performance across, Kid McCoy and other middleweights disputed his right to continue as middleweight champion, their contention being that he had outgrown that division and went to the heavyweight ranks because he had to. Ruby Robert, on the other hand, asserted that he could still make the middleweight limit, then 154 pounds, and insisted that he held both middleweight and heavyweight championships.

Armstrong stands alone as a double title holder under such unique conditions. He is a bona fide featherweight whose right to that crown is undisputed. When Fitz beat Corbett, Dan Hickey, Bob's chief trainer, said he weighed only 157½ pounds to Corbett's 181 though the official weights given at the ringside, were 167½ for Fitz and 181 for Gentleman Jim.

By his one-sided victory over Ross, Armstrong gained a niche in the Fistic Hall of Fame as one of the greatest fighters of all time. Until that feat was accomplished, there was considerable doubt about his true status, but Henry answered that by giving Barney the worst beating a champion has received in many moons.

Like George Dixon, Henry proved that he can spot boxing's best talent ten or more pounds and come through triumphant. Like Gans, Hurricane Henry proved that he is a master of attack, and like Walcott, he convinced the public that his best defense is his offense and thus we have in the two-time title holder an invincible combination who stands out as the leading fighter, weight-for-weight, of this era.

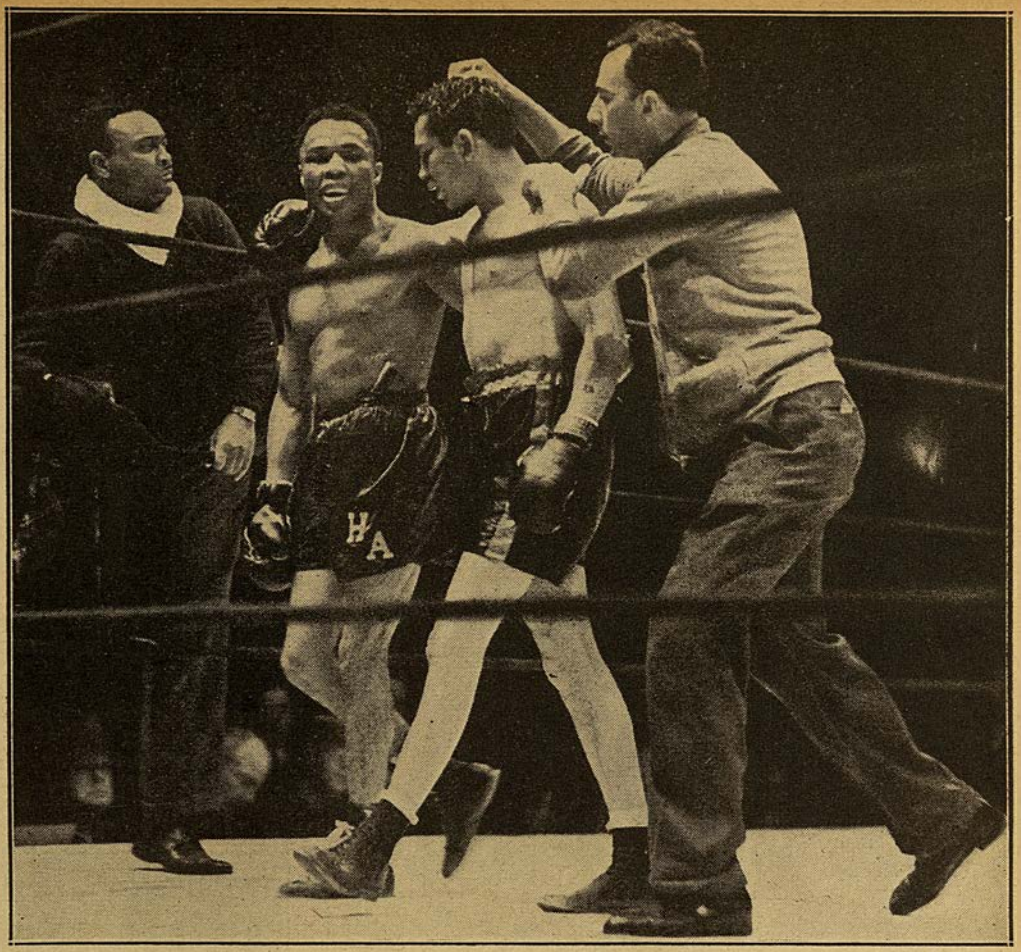
His whirlwind attack is his greatest weapon. It bewilders an opponent as Ross and others who have clashed with Armstrong can testify. He smothers his adversary with punches that come from all sides and land on all parts of the body. Covering up doesn't save an opponent. Ross tried that and when Henry found he couldn't penetrate the guard he tossed gloves to head, ears, back and side. There was no stopping him. It was like a landslide.



A story in itself. This photograph shows the vanquished, powerless Ross in the last minute of the final round. Note how Armstrong has let up in his furious attack as Barney stands unprotected before him.

Hurricane Henry a Marvel in the Field of Pugilism —Like Dixon and Walcott, Giving Away Weight Proves No Handicap—Aims to Become First to Hold Three Crowns at One Time— Ross Passes Out of Picture, a Fighting Champion

By
NAT FLEISCHER



Here is the badly whipped but undaunted, unfloored Ross congratulating Armstrong at the final bell. Barney is so tired he hardly can stand up. But he has the satisfaction of having taken his beating without having flinched or taken a count.

ONLY three years ago, the Mid-Western Whirlwind, an under-fed, skinny lad pounded the doors of the various fight clubs for a chance to show his wares, but found neither sympathy nor charity at his disposal. From city to city, East and West, he roamed for the opportunity to prove that he could fight, but with little success.

Today, every promoter is seeking his services. Like Joe Louis, another of his race, in the short span of three years, Armstrong has risen to the top. How long he will remain perched on that high post, the future alone can tell. At this stage, there isn't a fighter in three divisions who is his equal.

The boy who was kicked around, who like Dempsey was forced to ride the rods to earn a few coppers, today stands out as a marvel in the field of pugilism. From a humble beginning to a place in the stars envied by all—that's the story of the new welterweight king. His greatness was proven not alone in the fight with Barney Ross in which he spotted his adversary eight and a half pounds, but in every fight in which he has engaged since he gained the featherweight crown by stopping the sturdy Birmingham, Alabama, lad, Petey Sarron.

Who is there now to stop Henry's rise? Only two boys loom on the horizon—Lou Ambers, whose style may baffle the double king, and Ceferino Garcia, whose bolo punch and stamina, combined with weight, may turn the trick. But after watching Armstrong handle the clever Ross like a novice, I don't think that either Ambers or Garcia can halt Henry's progress. He seems destined to go on until the energy he has been expending, and will continue to expend in future fights, has taken its toll by slowing him up. Then a clever lad who can also punch, might do what Ross and other opponents of the little Negro have failed to accomplish.

* * *

USUALLY fighters of the Armstrong type burn themselves out quickly, but in their case, they have been hit plenty, whereas Henry is able to avoid severe punishment by his continuous rushing tactics in which he gives an opponent little opportunity to think of anything but to protect himself against the murderous assault. That's why Armstrong's lease should be far beyond the average.

When one analyzes the career of the new Wizard of Boxing, he comes to the realization that Henry is the great exception. One like him doesn't come to the front in a quarter of a century.

It took Barney Ross to bring out Hurricane Henry's real status in the fight game. Though Ross was a veteran of ten years' standing, it must be conceded that he still rated one of the best. Hence the shellacking he received from a youngster who spotted him considerable weight, proves that Armstrong is the first super-fighter the game has had since the days of Gans, Dixon and Walcott.

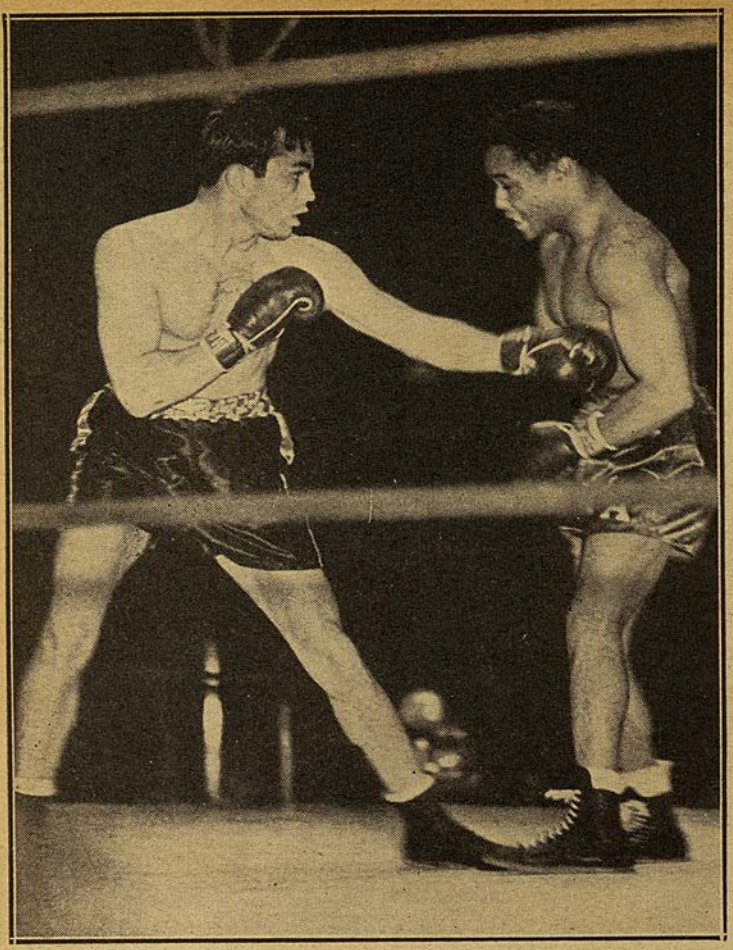
Ross in his training showed everything that could be desired. When he entered the ring against Armstrong, he was in perfect physical condition. His one-sided defeat therefore must be attributed to the superiority of his opponent.

There was only one thing in which the victor failed to live up to expectations—his punching power. Against Ross, whom he had on the verge of a knockout on several occasions, Henry failed to score even a knockdown. In that respect, therefore, it must be conceded that the hitting qualities of Armstrong have been overrated. It is his method of fighting that keeps his rival at sea. Swarming over his man as he does, Henry gives his adversary practically no chance to get set while he in turn, is crashing home blows from all angles.

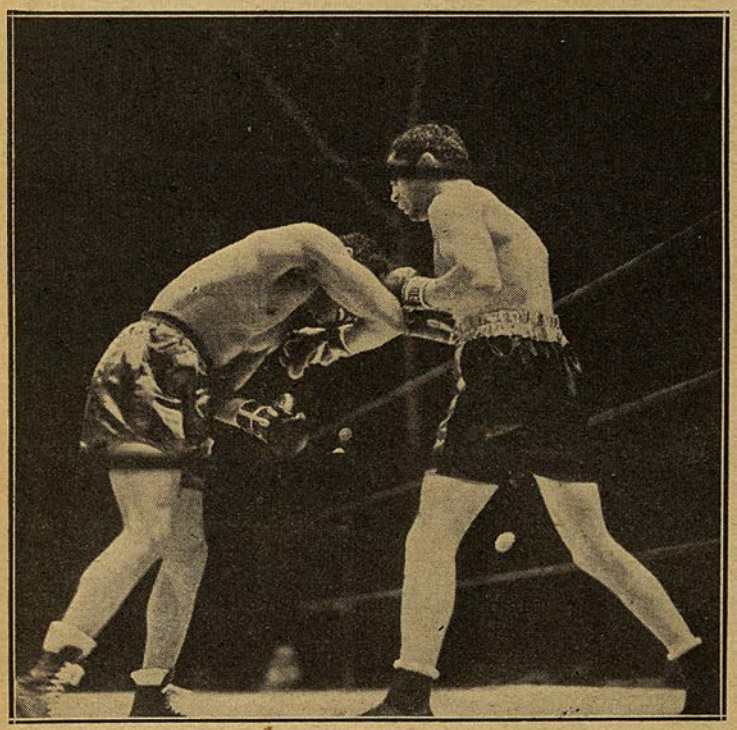
The doughty little fighter who is now a double champion, makes no secret of the fact that when he gains the fortune he has set for his goal, he'll retire, but until then he holds three divisions in the hollow of his hand. In three years he has amassed a fortune of $140,000, most of which he has invested in bonds, yet when he began his career, he had to live in a flop-house in Los Angeles, so down and out were he and his brother, Harry, his chief trained. Lady Luck

(Continued on page 44)

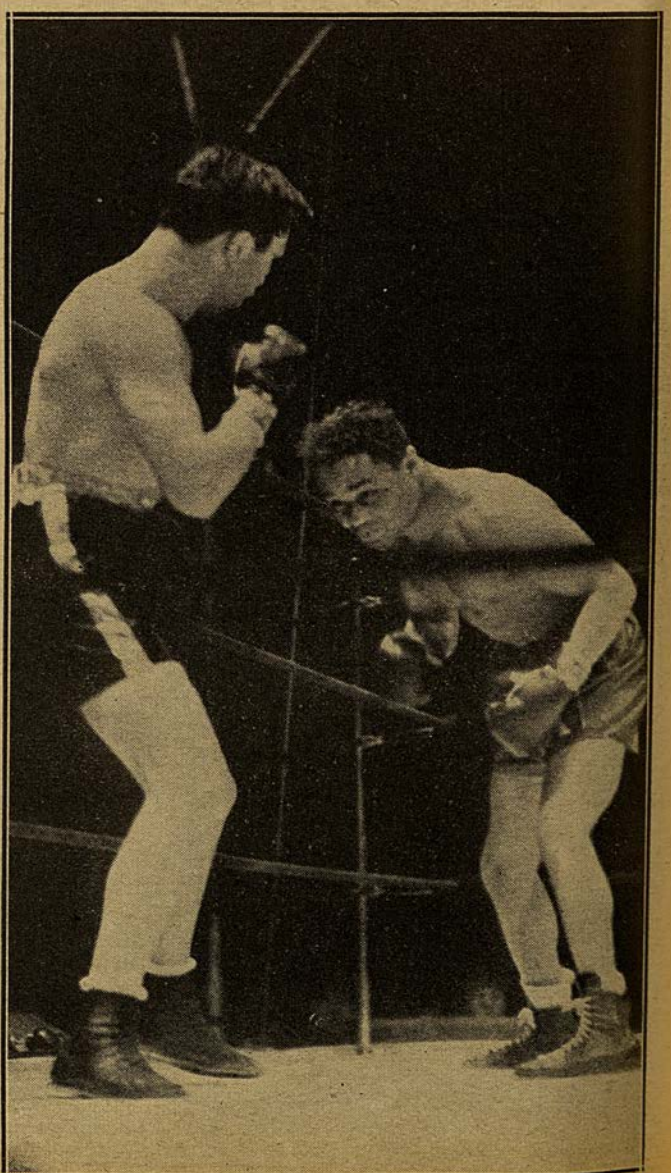
It Still Was a FIGHT



Here we see Barney in the first round, showing at his best. He is landing one to Henry's midriff. Barney went out in that session with vim, but he lost that in a few stanzas.

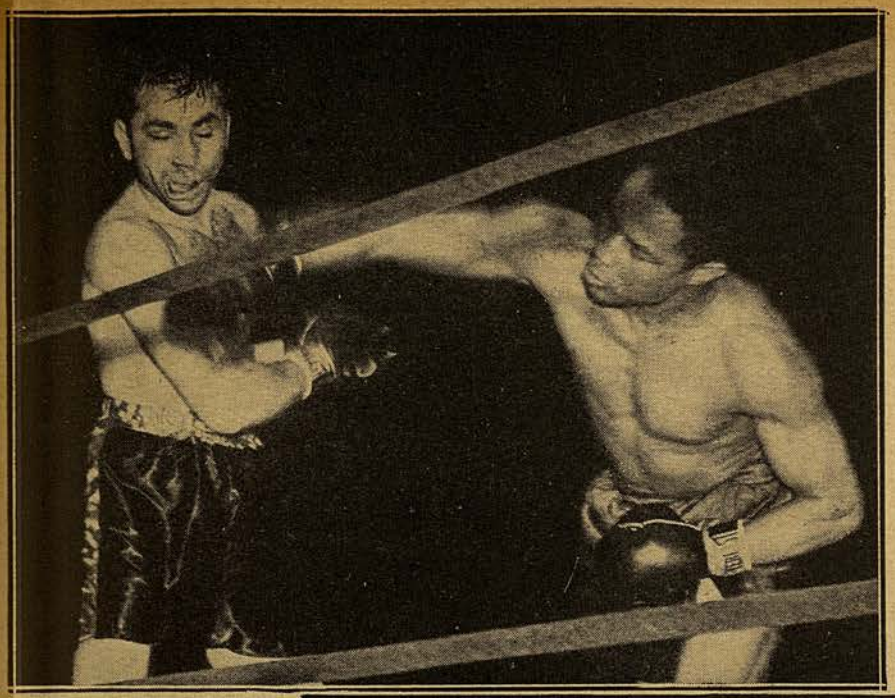


Here is another scene in the opening heat, in which we see Ross going forward, with Henry crashing in many effective blows. But the pace soon told and Barney became a mark for Armstrong's vicious attack.

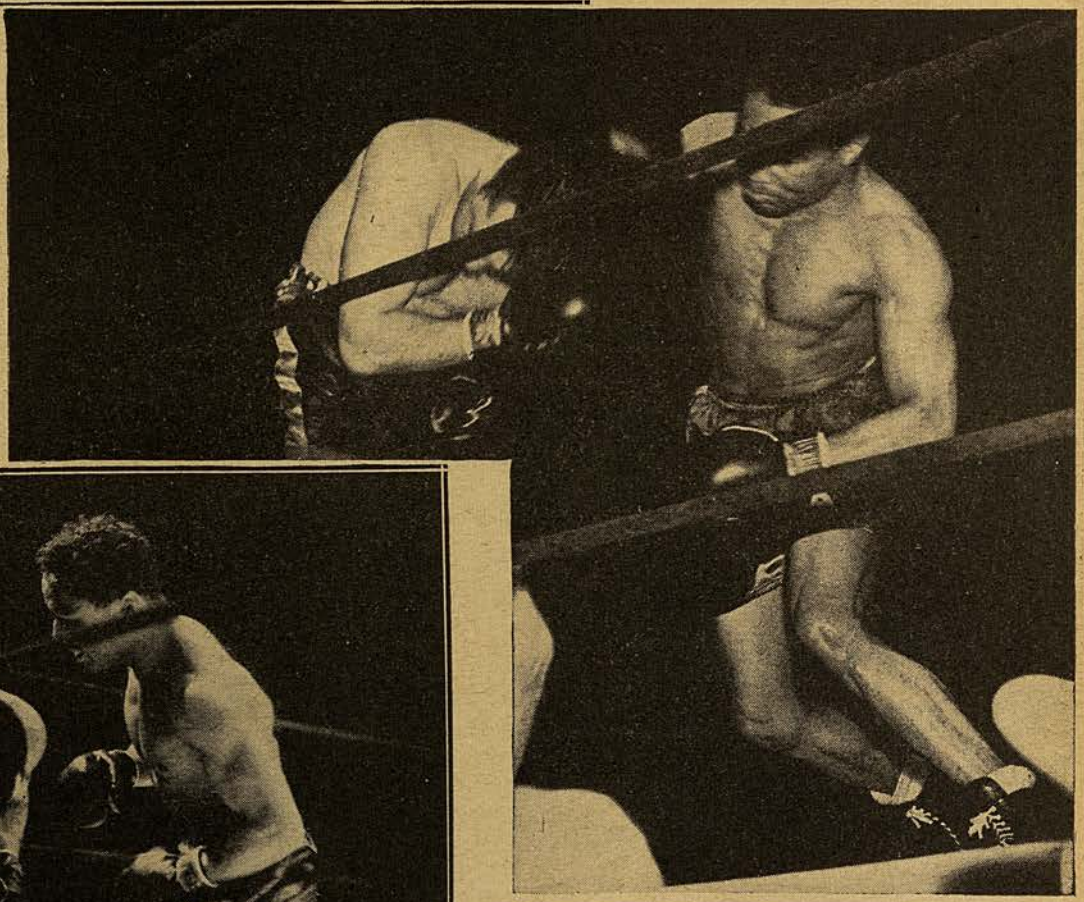


Still a puzzle to the featherweight king, Ross presents a vexing problem to his clever rival as they go into the second round. Note how Henry is eyeing his adversary, looking for an opening.

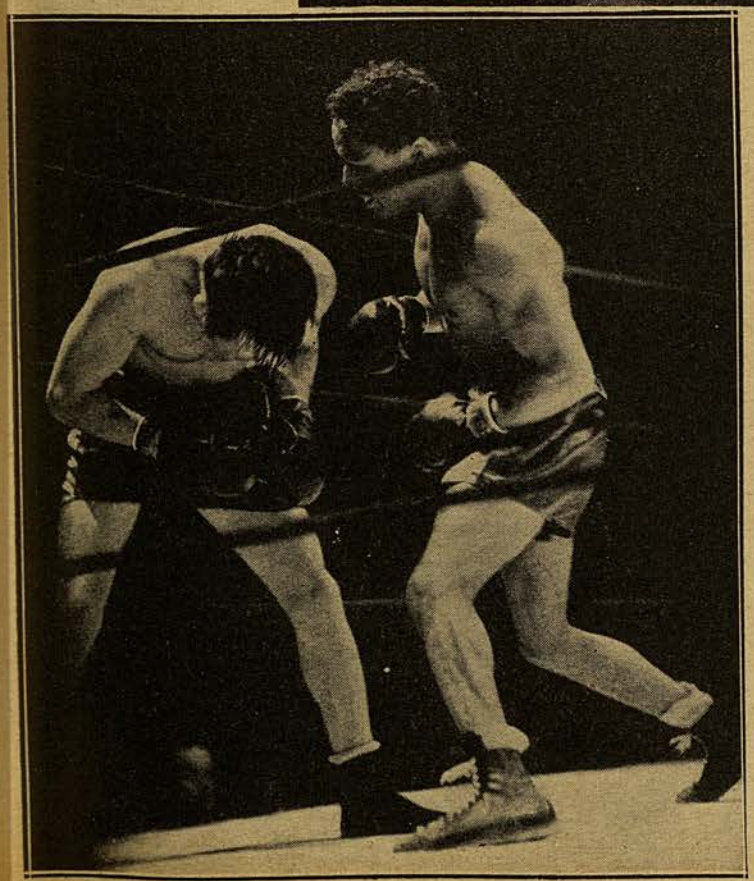
Downfall of a Titan



Here is Armstrong starting his terrific assault in the tenth—an attack which refused to subside. He is shown finishing a heavy right to the jaw. Barney was staggered by this punch.



In the eleventh frame, Armstrong is shown walloping Barney at the back of the head. Henry had found Ross so well covered up that he could not get to the chin. So he picked on anything else he could hit.



Now the twelfth heat. Ross helpless. Referee Arthur Donovan just had asked the welter's handlers to induce their man to stop. But Barney had refused, and here we see the relentless, methodical attack of the Californian continuing.

"Hurricane Henry" Came Up the Hard Way

Armstrong's Rise One of Those Poverty to Riches Yarns Out of Horatio Alger's Store of Poor Boy Sagas

By TED CARROLL

UNDOUBTEDLY the most striking characteristic of Henry Armstrong's relentless, all-conquering style of fighting is his apparent lack of sensation of pain or discomfit caused by his opponent's blows. Seemingly impervious to physical punishment, this ring phenomenon never ceases his endless forward march no matter how powerful or well placed the punches of his rival may be. However, this uncanny ability to withstand physical shock seems not so unusual when the story of Armstrong's rise to fame is told. Hurricane Henry came up the hard way.

Armstrong is a child of adversity, his early life was a succession of bitter struggles, disappointments and frustrations. But through them all, the tan-skinned St. Louisan kept marching on, chin forward, never stepping back, even as he does in the ring. It seems difficult to believe that this great fighter was knocked out in his first professional fight, but such was the case.

From December 12, 1912, when he made his squalling debut in this world in St. Louis, Henry's life until quite recently, was no bed of roses. Left motherless at the age of five, young Henry was out on the streets peddling papers when only seven years old, doing his bit to feed and keep a roof over the heads of thirteen, no less, little brothers and sisters including himself. This gives one a rough idea of the pattern in which Henry's life has been moulded and there is little wonder that mere blows of a ring rival are of such little matter to one whose mettle has been so thoroughly tested in the tough battle of life.

* * *

ALTHOUGH minus parents, little Henry was not minus ideals and ambitions. Disdaining the dubious pursuits and activities in which parentless children so often become involved, particularly in the type of neighborhood in which he spent his boyhood, little Henry, whose name was Jackson in those days, went after an education and got it.

Not only did he complete his course in elementary school, but he succeeded in graduating from Vashon High School in St. Louis, no mean achievement for one faced with such obvious handicaps. A college education and thirteen hungry mouths couldn't be combined even by one of Henry's dogged determination, so the youngster had to forego any further academic advancement.

Always a healthy specimen, there was nothing for Henry to do at this stage of the game but to resort to some means of easing the omnipresent economic burdens of the army of dependent Jacksons. Physical labor offered the most likely means of doing this, hence long before he had reached man's estate, he was doing a man's work swinging a sledge hammer on a railroad construction gang. Although Armstrong says he was inclined to bemoan his fate at the time, he now admits that the stretch of back breaking toil he put in in those hungry days is largely responsible for the tremendous strength and boundless stamina that is his today.

At this age, as all men who are born to fight have learned, the natural urge to fight in the prize ring began to rise in Henry's blood. While working for the railroad, he occasionally dropped in at the dingy little gymnasium where the local prides went through their training paces, and this increased his hankering to try his hand at boxing.

After listening to a more lucrative proposition from a bowling alley owner, Henry went from his railroad job to one of pin boy. It didn't take him long to discover that this assignment was no sinecure due to the constant bending, and after consulting with his chief confidant and adviser, his older brother Harry, on the matter, he gave it up.

Out in the Mound City in those days, none other than old Cash-and-Carry Pyle of Bunion Derby fame was preparing to hold one of his novel inventions. For some reason, the idea of running across the country appealed to little Henry, whose endurance had always been his proudest boast, and despite his brother's disapproval of the whole business, he went out on the road and started to train for the event.

Henry did twelve miles the first day. Brother Harry went along the second day and was so impressed with Hank's tireless efforts that he attempted to talk him into adopting a boxing career and forgetting about this running all over the landscape.

Harry was boxing himself at the time in the amateurs, and after getting an earful of the gold watches to be won, Henry decided to give the thing a try, a decision influenced no little by his swollen and aching feet.

All this took place back in 1929. After a bit of preliminary instruction in the Pine Street Gymnasium, little Henry was ready for his ring career. The world's champion-to-be was far from a raging sensation at the start. He lost as many amateur bouts as he won, but showed potentialities even then.

His struggles weren't made any easier by the ban on mixed bouts even in the amateurs in St. Louis in those days, and Henry soon ran out of fresh opposition. Distant fields are always greener, so learning from friends that Pittsburgh was a veritable land of opportunity for colored fighters, the pair, Harry and Henry, riding a battered $35 flivver, set out for the Smokey City.

* * *

HENRY'S career in the amateurs had thus far been sadly lacking in financial return. When the boys arrived in Pittsburgh, they decided to forsake the simon-pures and cast their lot in the professional ranks. Repairing to Norvell's outdoor gym, Harry talked Promoter Jules Beck, then holding forth in Apple Myer's Bowl, into giving Henry a bout at his club. Beck agreed, but presented the out-of-towner with none other than Jackie Wilson, even then a difficult proposition for a topflighter.

Something happened to Wilson, and the night of the fight Armstrong, still Jackson, found himself opposed to one Al Iovino, a rough Italian southpaw. In his depressed financial state, Henry would have fought Joe Louis and accepted the substitute without a murmur. Seasoned fighters often have plenty of trouble with southpaws, and Henry most certainly had his that night.

Unaccustomed to any distance longer than the amateur three-round route, Henry, believe it or not, was knocked out in the fifth round of his first pro bout. A tuneful fellow in those days, he had been introduced as Melody Jackson, and the referee's drone of "ten" was undoubtedly the saddest chant he has ever heard. Oddly enough, this setback failed to discourage Henry. He took it the same way he takes a bad punch today, unshaken, ever pressing forward, and just two weeks later, he made his second pro start.

The scene of this encounter was Hickey Park in Milville, just outside of Pittsburgh, on an all-colored show staged by Promoter Bill Dumer. One Sammy Burns, a right-hander, was his foe this time, and Henry really went to town, dropping Burns three times and winning the decision.

His showing was so remarkable that a shoal of hungry managers, matchmakers and promoters set out upon the trail of this good-looking prospect. Harry, with an eye to keeping any immediate monetary returns in the family, at least for the time being, looked askance at all these blandishments.

Well versed in all the devious channels through which boxers' contracts finally wind up in strange hands, Harry had decided to check out of Pittsburgh with the remains of the $60 Henry had received for his two fights, when Beck bobbed up with another offer. The promoter wanted the youngster to meet Chico Chisneros, and then, if successful, to box, of all people, Eddie Shea, nationally known Chicago contender. The mention of Shea's name as an opponent for the novice Henry produced such a state of panic in Harry that the day following the offer the boys were on the train headed back for St. Louis.

BACK home again, the old money problem caught up with them. This time they turned their eyes towards California as the mecca of their dreams. A feverish money raising campaign among friends availed them just $3.40. Obviously, they weren't getting out to the Coast by any regular means of transportation. Lack of train fare had not prevented many great fighters of the past from gaining their objective, notably Dempsey and Johnson, and the Jackson brothers were cast in that same rugged mould.

That trip to California is still one of the nightmares of Henry Armstrong's life. His face becomes serious and slightly sinister when he speaks of the jungle camps from which they were chased by the other hoboes, the railroad police, the days without food and the many privations of life on the road to which they were subjected. However, he reached California with that indomitable will more steeled than ever, his spirit burning with that irresistible driving force that has made him one of the greatest fighting men of all time.

His troubles did not end when they finally reached the Pacific Coast in the fall of 1930. Penniless, handouts and charity provided them with sustenance.

Reaching Los Angeles, they ran into an old-time featherweight, one Eagle Thomas, whose sympathy resulted in an offer of twenty-five cents to the boys, a quarter which Henry says looked bigger than many of the huge purses he now receives. More than that, Thomas told them of a mission where they would receive aid and comfort.

In speaking of this place, Armstrong's face lights up as his skin glows and his eyes sparkle with the memories of the rehabilitation and help the mission afforded him. It is with genuine fervor and emotion that he pledges ever to lend a helping hand to all such organizations.

* * *

FOR the next few days the boys haunted the gyms in Los Angeles, the Main Street, the Manhattan and the Ringside. Unable to get in because of the admission charge, they stood on the curb and hoped. At this juncture of Henry's career, along came Leroy Haynes, who was to be cast in the role of Good Samaritan.

Large Leroy, himself no stranger to the trials and tribulations of the colored boxer, lent a sympathetic ear to the little fellow's plea. Not only did Leroy afford the boys entrance to the gym, but he also made an effort to get a manager for Henry. He dug up one Paddy Quaid as a prospective mentor.

After watching the stranger work, Mr. Quaid couldn't be bothered with what he called "just another fighter." Quaid probably suffers all kinds of pains when he looks at a sporting page today.

The boys had better luck with the second prospect, Tom Cox, boxing commission inspector, who doubled in promoting "bootleg boxing" shows on the side. After watching Henry make short work of a sparmate in two rounds, Cox wasted no time in reaching for his fountain pen and extending Armstrong a long term contract.

Cox's eagerness once again aroused the suspicions of the wary Harry. After pondering the matter over, the boys found themselves forced to make a quick decision for the very sound reason that their time at the mission was up and there was now the very pressing problem of food and lodging to be considered.

Cox was right on the spot with a $5.00 advance to the hard pressed pair and this clinched the agreement. However, not before Harry had taken the precaution of signing Henry's name as "Armstrong" and not Jackson, just in case complications ever developed that might make it necessary to declare the contract null and void.

* * *

HENRY engaged in his first bout under the management of Cox a few days later and won a three-round decision, but in his second start he dislocated his shoulder just two nights after the first fight. With his new meal ticket incapacitated, Cox made the suggestion that a strapping fellow like Harry should be able to do some fighting himself, and, probably figuring that now if ever was the time for him to return to the ring, Harry agreed.

His injury kept Henry idle for a month, during which time Harry participated in "bootleg" shows and kept the pair off the breadlines.

As soon as his hurts healed, Henry hurtled back into action, and with brother Harry also doing his bit, things began to look up for the Jacksons. Not only were they able to make an occasional contribution to the horde of hungry little Jacksons at home, but they initiated a business venture, a shoe shine stand, which prospered.

The boys also recruited something of a following from the ranks of their customers, a circumstance that pleased Cox no little. Along about this time the Coast was all a-dither over the 1932 Olympic Games, slated for Los Angeles that summer. There was little distinction between professional and amateur boxing on the Coast at the time, so, with an Olympic title as his ambition, Henry switched over to the simon-pures.

Henry lost in the finals of the southern California tournament as a featherweight to one Johnny Hines, but the verdict was widely disputed, and Cox and the Los Angeles A. C. arranged to have Henry represent the section as a bantam in the National Championships at San Francisco.

Armstrong reached the finals but lost to Jess LaBarba—no relation to Fidel. Following this disappointment, one of many which had thus far featured Henry's career, Armstrong began his actual pro career under the management of Wirt Ross, who had purchased his contract from Cox for $250. As a "bootleg" and amateur boxer, he had engaged in about eighty-six contests, which do not appear in any record books.

* * *

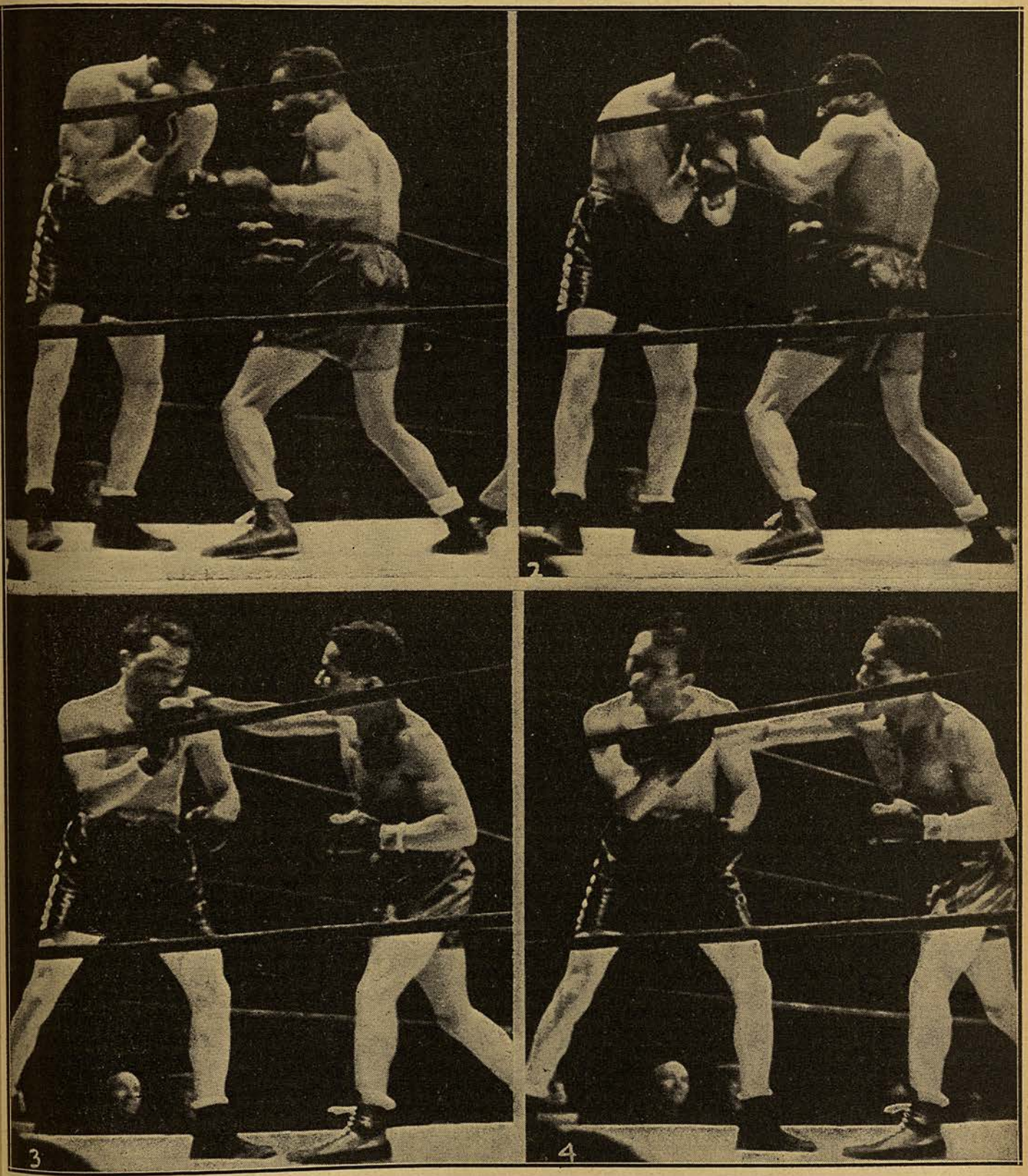
ROSS let his enthusiasm over his new prospect get the better of him, and promptly overmatched Armstrong in his first two bouts, both four-round engagements, with Eddie Trujillo and Al Greenfield, experienced boxers, who won decisions over him. But once Armstrong hit his stride, there was no stopping him. Oddly enough, in those days he was not a hard hitter, depending upon that now famous windmill attack to defeat his opponents.

At the outset of his career, a tough Filipino, Kid Moro, gave him plenty of opposition. The pair fought three ten-round battles in 1933, all of them bitterly contested. The first meeting almost resulted in a riot when Moro's frenzied Filipino followers took violent exception to Referee Fred Gilmore's decision calling Armstrong the winner. Then they fought two blistering draws in Stockton and Watsonville, Cal., which were classics of action.

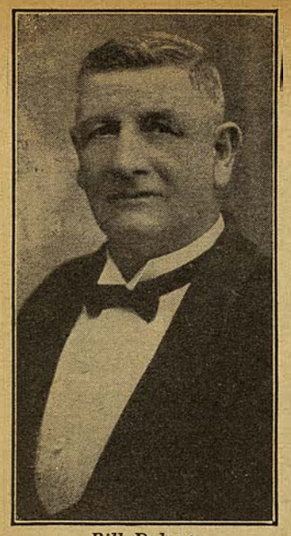
Henry continued to wade through the ranks of the second rate opposition around Los Angeles, and in November, 1934, went down to Mexico City to engage Baby Arizmendi, one of the toughest feathers in the game. *(Continued on page 45)*

Pictorial Rise of Henry Armstrong

What Barney Didn't Do



Here is a string of four motion pictures of the fourteenth round of the fight in which Ross lost the welterweight championship to Armstrong. These pictures show quite graphically and conclusively not so much what Henry did, but what Barney failed to do as the battle waned and the Ross chances waned with it. 1—Henry is preparing for a left hook to the head. Ross is covering up. 2—Armstrong's left is halted by Barney's gloves. 3—Shows Ross, with a weary look as Henry crashed a right to the jaw. 4—The helpless Barney receives another right to the jaw.



Bill Doherty

Dark-Skinned AUSTRALIANS

By
BILL DOHERTY
Author of "In the Days of the Giants"

THE best aboriginal boxer that I knew in the old days was Jerry Jerome, a middleweight, who was born in Queensland, Australia, about 1874, and who was good enough to be regarded as a worthy foe by men of the calibre of Arthur Cripps, Cyclone Johnny Thompson, Les O'Donnell, Honore de Balzac, Dave Smith, Pat Bradley, Eddie McGoorty, Arthur Evernden, Albert Lloyd and Les Gleeson. A tough and durable customer, Jerry kept at the top of his form for a generation or more and was getting decisions against champions like Cripps, Balzac, Tim Land, Evernden and Gleeson when perilously close to being forty years of age. And he was still alive and kicking the last I heard of him—employed as a stockman on a cattle-station in his native state of Queensland.

People who have not followed up the history of the Australian ring often fall into the error of believing that Peter Jackson and Peter Felix, two famous colored heavyweights of the last century, were Australian aboriginals. This is incorrect, because both men were West Indians who happened to arrive in Sydney from overseas at a time when boxing was booming owing to the patronage of Jem Mace and the teaching of Larry Foley.

* * *

JOE PLUTO, another colored man who came into prominence about the same time as Jackson and Felix, a featherweight of more than usual ability, well-known in the United States, was also not Australian born. He came to Australia from South Africa at an early age to partake of the benefits of tuition in boxing at Larry Foley's White Horse Inn and to prosper accordingly. And old Harry Sellers, the hero of many a hard bare-knuckle fight away back in the time of the gold, was also no Australian but an American Negro from a slave family down South.

Black Paddy and Black Wandy, however, two dark-skinned battlers who were fighting in the ring in the time of Jerry Jerome's triumphs, are full-blooded Negroes, both natives of western Australia, and it is not so long since their names on a boxing bill were sufficient to ensure a good attendance at any hall in the Commonwealth. Black Paddy was very hard to beat, either by colored fighters or white, and in ability, he was not so very far behind Jerome, who on the only occasion that he met Paddy, gained a hard-won victory at the end of sixteen rounds.

Wandy never fought Jerome, which was a pity, because the result would have been interesting, owing to the curious fact that Wandy on many occasions proved himself to be Paddy's master, and was prevented from attaining great heights in the boxing world by a weakness that he shared in common with scores of thousands of his fellow aboriginals—he was never at his best when fighting a white man. He could beat Black Paddy, and might have beaten Jerome, but again and again he was beaten by white men who had failed to conquer both Paddy and Jerome.

This nervousness when confronted in the ring with a white man is the main reason why no Australian aboriginal has ever held world honors. The colored Australian is not deficient in courage. I have seen him tackle a crocodile in a river, dive for pearls in shark-infested waters, throw a wild bullock in the best cowboy manner, and with a laugh, mount a horse that was known to be an outlaw and a mankiller. I have seen Australian Negroes fight among themselves with sticks and spears until blood was streaming from cuts in heads and bodies, and I have seen them fight with bare knuckles in a ring formed by encircling womenfolk and camp mates, in a contest that never ended until one was carried from the ring.

There is certainly no deficiency of courage, nor is there any physical handicap to be found in the Australian native, from a boxing point of view. Most of the natives have big chests and lungs, terrifically hard heads and faces, and the keenest, quickest and sharpest eyes that were ever set in a human countenance. And those skinny arms and legs—for there is never much show of muscle there—are as tough, as durable, and as capable of as good a turn of speed as any ever given by God to man.

Old prospectors and explorers have told me that they have seen entire tribes of aboriginals, consisting of members of almost every age from six to sixty or more, walk thirty or forty miles in search of water, fail to find it, and then, after a short halt at a dried-up "soak," or well, start out for a known supply twenty-five miles distant—and get there, every man, woman and child!

* * *

NOW, when one looks for a reason for the fact that so far Australia has not produced a colored world champion, it is pretty clear that physically the dark-hued folk have not been found wanting, and it is certain that the reason lies in mind rather than in matter—that it is psychological, in fact, to use a modern term.

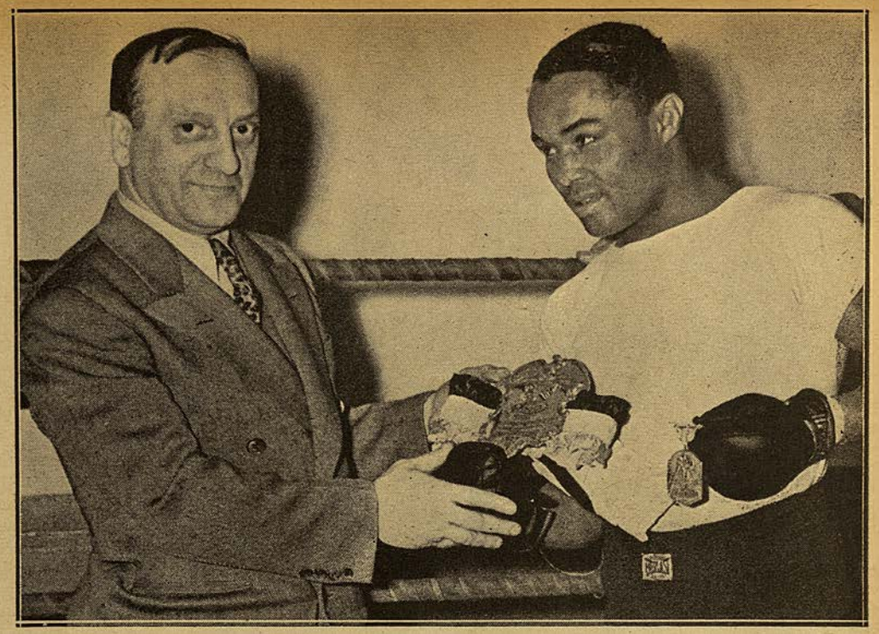
The curious and ancient race of aboriginals who inhabit Australia are so different in manners, beliefs and customs from the peoples of other lands that they have attracted students and scientists from America and Europe, year after year, ever since the land was discovered. Books and papers by the hundred have been compiled about them.

They are superstitious to a degree far greater even than the American black, and one of their firmest beliefs is that every noteworthy object is the abiding place of the spirit of one of their ancestors. Every landmark is to them such an abiding place, every curiously shaped rock, almost every irregularity in the ground, and on that account, in all the countless years that they have inhabited Australia, they have never dared to move the rocks or clear the trees and plow the ground. They have never dared to engage in agriculture of any kind.

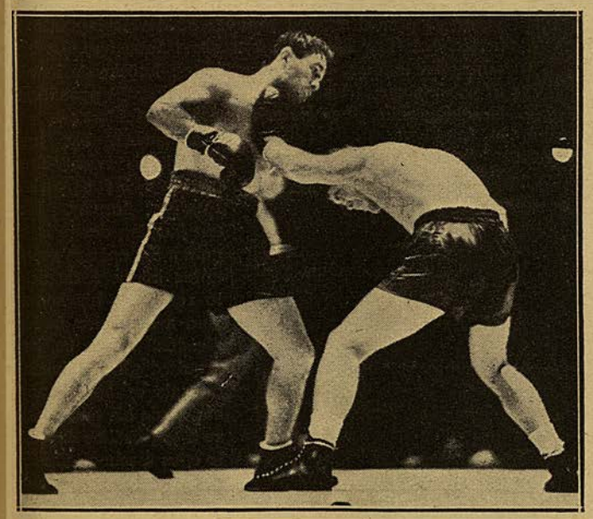
And the white man? They think that he, too, in his glory and majesty, is a thing of wonder and beyond explanation, and therefore the abiding place of spirits. They believe that every white man houses within his breast the spirit of one of their black ancestors, and when, believing this, they face a white man in combat, it is a Herculean task for them to sustain their courage as they do when tackling crocodiles, wild horses, wild bullocks, or one of their own color.

No man can fight a spirit, and so Wandy, who was more primitive than Black Paddy, could beat him but not the white men who had fallen before Paddy's fists. But if ever a Negro Australian arises who is free from the superstitious belief of his fathers—well, look out for him, if he takes up boxing in earnest.

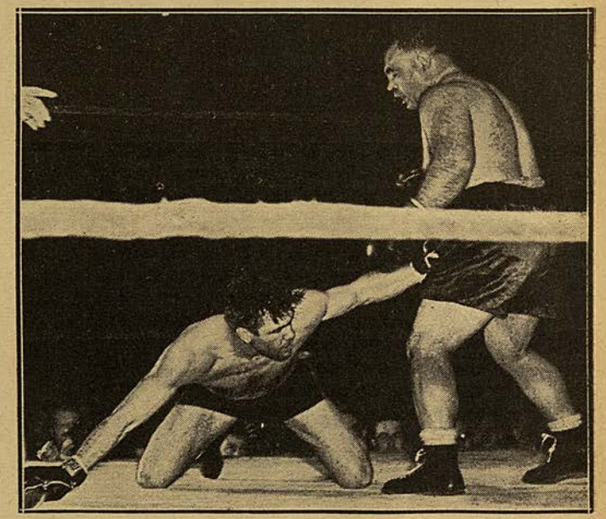
In the News of the Month



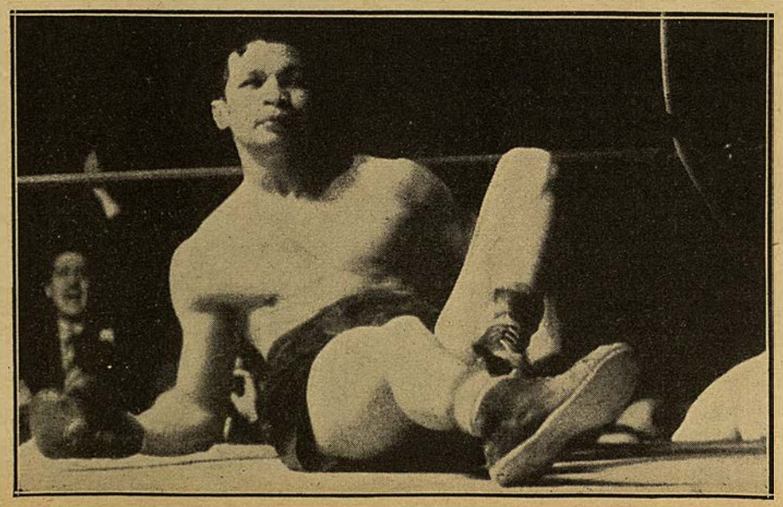
Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, *presenting Henry Armstrong with the world featherweight championship belt and the sterling silver and gold medal for having been voted the outstanding fighter of 1937. Both are* RING *Magazine trophies.*



A scene in the fight between Solly Krieger and Glen Lee at Madison Square Garden, in which the Nebraskan handed the New Yorker a beating to put him out of the running in the middleweight championship race.



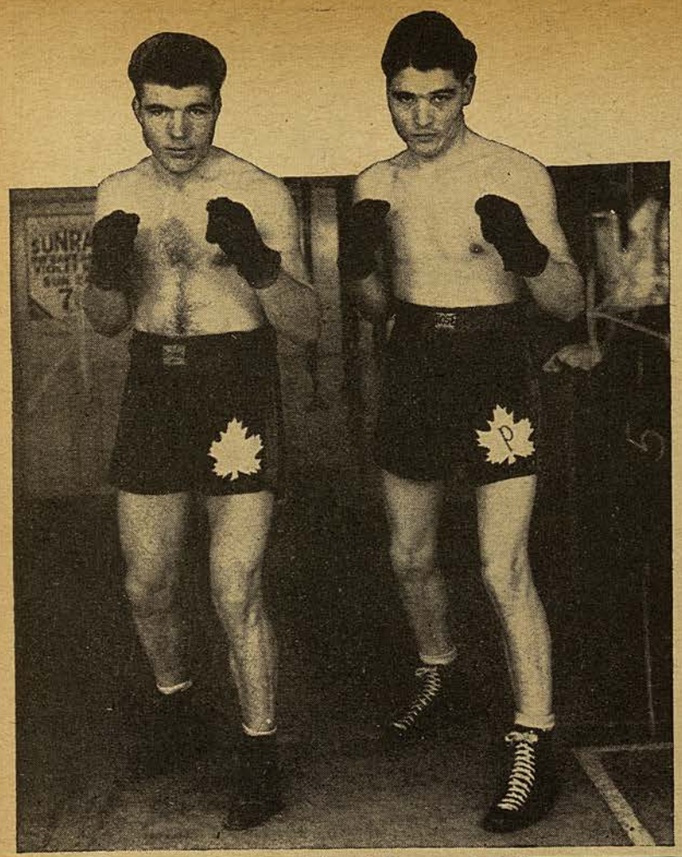
The finish of Nathan Mann. Once a challenger for heavyweight honors, the New Havenite is knocked out by Tony Galento in the second round of their mill at the Garden, after being dropped for a count of nine.



Raphael Indian Hurtado stopped by Francisco Suarez in their championship match in Argentina. Suarez, who has had 25 amateur bouts and 23 professional contests, is making great strides.

NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN



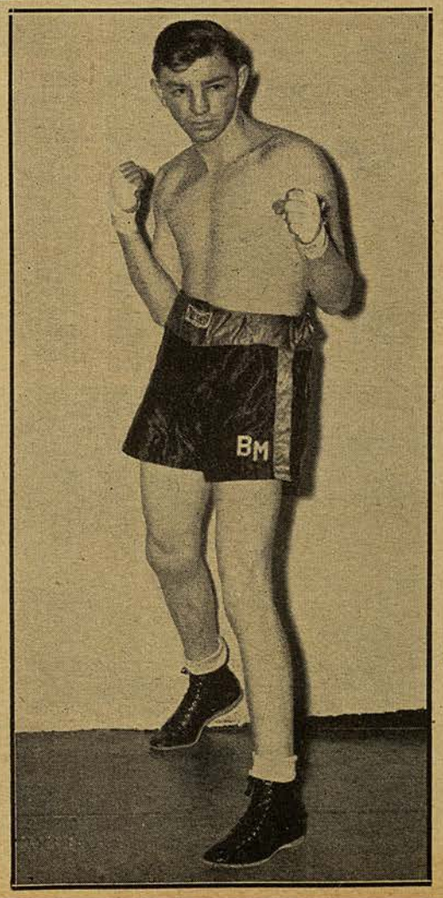
The Paul brothers, Packy (right) and Danny, who hail from Canada, where they have been cutting quite a figure.

THE punching Paul brothers are the latest exponents of fisticuffs to climb into the headlines through an extended string of knockouts that have made them the current rage among the English fight fancy. Originally out of Richdale, Alberta, Canada, the boys did a little leather tossing in Vancouver, B. C., where Danny, the elder of the two by a year, won the amateur heavyweight championship of Alberta in 1935.

Packy, who has just reached his twentieth birthday, is a champion in his own right. He won the amateur heavyweight title of British Columbia in 1936. With the pace they are setting, the Paul brothers bid fair to gain higher laurels in the professional field of pugilism.

Packy Paul, weighing 185 pounds and standing six feet one and one-half inches, has had twenty bouts in England, of which he has won nineteen, the majority coming via the knockout route. He has lost but one decision. Brother Danny has had two fights less and has also lost but one verdict. Danny, although scaling six pounds more than his younger brother, is the same height and has shown the same aptitude for scoring kayoes.

The boys have been boxing in England since November of 1937 and have been doing very well, if their record is any criterion. Although they entered the country with their manager, Bud Davies, with practically empty pockets, they will return to their home in a few weeks with quite a few dollars to spare to see their parents. They will return to England in the fall, where some lucrative matches are being lined up for them with an opportunity to climb still higher on the fistic ladder.



Bobby McIntire, up from the amateurs to make good as a pro.

TOMMY CONTI is around the town singing the praises of his clever little Japanese fistic luminary, and from present indications it would seem that young Mr. Conti has over what to enthuse. In Yoshio Nakamura, promptly nicknamed "Hank," the Japanese race has a fighter who shows promise in the cauliflower art. He has displayed enough class in his Metropolitan appearances to warrant more than passing attention.

Before arriving on these shores in his quest of gold and fame, Yoshio won the 112-pound amateur championship of Honolulu and amassed quite a record in the ranks of the Simon-pures. His boxing and punching ability created a furore in Japanese fistic centers and he was soon designated to represent his country in the Olympics. Although he lost in the final match, he was hailed as a fine ringman by his fellow countrymen. In all, he finished a brilliant amateur career by losing but one decision in approximately thirty-seven battles.

Although he has boxed three draws over a professional career that extends through but eight fights, young Yoshio is still undefeated in the monied profession. Two of the draws came with Sonny Reitman, a young man who showed promise of developing into a better than fair fighter just a short time ago. In his other five battles, Nakamura scored knockouts in all of them, some of his opponents including the promising Frankie Aiello, Joey Gatto and Dinny McMorrow.

Nakamura has just passed his twenty-first birthday. He speaks English fluently. His one burning desire is to gain a big enough reputation in the fistic field to return to his homeland a champion in his division. After he has acquired all the fundamentals of boxing and has made his own mark as a pugilist, he expects to open a school of self-defense in Japan and instruct the youngsters of his country in the manly art.

Yoshio tips the beam at the featherweight limit and may eventually grow into a lightweight. Strictly off his record, it looks as if Tommy Conti has something there.

* * *

BOMBER BILL POLAND is shooting high for a knockout mark that may equal any in the history of boxing. Bomber Bill is the hardest hitting young heavyweight the writer has seen. It may be that at respective stages in their careers, the Bomber explodes as much dynamite as did Joe Louis. And your heavyweight champion was anything but a powder puff.

It may be a broad statement and one which may cause a lifting of eyebrows, but facts don't lie, and the records have it in black on white that Bill Poland has amassed nine knockouts in eleven professional starts, to cause a buzz of excitement among the followers of fisticuffs. It ish't the knockout that counts. It's how he knocks them out. Man, hold that tiger!

Not yet twenty-one years of age, Pop Cook has uncovered the pugilistic find of the season in the young man off the sidewalks of New York. A young fellow highly fond of athletics, Poland played a grand game at tackle for the Stuyvesant High School eleven. He was a fighter on the field, and when a friend suggested that he try his hand at boxing, Poland entered the amateurs. He had but two fights, scored two fast knockouts, and left for the Coast to turn professional.

He lost his first fight, a four-round decision to Bill Harris, and headed for the East. After being awarded the duke in four rounds in his Eastern debut, he was placed in the capable hands of Whitey Bimstein for instruction. He clicked immediately. Knockouts became his specialty and he hasn't stopped. One punch, one-round kayoes catapulted him high in the estimation of the critics, and after but eleven fights, promoters are seriously thinking of turning him into a main bout performer.

He dropped Billy Comisky, Paul Pross and Roy Williams into the resin in one round each, and on the recent Tony Galento-Nathan Mann card in Madison Square Garden, Bomber Bill stole the show by scoring a twenty-seven second knockout, for a Garden record, over Charlie Fischer.

Watch Bomber Bill Poland. Under the capable guidance of Pop Cook and the teaching of Whitey Bimstein, he will eventually reach the top.

* * *

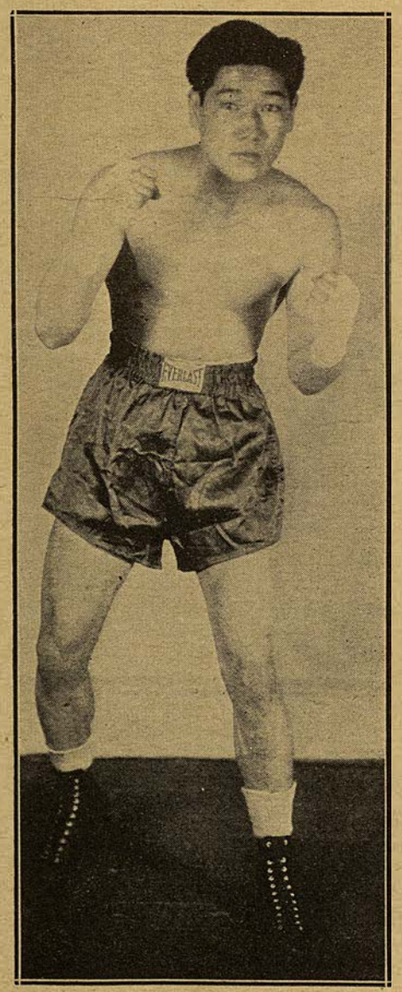
IF any of the followers of THE RING who have been particularly interested in the Michigan boxing notes have noted the name that appears as the "by line" over the copy, they will have noticed that it is Mickey McIntire who has been dishing out the interesting cauliflower notes. If they are still interested in who Mickey is, he is none other than Bobby McIntire, youthful Detroit lightweight aspirant, who seems headed straight for a title.

As a country boy of seventeen, Bobby hitch-hiked from his home in Deckerville to take part in the amateur bouts in Flint, and won the flyweight championship, despite the fact that he had never had any experience or tutoring, his only education coming from Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course, which he greedily devoured. So impressive was he in garnering the title that he was voted a trophy by the fans for giving them their greatest thrill.

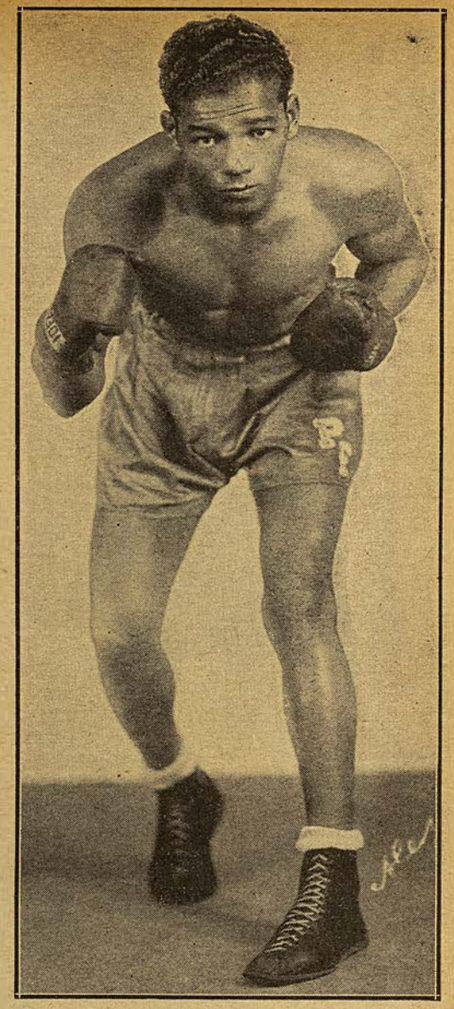
He then represented Flint at the outstate tournament at Grand Rapids and lost a hairline decision to a great amateur scrapper of that district, Corky McCorkindale. Bobby soon entered the tournaments that were being conducted by Bill Stewart, who has charge of the *Free Press* boys when they go to Chicago to participate in the Tournament of Champions, and fought a number of battles during the summer. He met his conqueror, McCorkindale, on three other occasions and in their second meeting, knocked out Corky in two rounds. He fought many amateur fights, most of them after a tough day's work at Ford's factory, and won the state amateur featherweight title in 1937.

He turned professional in the spring of 1937 and has since had thirty-three fights, of which he has won all but two. One of the fights that was not chalked up on the win side of his ledger was called a draw. The fight in which he lost the decision was at the hands of Al Nettlow, a well-thought-of ringman around the Ford city. Although Nettlow had been fighting professionally long before McIntire donned the gloves, the crowd booed the decision, many being of the inclination that Bobby should have received the award.

McIntire has been coming along nicely and great things are *(Continued on page 45)*

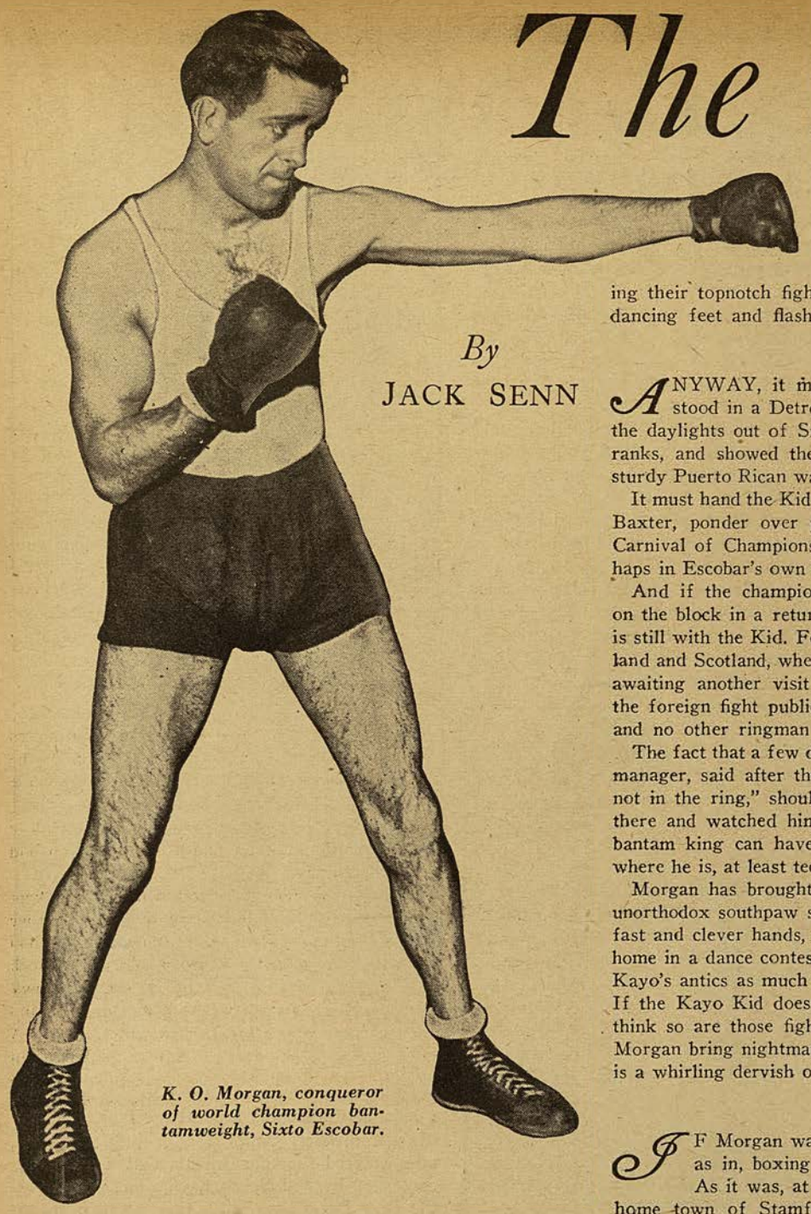


Yoshio Nakamura, a Japanese who has been doing well in this country.



Primo Flores, lightweight from Puerto Rico, now appearing in the States.

The Kayo Kid Comes Back



K. O. Morgan, conqueror of world champion bantamweight, Sixto Escobar.

By
JACK SENN

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH!

The clown, in the prize ring as well as elsewhere, is laughed at so much that if K. O. Morgan at this particular time is indulging in a few hearty guffaws of his own, no one can blame him. Boxing has had its Max Baers, its Primo Carneras, its freaks and its clowns, but probably never anyone quite like the Kayo Kid, who has bounced around in his well-checkered career like a golf ball on a marble staircase to wind up sitting on top of the world and grinning down at those who wouldn't take him seriously.

Whatever it takes to make success, the 29-year-old spindly-legged Italian must have it in copious quantities for all his laugh-provoking tendencies. Starting out in the world's toughest and most unsympathetic profession at the tender age of fourteen with the rather uninspiring name of Andrew Esposito tacked onto him, the Kayo has survived fifteen years of the hardest kind of fistic knocks to stand today recognized as the leading contender for the world bantamweight crown.

There haven't been many happy breaks in the Kid's career. When he was good, the fight mob always came up with stories about eccentric southpaws, the newshounds wrote mostly about his odd ring behaviour, and managers laughed him off while steering their topnotch fighters away from the angular kid with the dancing feet and flashing hands.

* * *

ANYWAY, it must hand the Kid a laugh now since he stood in a Detroit ring a few short weeks ago and belted the daylights out of Sixto Escobar, present ruler of the bantam ranks, and showed the skeptical ringbirds that he and not the sturdy Puerto Rican was tops in the division of little men.

It must hand the Kid a laugh, too, as he and his manager, Harry Baxter, ponder over possible title bouts with Escobar on the Carnival of Champions card in New York this summer, or perhaps in Escobar's own bailiwick in Puerto Rico.

And if the champion manages to sidestep placing his crown on the block in a return battle with the elusive Kayo, the laugh is still with the Kid. For then he and Baxter will return to England and Scotland, where there is a rousing welcome and big gates awaiting another visit of the unorthodox American, who took the foreign fight public by storm on two former visits. Escobar and no other ringman has such verdant pastures awaiting him.

The fact that a few die-hards still insist, as Lou Brix, Escobar's manager, said after the fight, that "Morgan belongs in a circus, not in the ring," shouldn't bother the Kid any. No one who sat there and watched him befuddle and outclass the highly-touted bantam king can have any doubt that the Kayo belongs right where he is, at least technically—on top of the bantam heap.

Morgan has brought something different to the ring with his unorthodox southpaw stance, his strange grimaces, his amazingly fast and clever hands, and his flying feet, which are as much at home in a dance contest as on the canvas. And the fans love the Kayo's antics as much as they love his ability as a fighting man. If the Kayo Kid doesn't belong in the ring, the only ones who think so are those fighters and managers to whom thoughts of Morgan bring nightmares filled with visions of an opponent who is a whirling dervish of feet and leather.

* * *

IF Morgan wasn't an odd fellow out of the ring as well as in, boxing probably never would have claimed him. As it was, at the ripe old age of fourteen he found his home town of Stamford, Conn., much too dull, and so took French leave with an older brother's suit of clothes and a week's salary of exactly seven dollars earned as messenger in the town's lock factory.

It might have been fate that led young Andrew Esposito to a cheap hotel in Harrisburg, Pa., where he overheard glowing tales of Toledo, O., which eventually caused him to turn his steps toward the Lake Erie city. And it might have been fate, too, which caused him to hitch a ride for the last forty miles or so into Toledo from a couple of hucksters who had more than a passing interest in boxfights.

Whatever it was, it led Andrew into the fight racket. By claiming relationship to Mike Esposito, his older brother, who was a well-known featherweight, he aroused the hucksters' interest in his own fistic inclinations. Perhaps young Andrews, who until that time knew little about the ring except what he overheard, spread it on a little thick in explaining what he knew about the manly art of self-defense.

At any rate, Andy wound up at a Toledo poolroom, headquarters for one of the town's fight mobs. Here he met Phil Morgan, then an outstanding lightweight, whose name he later adopted.

"So you're a fighter, eh?" someone asked the half-frightened youngster. "O.K., kid, you'll get your chance. A big chance."

So it wasn't long after Andrew Esposito's introduction to Toledo before he was climbing into the ring with one Toots Boyer, a well-regarded flyweight, who had hung up twenty-two straight victories.

* * *

THE spindly-legged Kayo must have made a great spectacle as he moved out against Boyer. Fourteen years old and weighing but eighty-seven pounds, his handlers had attempted to make him look "tougher" by shaving his head.

But there was one asset the Kayo Kid possessed upon which no one had figured. That was a lightning left hand packing plenty of wallop. They found it out in double-quick time, however, once Andy got under way. Boyer found it out, too, but they had to revive him before he could realize he had been knocked cold by a solar plexus punch in the first round.

That was the auspicious start made by Andrew Esposito, but it wasn't all it was cracked up to be. The youngster continued fighting from time to time in the town's mitt circles regarded as "amateur" at the time but he wasn't buying any porterhouse steaks or fancy clothes with his ring earnings. Off and on he peddled fruit for downtown merchants to help eke out a meager living.

Although the young Esposito wasn't losing any of his fights, no one expected too much of him. As a matter of fact, a certain Walter Humphreys, a pawnbroker, who was his first manager, grew tired of the task of helping the youngster keep body and soul together and sold his contract for the magnificent sum of ten cents.

* * *

ONE Jack Richards, known to the fight mob as "The Count," and a certain Tony Paul, both of whom dabbled in the handling of fighters, picked up the Kayo Kid at this stage and, with the help of local promoters, built him into a great local drawing card. After some eighteen months of "amateur" campaigning, little Andrew had a string of sixty-nine straight victories and by this time had grown into a full-fledged flyweight and had adopted the moniker of K. O. Morgan.

At that stage, Morgan moved into the legitimate pro ranks and his success was immediate as his unique style and the ease with which he baffled all opponents earned him legions of followers. About this time his inordinate fondness for dancing commenced taking its place in his ring repertoire and he became known as the "Charleston Kid," named for the once-popular dance. His outbreaks of the latest steps both during and after his bouts stamped him as one of the ring's most unusual characters and he was an added attraction on many cards.

It was at twenty-one, at the peak of his Toledo success, that Morgan ran into the sad incident which nearly ruined his career. He was matched for a title bout with Panama Al Brown, then king of the bantamweight division.

While Morgan had been a local sensation and was physically ready for the bout, he was by no means psychologically ready. They stopped the fight in the seventh round and called it no contest because the Kayo Kid had refused to fight. Morgan was physically and mentally ill that night. "Nervous disorder," doctors said afterwards, as the Kid spent more than three weeks in a hospital.

But that failed to appease the fight mob. He had let them down. He was through as far as they were concerned. Fined $1000 and suspended for a year, unable even himself to understand just what had really happened, the Kid went into broken-hearted seclusion. It was the darkest period of his life, but worse was to come.

* * *

DETERMINED to wipe out the stigma, Morgan began training for a comeback. But unkind fate still dogged his footsteps and a broken hand laid him up for nearly six months. Again he opened training and this time pneumonia struck him down. Then the Kayo Kid gave up. He returned to his home in Connecticut, determined to forever turn his back on the boxing business.

However, the call of the resin overtook him again. Back he went into training after a few months of rest. Then back into the smaller clubs of the East, back not as the Kayo Kid idolized by thousands, but as a preliminary boy, then semi-final, then back into main goes.

It was an older, wiser Morgan now. He still had his baffling style, his stinging left-hand punch that came out of nowhere. Opponent after opponent fell before him. He was on the rise again, but it seemed there was no place to go. For hard times had hit the boxing ranks along with general depression, and the fight mob wasn't pouring those shekels into the coffers of promoters in that same golden stream.

The Kid drifted back to Toledo, fought once or twice to skeptical, hooting crowds, and a few other times in the vicinity of the Ohio city.

Then came the break which made the Kayo Kid. Harry Baxter —Scotty the Bricklayer, they called him in Detroit and Michigan fight circles—offered to use Morgan on cards he was promoting at a small club in Dearborn, a Detroit suburb.

* * *

MORGAN was a sensation there, but there came a day when both he and Baxter realized they were getting no place. So back to Detroit, where Baxter obtained a job in the Ford plant to pay the rent and provide three squares a day while searching for bouts for the Kid. Those were dreary days. There wasn't any worrying about the rent and food, but it wasn't a bright situation for an ambitious fighter and a manager who had faith in the kid he handled.

Morgan fought a few times around Detroit while Baxter kept things going with his less sensational but far more steady factory job. Then the pair decided upon a desperate move. Baxter had connections in Scotland. They would go abroad to try their luck where the fight public was said to appreciate the little fellows.

With the few dollars they had between them, Morgan and Baxter purchased two third-class tickets for the next sailing. A lot of people walked up the gangplank with them that day, but none had less baggage to worry about. For Baxter and the Kayo Kid had exactly two traveling bags between them—two bags which contained all their worldly possessions.

It was a long chance, but it turned out with that proverbial pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Morgan was a sensation in Scotland and England. He licked everything they threw his way, including Johnny King, the featherweight champion, and Johnny McGrory, bantam king of the British Isles.

After seven months in these lucrative pastures, Morgan and Baxter returned to America. It was a triumphant homecoming for the Kayo. In place of his inadequately filled bag which had encased all of his possessions, he had a great array of baggage containing fourteen suits and three overcoats.

* * *

BACK home once more, Morgan showed a few times and was enthusiastically greeted. But they just didn't seem to take the Kid seriously. And it was no secret the better fighters shied away from the unorthodox left-hander who had made many a top-notcher look like a rank amateur.

Failing to overtake a championship bout and running out of opponents willing to meet him, Morgan returned to the scene of his former triumphs abroad, and for nine more merry months he was the toast of the British prize ring.

Back home again, this time hot on the trail of Sixto Escobar, king of his division. But Escobar proved an elusive foe, and Morgan kept busy by knocking off the other top-notchers who could be lured into the ring with him.

Nearly a year passed. Escobar lost *(Continued on page 45)*

In Defence of MODERN PUGILISM

By MORGAN W. AYRES

QUOTH the old-timer: "Cream puffs, these hams fighting today. Three-round demons—no stomach, no stamina. Now, in my day—"

There we hear the voice of a fighter of some years ago, scornful in his opinion of present-day pugilists. This old-timer, as he will tell you, "fought 'em all," winning sometimes, losing often, being flattened once or twice. He is the dough-eared philosopher of the grand old days of the ring. The most he ever received for a fight was four hundred dollars. He wasn't a topnotcher, but he was, in his own words, "giving 'em trouble up around the top."

"Gans, Walcott, Tommy White, Hawkins, Mysterious Billy Smith—you should have seen them fight. Why, kid, you've never seen a FIGHTER," his thick voice rasps.

I think that I've seen fighters, greater fighters than my wizen-faced little friend ever fought or saw. I've seen courage—raw, fighting courage—the equal of any shown in the faded decades of fistiana. I've seen durability, as iron-wrought as the great body of Jim Jeffries.

I've seen real fighters, not the charlotte-russe warriors of whom this old fighter speaks so derisively. Certainly we have our weak-chinned and faint-hearted figures in the present-day fistic array, but those old days, those grand old days, weren't entirely lacking in similar specimens.

I yield to no man in my respect for some of the old-time fighters—Jeffries, Langford, Ketchel, Gans, O'Brien and Wilde, to mention a handful. They had their fighting men.

* * *

CONSIDER Tony Canzoneri, unquestionably one of the greatest lightweights of all time. Did those of a past era ever see the equal of the courage and battling heart displayed by the muffin-faced Italian when he survived a concentrated storm of blows in the first round thrown by Jimmy McLarnin, allegedly the greatest hitter for his weight of recent years, and came back, cut and bleeding, tearing fearlessly into the face of destruction, to do everything but knock out the great Irishman!

Did they ever witness such heart-rending courage as shown by the gallant Canzoneri in his second battle with McLarnin, when floored and cut by the smashing, sledge-hammer blows of the heavier Jimmy, he fought back bravely, refusing to allow a great record to be marred by a knockout defeat! Did they ever experience a thrill comparable to that night when Tony blasted out Kid Chocolate with a single punch!

The old-timer smirked a twisted smile. "You should have seen Gans, Lavigne—"

I think Gans was a great fighter. Could he take it? He was never quite sure that he could. I admire the man for fighting desperately as he did when the ravages of milliary tuberculosis racked his rotting lungs and stole his precious breath, but a point arises here. Would a boxing commission today permit a fighter, as desperately ill as Gans was, to fight? Would they prevent him from doing so because modern fighters are sissies and weaklings? Certainly not, but because they are men of iron nerve, just as he was.

A fighter today with the slightest deficiency isn't allowed to go into the ring, and the sanity of this action is confirmed by the simple method of comparison. Seldom today does one see the chewing-gum eared, shanty-eyed, punch-drunk fighter of days gone by, walking with that unmistakable jerky hitch that comes of being hit too often around the head.

* * *

THE old-timer squirmed uncomfortably. "But you don't know how them babies used to fight, kid. You gotta expect 'em to be a little punchy."

Was it how they used to fight, old-timer, or how they used to train and live? A robust constitution need never be damaged by ring warfare, but poor training and loose living can make a sad hulk of a man.

I rather believe that this is the case. Veterans of only eight years in those days were sliced-eyed, shuffling, mumbling, rambling shadows of men. Today, I know men, leading fighters in their respective divisions, men who have battled over a period of from ten to thirteen years, who are as keen and bright as the first day they threw a punch.

What's the answer, old-timer? Isn't it because these men have had the sense to follow strict training rules, leave the gin halls to others, and build up a constitution that strengthened them with the years? I think you'll find the answer there, old-timer.

Jimmy McLarnin has retired after a decade of fighting the best men in the world. Search his handsome face for a split eyebrow, a tin ear, frilling upper lip, flat nose. Is McLarnin standing stupidly in front of some fight resort, seedily dressed, gibbering to himself as he watches the crowds come and go? McLarnin was as great a boxer and hitter as any man who ever fought in the welterweight division—at least that's my opinion.

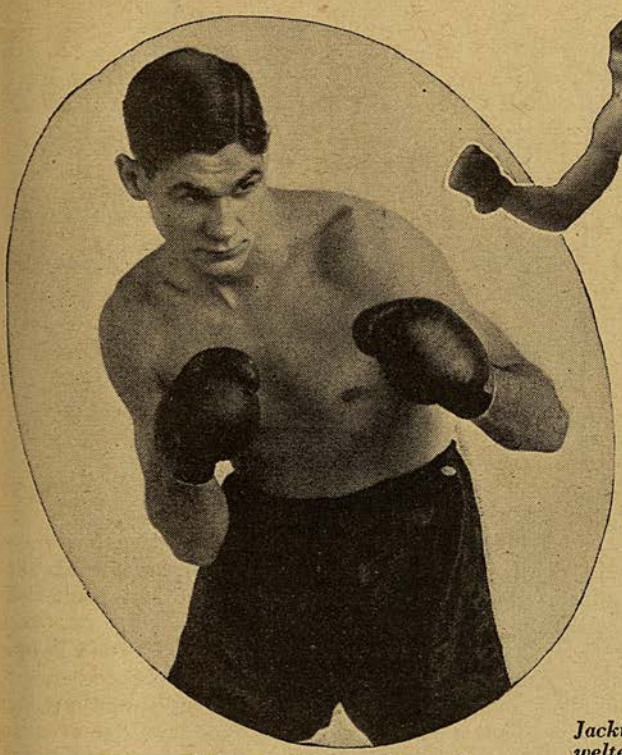
* * *

I CAN name many men fighting today who have seen a decade or more in the ring. Bobby Pacho, a veteran of gruelling battles against men of the Canzoneri, Ross and Garcia ilk, and still a topnotcher in the class, today is one of the brightest and most interesting men I know. He has a praiseworthy personality, sociable, likeable, and a fine man. He's a husband and the father of two boys. He doesn't mumble with the tongue-tied slurring of the punch-drunk fighters of old, who were battered into insensibility time and again. His fine body has the strength of a bull. A few scars adorn his eyebrows, but his mind and body are unimpaired by the fierce battles in which he has participated.

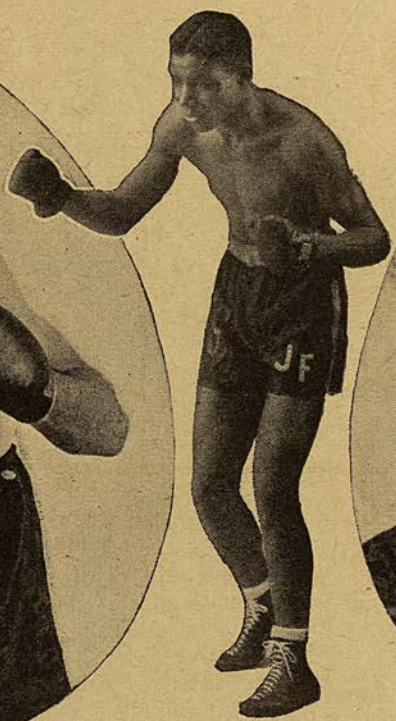
You crow about the courage of your fighters, old-timer. Did they ever surpass the heart shown by this same Pacho when he thrice arose to face Ceferino Garcia, probably the deadliest and cruelest hitter alive? Pacho was ready to go on, although hurt and stunned by Garcia's terrible blows, on his feet even after being hit while the referee held his gloved hands to wipe away the resin. That, old-timer, is courage.

Were there many fighters greater *(Continued on page 42)*

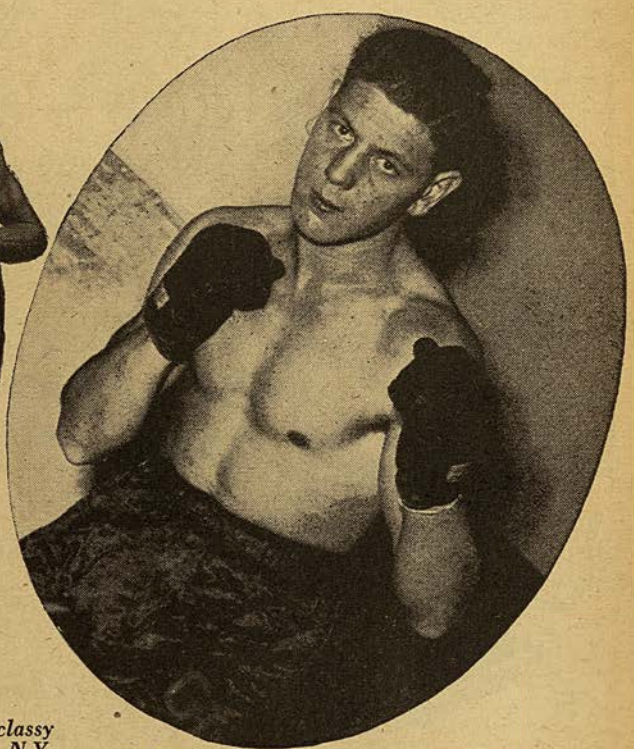
PROMISING LADS



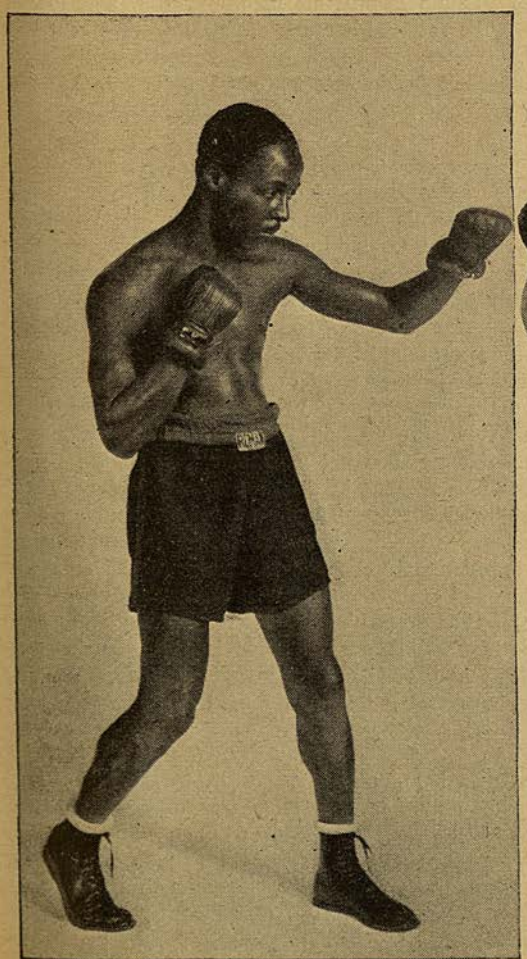
Henry Schaft, Minneapolis welterweight, making strides.



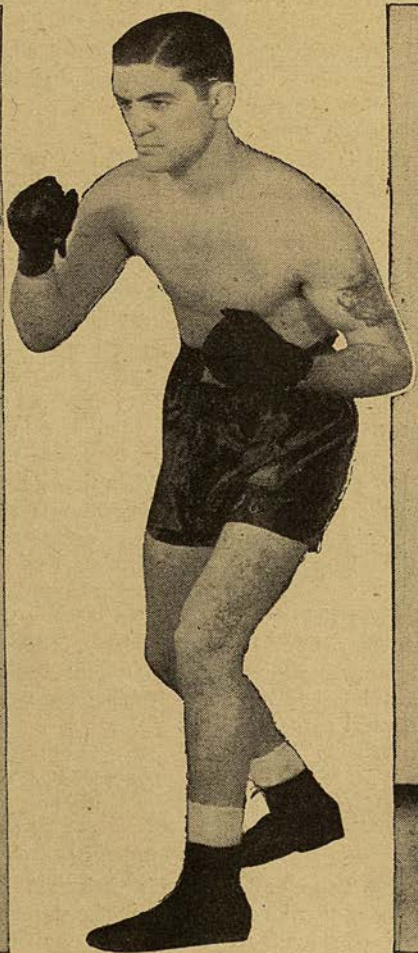
Jackie Flowers, classy welter from Clinton, N.Y.



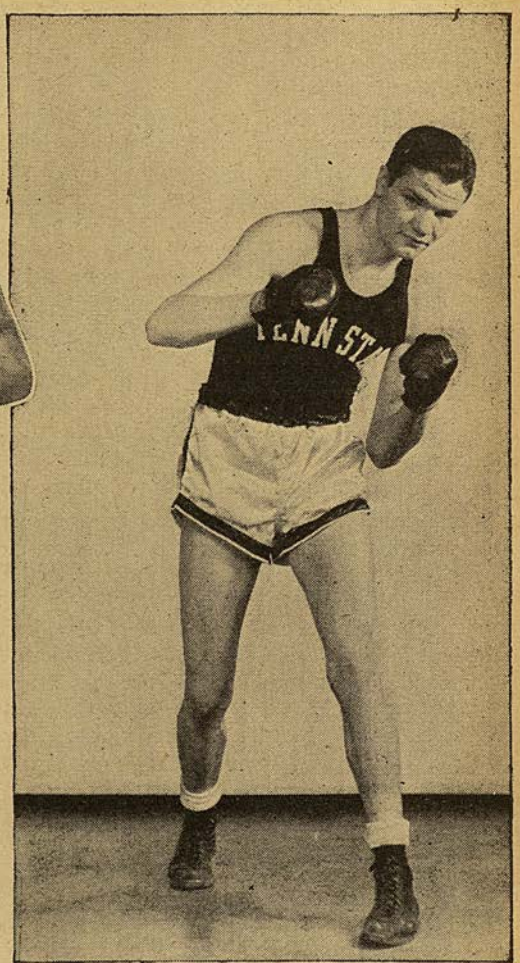
Bill Poland, new Jewish heavyweight hope from New York City.



Snooks Lacey, New Haven's featherweight pride.



Frankie Cavanna, rugged New York welterweight.

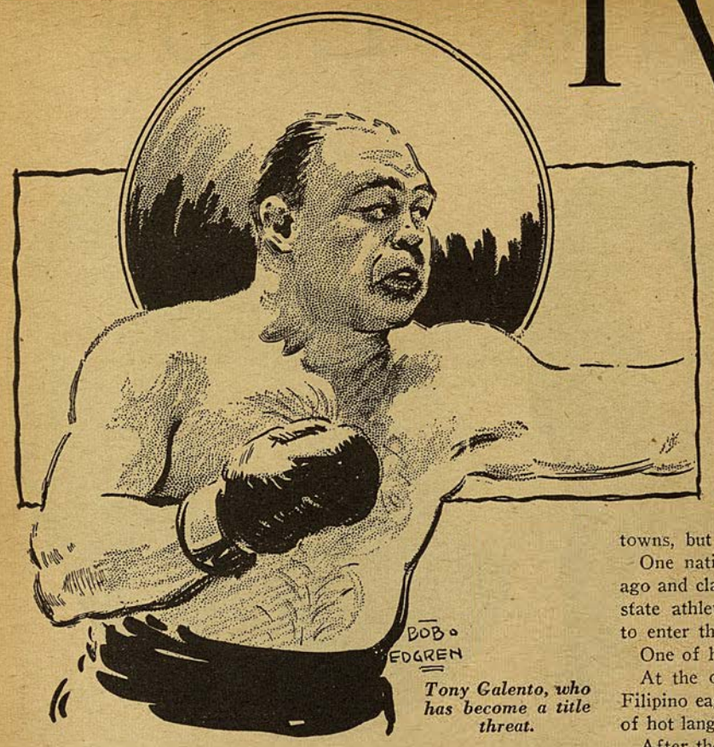


Billy Soose, former Penn State amateur middleweight, doing good work on the Pacific Coast.

TWO *of a* KIND

Henry Armstrong and Tony Galento, Fighters With the Sock, Lay 'Em Low When the Punch Lands on the Button

By
BOB EDGREN



Tony Galento, who has become a title threat.

ONE morning in Henry Armstrong's training camp at Pompton Lakes, "Jersey" Jones and Harry Armstrong —that's Henry's brother—and the writer were talking about trickery.

Kid McCoy, of course, was the master mind, with Tommy Burns not far behind.

Harry set down his coffee cup and offered this observation: "Nowadays you read about fighters being intelligent. Ever since Tunney's time, it's not how tough a man's chin is that gets in the paper, but how he loves art, or how fond he is of opera, or how he spends all his spare time reading philosophy. Intelligence is all you hear about. I wonder how it is that these fighters never seem to do any of the clever things the old-timers did?"

"I dunno," said Jersey Jones, "but the last really smart fighter I can remember was Benny Leonard. Remember the time he fought Tendler? Tendler hit him in the body. Then he swung one to the chin. The body punch was the wicked one. Benny's legs were paralyzed. He couldn't move. But his head was working. 'C'mon!' he growls, waving his mitts upwards. 'Keep 'em up! Keep 'em up!'

"Tendler started to argue. 'That wasn't a low punch,' he said. 'Watcha squawkin' about?' So Benny kept up the argument. All the time his strength was returning. It was only a matter of seconds—but if Tendler had gone after him then, he would have knocked Benny out.

"Another time, Benny had to fight when he was sick. He was the best in his division. Everybody knew that. They didn't know he was ill. So what did he do? When the referee was giving out the instructions, he said: 'Whenever there's a knockdown, the fighter who is still on his feet must go to a neutral corner.'

"Benny looked all around the ring, quickly. 'Where?' he asked. 'What corner do I go to?'

"This show of confidence completely hid the fact that he felt weak. It overawed his rival. Perhaps it saved him from taking a licking."

Yes, the days of "cleverness" seem to be going. For one thing, a fighter can't get away with some of the stuff today that he could twenty years ago. An old-time trick would seem pretty far out of date to an experienced referee and state selected officials. At that, trickery still slips in when bouts are held in out-of-the-way towns, but not as often as when daddy was a boy.

One native Filipino fighter arrived in California a few years ago and claimed that he was accustomed to fight barefooted. The state athletic commission good-humoredly gave him permission to enter the ring that way if he wanted to.

One of his first scraps was in the little town of Pismo Beach.

At the opening gong, the fighters rushed at each other, the Filipino eager for battle. Suddenly he let out a yell and a string of hot language in his native dialect.

After the bout, which lasted only a few seconds, it was found that his wily opponent had put some tacks through the sole of his shoe, point downward, and had stepped on the Filipino's bare foot. When the Filipino opened his mouth to yell, and looked down at his toes, he received a crack on the jaw that sent him to slumberland.

After that, it wasn't fashionable to fight barefooted.

* * *

YOU never can tell what's in store for you in the ring. Armstrong's career is proof of that. A man by the name of Glorioso in St. Louis had an errand boy who liked to fight. Glorioso sent him around to some gyms in search of a manager. Jackie Callahan, matchmaker and promoter, and Gus Greenlee, manager of John Henry Lewis, turned the boy down.

"You're too light," they said, "and you're a Negro. There's no real money for you around St. Louis."

So the boy and his brother went to Pittsburgh in an old car. They drove all the way there on bum tires without trouble; began getting flats in Pittsburgh. The fighting game was even flatter.

They gave up the car, and bummed their way to the Coast. When they got to Los Angeles, in 1931, there were no jobs. Their bankroll was eighty-five cents. They went to a rescue mission, where down-and-outers could get free shelter. They ate mission pancakes. And in order to fill out their diet, they hung around the wholesale markets and grabbed a bit of fruit when they could.

They knew they had something good but they couldn't make anybody believe it. The errand boy could box. He was clever. Managers wouldn't look at him. Too many bums were around, looking for meals, claiming they could fight.

* * *

FINALLY they got a tryout. Having nothing else to eat, the boy stuffed himself with fruit, which somehow never seemed to hit the spot.

In his tryout, he was awkward. The layoff had made him lose his timing; the poor food and rest had sunk him 'way below par. The manager simply wasn't interested.

When the future seemed absolutely hopeless, Leroy Haynes—then only a preliminary fighter—introduced the boys to some men who were able to help a little.

"Bootleg" amateur clubs were the scene of these first battles. The errand boy entered a tournament to select boxers for the American Olympic team, but failed to make the grade.

When eventually he made some good showings in small bouts, Al Jolson and Eddie Meade became interested, and then, he really began to go places. In a year or two, writers were calling Henry Armstrong the outstanding fighter, pound for pound, in the ring.

* * *

ANOTHER fighter to reach prominence this year is Tony Galento. Tony's progress was peculiar. It reminds us of the remark made about our game of golf by a caddy the other day: "You zig when you oughta zag!"

He gained a reputation for ruggedness right away. He fought Risko. The two pounded each other mercilessly. What a scrap it was! Tearing into each other, defense thrown to the winds. No quarter given or asked.

But Tony had a habit of getting into good shape when he was awed by the opposition and getting out of shape when he thought it was easy to win. Consequently, when somebody gave him a bad match, it was even worse to watch. The good fellows hated to fight him; his chief second, Jimmy Frain, says Galento's opponents skipped out of contracted fights fourteen times. They'd sign up, find out who he was, and back out. And nobody would pay to see him fight the bum ones.

Then some photographer with a comic touch decided that a beer-drinking battler was funny. He got some good photos of Galento hoisting a stein in his tavern. All the papers were interested. Tony got some good fights and responded by knocking his rivals out.

* * *

WE asked Tony what his toughest fight was, and he said he didn't know. But we can guess.

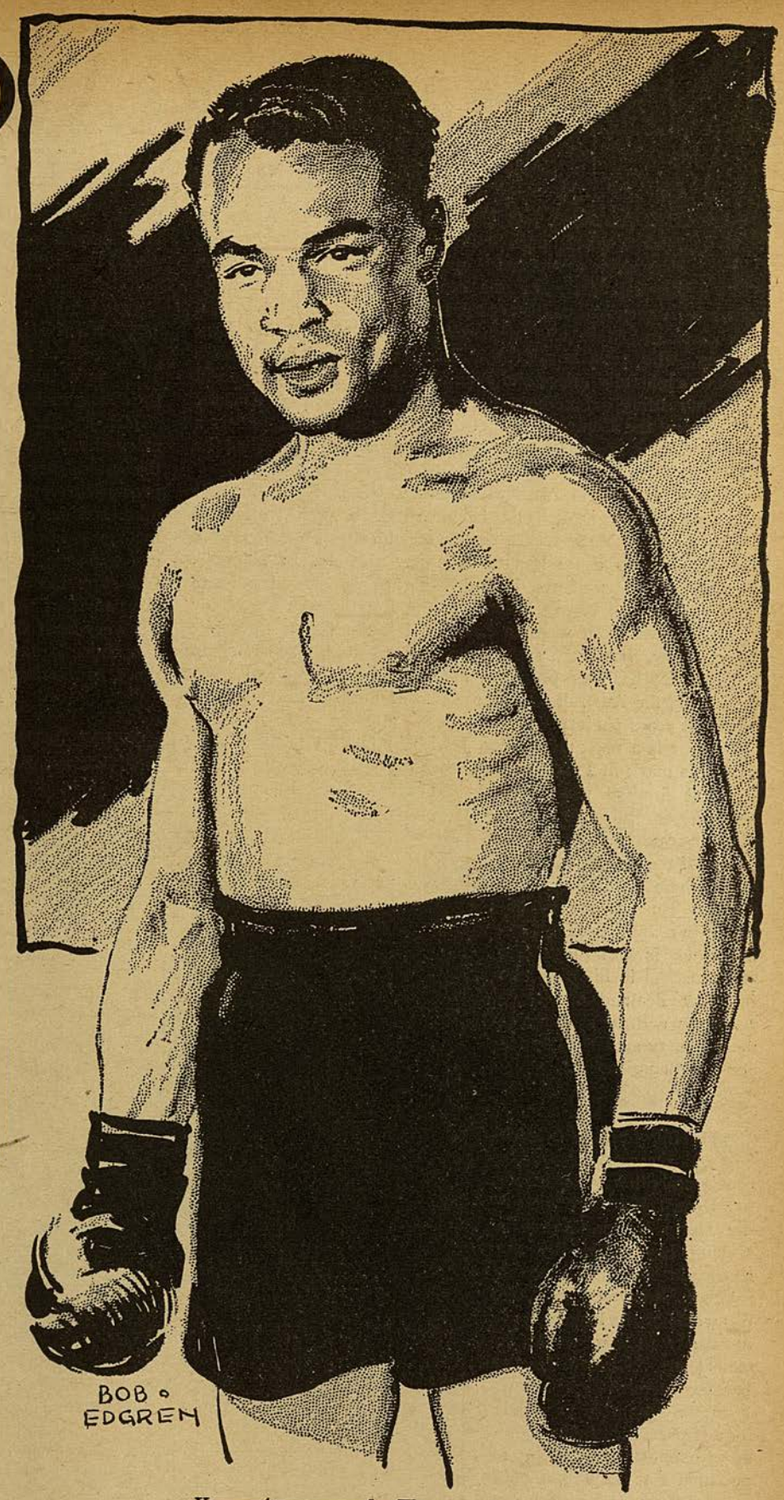
Remember when Tom O'Rourke called on Schmeling to wish him luck, the night of the first Schmeling-Louis fight? Tom collapsed in the dressing room and passed away. Sports writers everywhere marvelled at Schmeling's nerve; wondered that he could see a friend die in his dressing room and then go out and fight a cool, calm battle against odds to win by a knockout.

The fact is that O'Rourke's death was concealed from Schmeling, who thought he had merely fainted. They carried O'Rourke out and put him in with Tony Galento.

Tony had an awfully long wait that night—five hours—from six until eleven—before he went into the ring. About an hour was spent in that cubbyhole opposite a dead man. Galento, who carries a pocketful of rosaries and medals to ward off harm, knew O'Rourke was dead. A doctor and two priests came in and said so.

Ordinarily cheerful and unworried, poor Tony was a bit fidgety by the time he was due to enter the ring.

"Yeah," said Frain. "That was one time he lost."



Henry Armstrong, the Western whirlwind.

It isn't altogether true that Tony trains on beer. "Me?" he says indignantly. "Why, I lay off of beer and cigars for a day before the fight."

* * *

IN his use of beer while training he has plenty of company. Armstrong drinks beer to keep his weight up, and many English fighters train on beer or ale. As Sam Langford used to say:

(Continued on page 44)

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By THE WRESTLING EDITOR

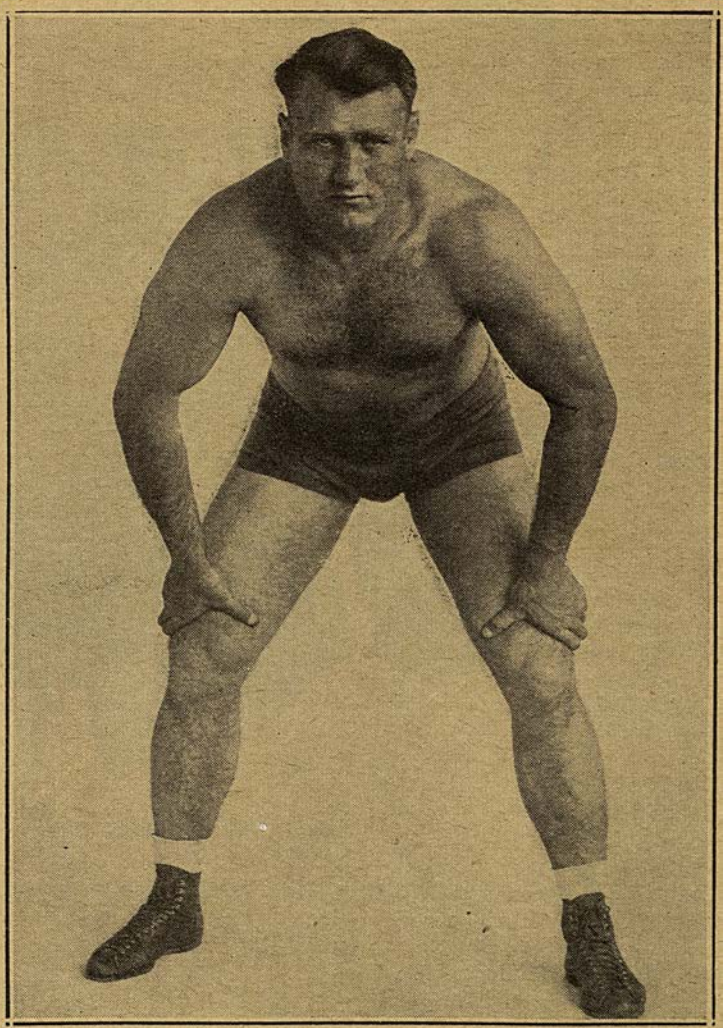
THE American and European invasion of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa is on. Jim Londos, who made a successful appearance in South Africa on his trip last year, and has been appearing before big houses in America since his return, has arranged to have several high class grapplers tour with him, among them being Max Krauser, who calls himself the European champion, although that title rightfully belongs to Jack Sherry, the leading exponent of the wrestling art in both Europe and this country. Krauser is, however, the Central European king of pachyderms and is a very proficient wrestler as the Australians will see when he starts work there.

Krauser arrived in America several weeks ago and since he was on his way to Australia, he turned down several offers to appear in New York where the financial returns offered were not sufficient to cause him to take any chances. In England, Krauser was one of the best drawing cards, second only to Sherry. A match between Krauser and Londos was urged for the pair when both were in London, but the Greek turned it down. Now, however, such a bout is assured, according to Krauser. He has been promised the match by Londos and when they clash, the Australians will see two of the best heavyweights of recent years perform.

Krauser is a muscular fellow, Jewish by birth, an athlete who made his mark in Poland. He scales 250 pounds and was one of the best football players in Europe. According to Krauser, he regards Jack Sherry as one of the greatest matmen with whom he has come in contact. He and Sherry engaged in a draw bout in London and it is Max's hope that if successful in his campaign in New Zealand and Australia, he will get a chance to meet Sherry again in London for the championship.

* * *

WHILE Londos, Nagurski, the world champion, and several other stars, including Dean Detton, are appearing Down Under, Sherry is making hay while the sun shines, in Europe. A match between Sherry and Jim Londos would be the biggest event in the wrestling world in many years, but to date Sherry has been unable to get Jemmy, Dean or Nagurski to tackle him. If plans materialize, however, a bout with Londos is probable for the fall, should Londos continue his successes on his current tour. If the Australian promoters have a fund of $150,000 to import foreign mat stars for the coming campaign, here's my suggestion. Give Londos a substantial guarantee to meet Sherry in Australia and it is my prediction that all hands will reap a splendid return on the investment and the bout will stir up things as never before. If it cannot be clinched for Australia, such a bout in London would break all records for receipts.



Bronko Nagurski, world champion, who after scoring two victories in Hawaii, went to Australia where he and a troupe of other Americans, including Jim Londos, will soon get into action.

* * *

FROM Minnesota we have received a message finding fault with us for calling Bronko Nagurski a Pole. Those of his race who take pride in his achievements, have written to inform us that he is Ukrainian and not a Pole.

Jack Pfeffer and Ray Fabiani, after taking it on the chin for many thousands of dollars at the New York Hippodrome where the attendance was exceptionally poor, have abandoned their promotion work there. The trouble in New York, like in many other sections of America, is that the fans want to see some real matches—shooting affairs—and not the usual set-up bouts. How can wrestling thrive when the fans see press notices announcing two stars meeting one night and in the very same column, see the names of those same fellows billed against other opponents the very next day in the same city? And what is more, often the notice names the winner of a bout that has not yet taken place, as meeting so-and-so the following day.

* * *

WRESTLING news from Hawaii, by Teddy Yamachika, follows: Billed as a match for the heavyweight championship of the world, Bronko Nagurski, world's title-holder, beat the Hawaiian champion, Oki Shikina, two out of three falls before a capacity crowd at the Civic Auditorium, Honolulu, on May 10. More than 6,000 spectators saw Nagurski pinned for a fall. The first half hour saw the behemoths struggling without either getting a fall. Shikina was holding the upper hand until suddenly Nagurski, with a series of shoulder butts, soon had the Japanese grappler on the floor and flat on his back.

When the gong sounded again, Nagurski in his eagerness to end the match, left himself unguarded and Shikina soon made him surrender by applying the Japanese arm bar with lightning-like speed. Shikina again applied the arm bar but was unable to end the match as Nagurski's torso was out of the ring at that time. When the battle was resumed again Nagurski proved his claim to the world's championship by softening his smaller opponent with crushing forearm blows. Then he picked Shikina up and executed two body slams, which carried enough force to end the match then and there.

Incidentally this was the second and final appearance of Bronko Nagurski in Hono-

lulu. In his first bout he easily beat Brother Jonathan, 260-pound giant. Nagurski was brought to the Islands by Promoter Al Karasick under a guarantee of $2,500 plus boat fare. He is now on his way to Australia.

Al Karasick thinks that wrestling is really at its peak now here in Honolulu. A few other famous wrestlers who are in Honolulu at the present time are: Al Pereira, Gus Sonnenberg, Arjan Singh, Jack Holland, Baldy Demetral and Sailor Jack Arnold. Pereira, the most recent arrival, claimant to the European heavyweight championship, lately threw Arjan Singh, who during his mainland tour has never once been pinned.

It is likely that Vincent Lopez will come to Honolulu in the next couple of months. Al has been negotiating with Vincent's manager, Lou Darro, and he thinks it's almost a cinch.

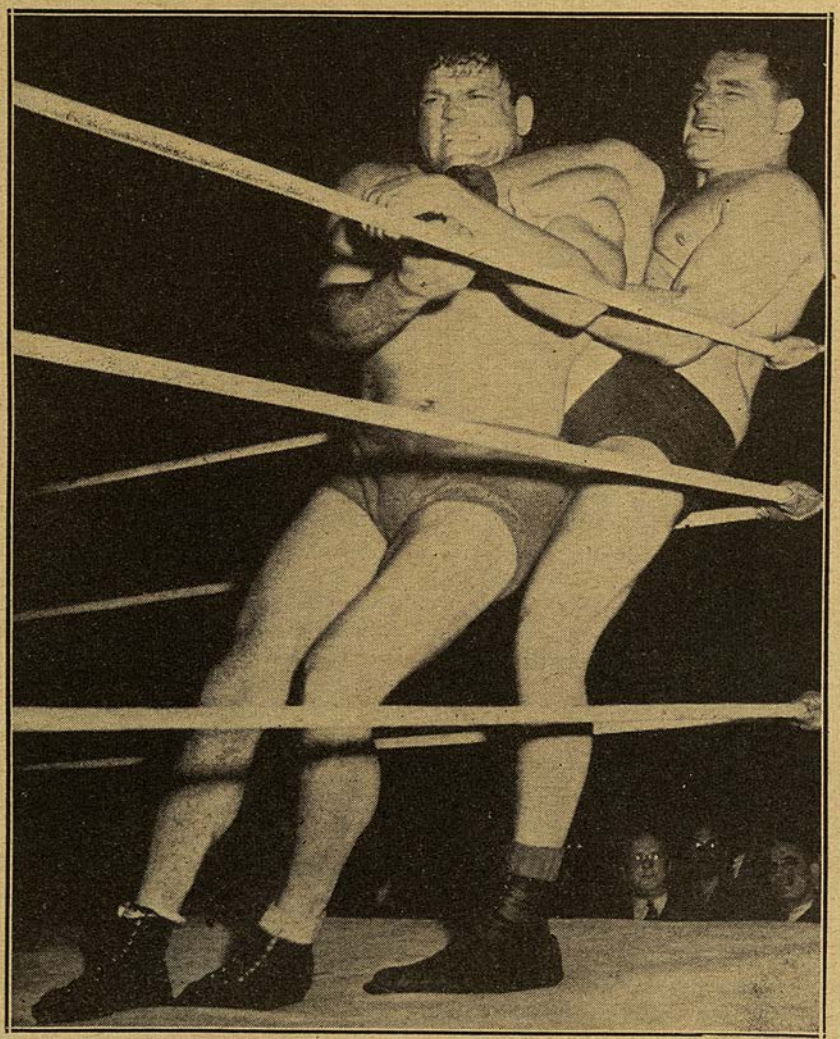
* * *

HERE are European Mat Clippings by Charles "Spider" Mascall:

A tour which will give the grip game in foreign climes an undoubted new lease on life is the world hope of Bronko Nagurski, All-American footballer and successor to Dean Detton as heavyweight champion of the wrestling world.

Question is, should Nagurski climax his travels with a visit to England, just who would be a suitable opponent? Honor will most likely fall either upon Jack Sherry, European world champion, or upon the massive shoulders of big Earl McCready, Empire ruler.

Others in Europe capable of giving Nagurski a merry old time are Henri Deglane, an ex-champion; Carl Pojello, long a thorn in the sides of wrestling rulers; Charles Rigoulet, the powerful French strong man, and even Dan Koloff, the Bulgarian, who has forgotten more than most wrestlers will ever know. There will be others in the race, but these are the men that stand out as possible opponents for Nagurski.



Sandor Szabo, in a thrilling comeback, is here shown with his leg strapped over Dean Detton's shoulder in a San Francisco bout which Szabo won. Sandor is a veteran but can hold his own against the best.

* * *

Instead of going on to the United States as he had proposed, Dory Detton, the Mormon matman, cancelled his passage and journeyed on to Palestine, where the grappling sport is taking a firm hold. Dory, just back from South African combats and accompanied by the attractive Mrs. Detton, spoke highly of how The Ring Magazine had helped to foster boxing and wrestling in the lands below the Equator, and also of how strong a hold the Empire "Keep Fit" movement had taken upon the people of Africa.

* * *

Shortly after the departure of the Salt Lake City mat-craftsman for Palestine, Bill Cunningham, well-proportioned Johannesburg athlete, made his bow to English wrestling followers. He is a heavyweight and is destined to remain in this sector for about six months.

* * *

Team wrestling—the modernized mode of the ancient battle royals—returned to Lane's London Club, celebrating the grand "comeback" of genial Harold Lane, recently recovered from a serious operation. Before a packed house, Herbie Parks, assisted by the dashing Whipper Billy Watson, triumphed over the bullies, Rod Fenton and Jack Pye. In other matches, Jack Terry Van, Belgian stylist, scored over Bobby McNab, and Gil Knutson tossed Ross McNeil, Scotland, in two straight falls. Lew Marco, prince of English referees, and Tommy Gordon acted as arbitrators.

* * *

The Twentieth Century Promotions temporarily closed at the famed Belle Vue Stadium, Manchester, and opened in London at the Blackfriars Ring. Their first program had for the main event Sergei Kalmikoff, portly, chin-whiskered Siberian, versus Jack Pye, the rowdy ex-miner. Kalmikoff unavoidably missed transportation connections and Pye failed to put in an appearance. At the last minute, Jack Sherry, heavyweight champion of the mat world in England, substituted and failed to extend himself in trouncing burly Bulldog Bill Garnon, Welsh titleholder and a former British kingpin, in straight falls.

* * *

JUST FADS AND FANCIES — Mike O'Sullivan, Irish mat star, is quite a singer, while Black Butcher Johnson can strum a mean tune upon a uke .... Ren Gazley, that sterling Australian, plays a rousing game of chess .... Tommy Nelson, Canadian middleweight, owns a garage .... Carl Pojello, the Lithuanian craftsman, contends that swimming is the ideal exercise for the budding bone-crusher .... Gil Knutson is a golf addict .... Raschid Anwar, Hindu grip artist, represented India at the Berlin Olympics .... Rex Gable, gangling Australian, is an aviarist .... Jack McLaughlin, Canadian speed-demon, might pose for a statue of "The Perfect Specimen."

* * *

Herbert Audersch, highly favored German, made an appearance at the Liverpool Stadium, where William Bankier promotes, and whipped the spectacular Paul Lortie, French drop-kicker, whose most recent trick is a version of the human arrow stunt as performed so successfully by Doctor Karl Sarpolis down there in Texas some time back. The German gripman weighed 216 pounds, 10 more than Lortie.

* * *

The Vale Hall, Kilburn, where, under the matchmaking baton

of Arthur (Taffy) Williams, light-heavy and middleweight grappling flourishes, Mike Demitre, European light-heavyweight mat monarch, showed against the Doncaster roughneck, Jack Pye, in an over-the-weight affair. Pye was in his usual vicious mood and subjected the Greek Apollo to all the tactics in the repertoire of a badman, but Demitre's superb wrestling skill won him the bout.

* * *

Budapest, quaint Old World metropolis, was the scene of a gigantic international wrestling tournament, conducted along the lines of the famous Manhattan Opera House tourney of nearly a quarter-century ago. Competing in the Hungarian jousts, which, incidentally, were for the heavyweight title of the Continent, were wrestlers of practically every European country and the entrance lists included the names of: Al Sparks (U. S. A.), Mike Brendel (Hungary), Oscar Nygren (Sweden), Regis Siki (Ethiopia), Pierre Kostantinoff (Bulgaria), Joe Navrocky (Poland), Stan Karolyi (Hungary), Mark Passamann (Yugo-Slavia), Felix Karsic (Austria), Henri Stoeff (Bulgaria), Dick Perron (Canada), Gaston Navailles (France), King Curtis (Scotland), and Paul Duveen (England).

* * *

Providing his proposed middleweight championship contest with Gus Kallio materializes, American audiences will shortly view Finnish Bengal Engblom, nicknamed "The Tigerman," in ring activity. Just to make doubly sure of securing a title bout, Engblom has filed his challenge with the American Federation of Wrestling.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—Marquis de Gabrialzal, Spanish Adonis, left these parts to enter the annual tournament now being run in Buenos Aires . . . . Benny Sherman is in Turkey . . . . Jack Woods of Australian fame, barnstorming in South Africa, is challenging Johannes Van der Walt for the British Empire crown . . . . Mud-bath wrestling has just been introduced into England, and no doubt will soon be the rage . . . . In Preston, the Brown Masked Marvel, a "mysterious" mat personage, barely managed to stave off defeat when he was held to a one-hour draw by Chicago Johnny Dallas. Following the encounter, police officials questioned the identity of the hooded one.

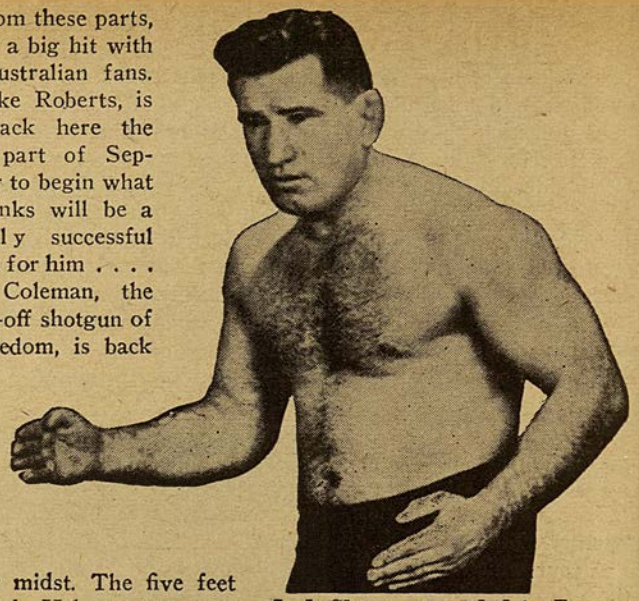
* * *

SMILING SAMMY MENACKER is back East again after conquering the best the promoters on the Pacific Coast could offer him. The Bronx Hebrew is now ready to test his ability against the cream of opposition . . . . Another Garibaldi brother has joined the ranks of the matmen. The latest of that family to become a bone bender is Chic, who stands six feet tall, hits the Fairbanks at 205 and is still growing. There are now four Garibaldis in action—Gino, Ralph, Tony and Chic . . . . That sudden explosion that was heard recently was just the mere announcement that "Dynamite" Joe Cox, the Kansas City Krasher, is in these parts again after spending a six weeks' vacation. Cox, one of the roughest men in the game and the only wrestler to pin the shoulders of Bronko Nagurski, spent his rest period in hunting and fishing.

Earl McCready, the Empire champion, who is clamoring for a chance at Nagurski. Either he or Sherry will be selected as Bronko's opponent, if the world champ decides to make a stop-over in London, as he contemplates.

* * *

Bobby Roberts, that Michigan Assassin, is going great guns in the Down Under territory. He expects to come back to the States some time next month and once more thrill the fans with his spectacular style of twisting bones . . . . Irish Jack Kennedy, who has been missing from these parts, is also a big hit with the Australian fans. He, like Roberts, is due back here the early part of September to begin what he thinks will be a highly successful season for him . . . . Abie Coleman, the sawed-off shotgun of grappledom, is back in our midst. The five feet five inch Hebrew star was going great guns in the Middle West when the SOS call from the Atlantic Coast promoters speeded him back to the scene of some of his greatest successes . . . . George K. O. Koverly, the Hollywood Howitzer, recently joined the lists of the benedicts. The Yugo-Slav and his bride are spending their honeymoon in Europe. Koverly will be back here in time to usher in the indoor wrestling season.



Jack Sherry, regarded in Europe as world champion, who may get a shot at Nagurski's crown during Bronko's tour of the world. Of all the matmen now parading before the public, none deserves a chance to settle the matter of world supremacy more so than Sherry.

* * *

The mothers of Jack League, Texas grappler, and Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight fistic king, are sisters. League, since doing his bone bending chores in these parts, has become a good drawing card . . . . Tor Johnson, the 320-pound Swedish giant, is considered a spry man for one carrying such huge weight. He is a really good showman . . . . To Bibber McCoy, one-time Holy Cross all-sports luminary, goes the distinction of inventing a new kind of mat finisher. He calls it the flying leap and flattens his opponents like a pancake . . . . Two former grid greats from Oklahoma A. & M. are making good in the mat realm. They are Charley Strack, resident of Spring Valley, N. Y., and Everette Kibbons of Tulsa. Strack and Kibbons have built up huge followings through their pleasing styles . . . . Lt. Bill Sledge, former ace aviator, is making things hum around the Florida district. This popular Texan will be traveling northward some time next month and once more show the patrons of the sport the proper way to beat the mat's rowdies.

* * *

BRISTOL BROADCAST, sent in by Bernice Sandboe, follows: Hello again. This is your Dixie Doin's reporter broadcasting, by remote control, brawny bits from the wrestling center of the Southeast, Bristol, Va. This active section of the South is capably directed by the Southeastern Company, Dixie's leading sports promoter, who operates in North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida, which, if you will take a quick look at your road map, covers a lot of mileage. At the helm of this prosperous enterprise is Pete Moore, the dapper promoter of Bristol. Recently, due to increasing business, a new office has been opened in Charlotte, North Carolina, which is guided by the capable hand of Jim Crockett, Southeastern's vice-president. The Southeastern Company provides wrestling entertainment for countless cities in the South and from the looks of the packed auditoriums their matches are always crowd pleasers.

* * *

Cowboy Luttrell, the wrestling bad man, has decided to hang up his wrestling trunks and become *(Continued on page 42)*

Joe Louis Deplores

(Continued from page 13)

For a trumpeter who never became one, Joe is an interested musical fan. He can't play any instrument but he appreciates good rhythm and arrangement. Joe is selective in naming his favorite musicians and bands.

"Louis Armstrong is the best man for hitting notes on a trumpet in the world. Cab Calloway is the best master of ceremonies of the band leaders but he's no real musician. The greatest of them all is Duke Ellington. Duke can sit down at the piano and play for three and one-half days straight without playing anybody's music but his own. He's a marvelous leader and piano player, too."

His plans after abandoning the ring, when and if, are indefinite. But when told of the vast business empire which keeps Jack Dempsey hopping twelve months a year, Joe shook his head. "That's too much for me."

In due time, a plan probably will take shape in Joe's mind. Or again he may just want to sit in the sun for years to come. But he will do nothing out of character, because, following the ancient adage, "To thine own self be true," he will never betray his own trust in himself. Joe Louis, a simple but sincere man!

* * *

HOW did it feel to become a world champion, Joe was asked. "No different from before," he said, "except, of course, that it makes you a little more important."

The scribes who visited the Louis camp at Pompton Lakes, where he was in training for his second fight with Schmeling, all were of the opinion that Joe had changed very little socially after gaining the world laurels from the Louis they had met in previous camps, except that he became more talkative and more chummy—just the reverse of what had happened in the case of most fighters after they won the world crown.

Has the increased adulation of the growing throng of hero-worshippers caused Joe to have any different ideas about himself? Or has he been able to sidestep the pitfall which has ruined so many bygone ring champions who came into the game with the advantage of an education such as Joe never enjoyed? Is temperament cropping out in what heretofore had been something of a submerged personality?

The answers to the foregoing, acquired through daily observation of the camp life of the new champion while tuning up for Schmeling, and through the testimony of those closest to him—Manager Julian Black, John Roxborough and Jack Blackburn—were highly complimentary to the heavyweight champion.

There was a change in the Louis attitude. There was a tendency to talk more, smile more, join more heartily in the gaiety and conversation that prevailed in camp when the day's training rigors were done. There was still something of an inferiority complex to Joe, and there probably always will be, since he realizes that the men with whom he is so closely associated are his superiors mentally. But he is gradually acquiring the education and poise which only travel and changing associations can bestow.

The Louis who was training as titleholder to meet Schmeling displayed far more confidence and assurance in his conversation and in his actions than did Joe Louis of pre-championship days. There was more ease and graciousness in his meetings with the hero-worshipping public. It would be idle to expect that Joe Louis ever would be a Chesterfield. But he is doing well, indeed, for one who vaulted, within a comparatively few years, from the obscurity of a southern cotton field to a place of such prominence that millions now know the power of his lethal fists and listen attentively whenever the air waves carry the details of his important endeavors.

"As easy to handle as he was in the days when the heavyweight championship must have seemed far beyond his reach," Blackburn informed me. "He hops out of bed at the first call in the morning, just as he did then, and he follows every suggestion and every bit of advice as he did in the days when he wasn't known much beyond his own neighborhood. I notice that Joe is surer of himself around the camp and in his ring work with his sparring partners. But he still takes the attitude that there is much to be learned in this boxing business and he wishes to learn it."

Roxborough and Black, who have carefully guided and guarded Louis on his way to the top, advanced testimony of a similar nature when sounded out on any change of attitude which they may have noted in their daily contacts with Joe.

"Yes, he talks around the camp, takes a keener interest in things, and he is gradually shaking off the shyness which he formerly possessed," says Roxborough. "He is surer of himself in his speech and actions. The championship has helped a lot. Travel has improved Joe. Now, if he can beat Schmeling in their return bout and avenge the previous knockout, Joe will be the happiest man on earth."

To all of which Julian Black nodded enthusiastic assent.

Studies in Black and White

(Continued from page 6)

imitation of Baron Munchausen. Actually practices archery. No fighter ever before had had an archery outfit in his camp. Might as well have had Badminton and crokinole.

But this Max has doped things out for himself. Archery. Because it is sharp shooting of the elementary type. Which improves the eye. Makes for accurate hitting. Strengthens the wrist and arms. What is a fighter but an archer who hits without his bow and arrow?

The archery is over. Into the camp goes Max, and now comes the invitation to the cue. Schmeling is adroit at a lot of more polite games. Billiards is one of his specialties. He can knock off those caroms with pretty good regularity.

Billiards, he explains, is another game which trains the eye. And is good for the wrist. And, what's more, is great fun for relaxation.

Don't forget this. In training for a fight, the great desideratum is not so much to get in a terrific lot of boxing, or a terrific lot of conditioning. But to master the secret of relaxing.

In the evening, motion pictures. Fast, slow, slower, slowest. Pictures of Louis' fights. All of them that have been pictured. How to hit Joe with that right!

* * *

SUNNY June day in the Louis camp. At Pompton Lakes, N. J. In an old mansion once the home of General Schuyler, of Revolutionary fame. Get a gander of that cellar, where the general kept the Schuyler wines. And where the cooks got up the Schuyler dinners. An old Dutch oven, as authentic as the dikes of Holland.

Louis sitting around. Reading a paper. "They say I made mistakes in the first fight with Smellin'. Well, who never made mistakes? Everybody makes 'em, and that's how you learn. When you're a kid you play with matches, and the next thing you know you're afraid of the fire that burned you."

Up at six in the morning. Out on the road. Back for a good breakfast. Then a little nap. Joe likes to nap. He has the old African love of siesta. He also has the Indian knack of relaxing completely. And absolutely. He can let himself down completely mentally.

Morning, after the nap. The ever-grinding phonograph. He knows all about bands and music. He has that African love for rhythm. The records roll round and round—Ellington, Calloway, and who not. He gets the records from the best of the Negro band men, and he grinds away at them until he knows all the bars by heart.

"Yeah! Who never made a mistake?" asks Joe, as he rouses himself to let Blackburn put on the tape before starting his boxing grind. There are private workouts, more important than those exhibited to the public.

* * *

A DAY with Schmeling. A journalist is around, making notes. He watches every move the German makes. He watches every facial flicker. He listens to every word spoken by Max.

The idea is a story. Not the story of the German as a fighter. But an attempt to get at the mental reactions, the cerrebrations of the man from the Rhineland.

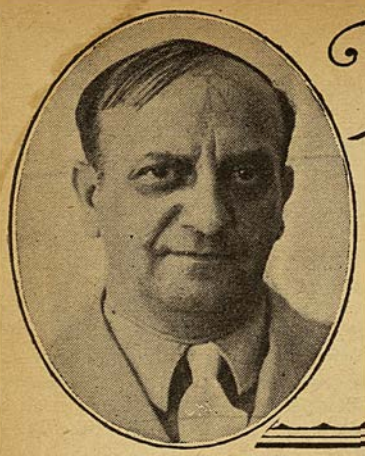
No easy task, this. Who can creep into the mind of a man, who can dope out the heart-beats of a subject, who can tell the innermost feelings of this athlete from Germany?

No easy position is that of Schmeling. He is the champion of a nation which is under fire in so many quarters, its leaders condemned and contemned, its national aspirations counted so utterly audacious.

However, it is not our purpose here to analyze Germany, or even this German fighter. The boxing magazine is not a place for politics.

Still, Schmeling makes an interesting study apart from his position as a fighter. How does he really look at boxing, at the life of the ring, at the weeks and weeks away from his family circle, at his adventure in a foreign land which has been kind to him, but says things about his Germany?

Louis seems to be an open book. There is no mystery in his makeup. No dark, African mystery. He has little guile. No reason for guile. He talks and says what he thinks. But Schmeling can't talk, if he would, and he won't.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Armstrong's Victory Starts New Arguments
Foreign Fighters Are Well Treated in America
Arthur Lumley's Death Recalls the Old Era

HERE is an interesting letter from an ardent reader of THE RING and a keen student of boxing, one who knows the sport from A to Z—Vincent Woodbury of Timmins, Ontario:

"There is a matter I would like to raise with you. The Armstrong-Ross fight is now a thing of the past, and a featherweight is credited with having licked a welterweight, but is this a fact?

"Armstrong fought at some 133½ pounds and Ross came in as a light welter, 142 pounds. The featherweight limit, I believe, is 126 pounds. The lightweight limit, if we use the Gans-Nelson ringside weight, is 133 pounds, and Armstrong fought above both the limits. He cannot therefore be classed either as a featherweight or a lightweight. The best he can expect is to be called a light man fighting a heavier.

"If Armstrong or anyone else wished to lay claim to a featherweight beating the welterweight, he should make at the time of the fight the featherweight poundage.

"Neither should Ross be expected to scale down in the welterweight but make any poundage he wishes as long as it is within the welterweight range.

"Only eight and a half pounds separated the fighters, and a stronger though smaller man met a heavier but weaker man because the weaker brought his weight down to where he was not at his best.

"I'm willing to give the Negro all the just praise but I insist we don't work on theory but facts in determining if actually a featherweight beat a welterweight.

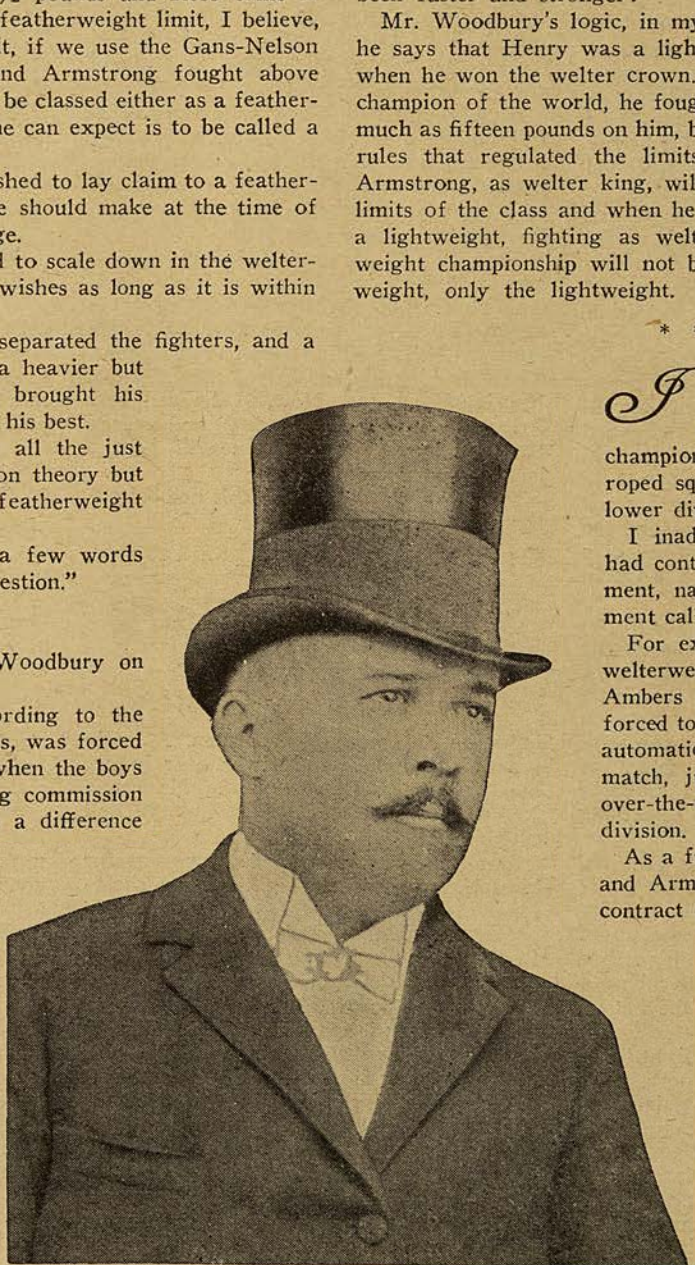
"I'd very much like to receive a few words in your valued magazine on this question."

* * *

I TAKE issue with Mr. Woodbury on the following:

Henry Armstrong, according to the agreement stipulated in the contracts, was forced to come in at at least 136 pounds when the boys first weighed in, because the boxing commission rules insist that there must not be a difference of more than eight pounds between small boys. When the fight was postponed, that rule was waived because Armstrong found it difficult to keep up to the required poundage.

When Mr. Woodbury insists that Ross was compelled to fight at a weight that weakened him, he errs, because Ross' best fighting weight has always been around 142. A few weeks before the Armstrong fight, he scaled 141 for a fight in Des Moines, Ia., with Bobby Verner. The welterweight class ranges from 142 to 147, and anyone within that limit is a legitimate welter.



Arthur Lumley, manager of six champions, as he looked when he handled the affairs of John L. Sullivan.

As for Armstrong, he still can fight as a featherweight. He says that he can make 126 pounds without difficulty. When he went out of his class to fight Ross, he certainly was the featherweight king. What else could he be called?

He did, as Mr. Woodbury points out, enter against Ross as a lightweight, but he did so because he was compelled to go into the ring at the heavier weight. If he had had his own way, he would have scaled 130 pounds, at which weight he says he would have been faster and stronger!

Mr. Woodbury's logic, in my opinion, is correct in so far as he says that Henry was a lightweight and not a featherweight when he won the welter crown. When Dixon was featherweight champion of the world, he fought lightweights, men who had as much as fifteen pounds on him, but then there were no commission rules that regulated the limits at which fighters could meet. Armstrong, as welter king, will not be able to scale within the limits of the class and when he defends his title, he will be just a lightweight, fighting as welter king. Therefore the welterweight championship will not be at stake nor will the featherweight, only the lightweight.

* * *

IN the June issue of THE RING, I erred in my statement, "It is my contention that when a champion of a higher division enters the roped square in a bout with a boy of a lower division, the title is at stake."

I inadvertently left out a sentence I had contemplated putting into that statement, namely, "if the articles of agreement call for a championship fight."

For example, Armstrong, holding the welterweight title, cannot lose it to Lou Ambers in a bout in which Henry is forced to make the lightweight limit. This automatically makes the bout a handicap match, just as much as if it were an over-the-weight match in the welterweight division.

As a further illustration, were Ambers and Armstrong to meet with the weight contract calling for 147 pounds, the welterweight limit, and the principals should scale at 135 or under, the lightweight limit, then the two titles would be at stake—both Ambers' lightweight and Armstrong's welter.

One cannot deprive a champion of his title in a case where the contractural obligations compel the holder of the crown in the higher section to make a weight limit below that of his class. That is what I meant when

I wrote my editorial in the May issue of THE RING Magazine.

Now let us take another possibility. Suppose Henry beat Ambers and won the lightweight title. He would then be the holder of three championships—feather, light and welter. How could his three crowns be at stake at the same time? Here is your answer:

Let us presume that Ginger Foran were matched with Armstrong to clash for the welterweight title. The weight stipulation would be 147 pounds. On the day of the fight both contestants scale 126 pounds. Under such conditions, not only would Henry's welterweight laurels be at stake, but his other two as well.

* * *

I WAS amazed recently to find in the London *Daily Mirror* an article by Denis O'Sullivan in which the writer attacks American sportsmanship and condones "the fact" that a British subject cannot receive a square deal in this country. Where Mr. O'Sullivan obtained the data for the attack is something I do not know, but whoever gave him the information certainly didn't base his statements on fact. If I may say so, for the benefit of Mr. O'Sullivan and the 12,000 readers of this magazine in England, nowhere in the world does a boxer from a foreign land receive such courteous treatment from the public and such an advantage over the home-bred lad from the officials, as in the United States.

Mr. O'Sullivan errs in his conjecture. Someone is spoofing him. If he doubts this, he should interview the twenty-five leading boxers of the British Empire who have fought in this land in the last ten years. Where could Tommy Farr have earned what he did, except in America? Perhaps Tommy feels that an unjust verdict was rendered in one or two of his fights, but in that case, thousands of others who saw the battles in which he participated didn't agree with him and did agree with the official verdict. Would Max Schmeling have been granted the world title on a foul in any other country than the United States? Would Max have been granted such privileges elsewhere as he has received in the United States? Only in America could this happen.

Examine Jackie Kid Berg's case. He couldn't draw a fly in England and came back to America after he had retired, and for the past four months he has received steady employment in ring battles, and doing pretty well for himself considering conditions in the United States.

How about Phil Zwick, the American, Mr. O'Sullivan? Can we say that your Boxing Board of Control has treated him with the same brotherly feeling that Berg and Farr received in America?

Take the case of Jimmy Wilde, grand little man whose valiant exhibition against Pancho Villa will long be remembered by those fortunate to see the battle. Ask him what kind of treatment he received in New York. Unfortunately, now and then an ordinary fighter appears in our midst and expects to be given the same consideration as a top-flight pugilist.

Disheartened, discouraged, he returns to England and lambasts all connected with the sport over on this side of the Big Pond, just as do American boxers of the palooka type who go to England and get the cold shoulder there because their services are not wanted. America welcomes with open arms fighters who can deliver the goods, but like other nations, we have no use for those of mediocre ability. There are plenty of that kind in our midst now. Why accept foreign invaders who can't help the sport any?

Let's be fair, Mr. O'Sullivan. We can make good use of talent worth while and will pay big fees for their services, as was the case with Farr and Berg when the latter was in his prime. Perhaps if you knew us better, you would not be inflaming the minds of your readers with such uncalled for statements as:

"Take boxing. The kind of deal most of our boxers have been handed out in the States since the war makes you suspect the Americans are trying every possible means to pay us out for not paying our War Debts."

* * *

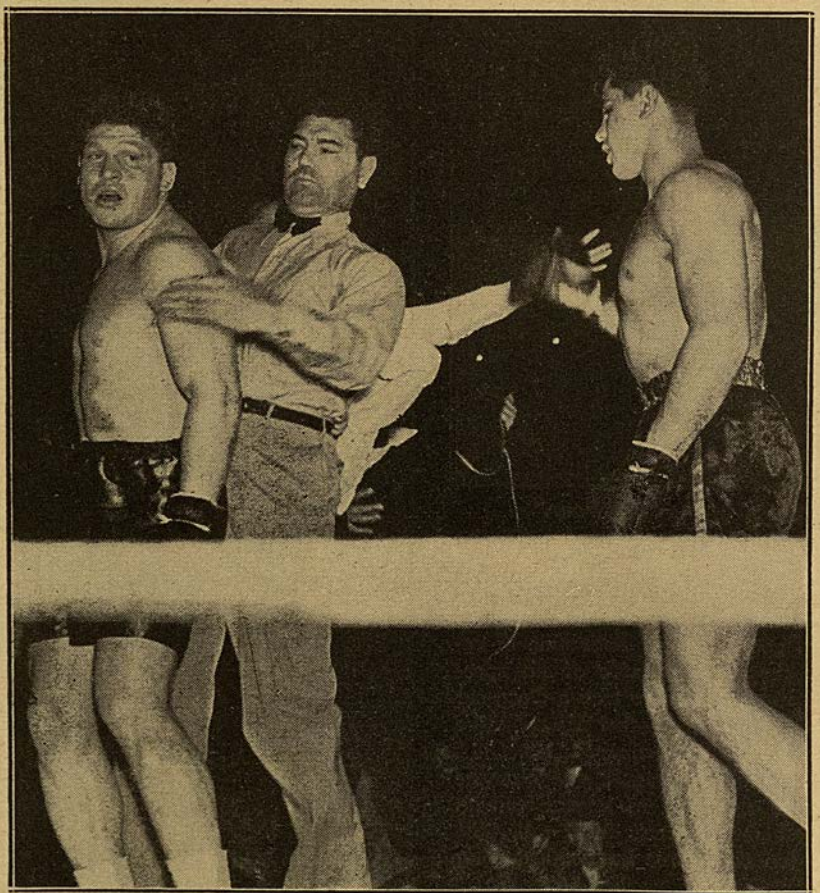
LAST June 9, another of the famous fistic characters of the Sullivan era joined those whom he had managed many years ago. On that day, in the Kings County Hospital, Arthur Lumley, former editor of the *Police Gazette* and the New York *Illustrated News*, died after an illness that lasted four years.

Lumley's name is well known to RING readers. Prior to the illness that kept him bed-ridden most of the time, he was a regular contributor to this publication, and his stories, many of which related to the romantic days of John L. Sullivan, were masterpieces.

Besides managing Sullivan, Arthur handled the business affairs of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack McAuliffe, Kid McCoy, Ike Weir, Tommy Ryan and Australian Billy Murphy. He boasted of managing six champions. He was a prolific writer of the caustic school, much on the style in later years of Bat Masterson. Fearless, he told what he thought regardless of friendships and as a result, he was often the target for abuse from members of the profession.

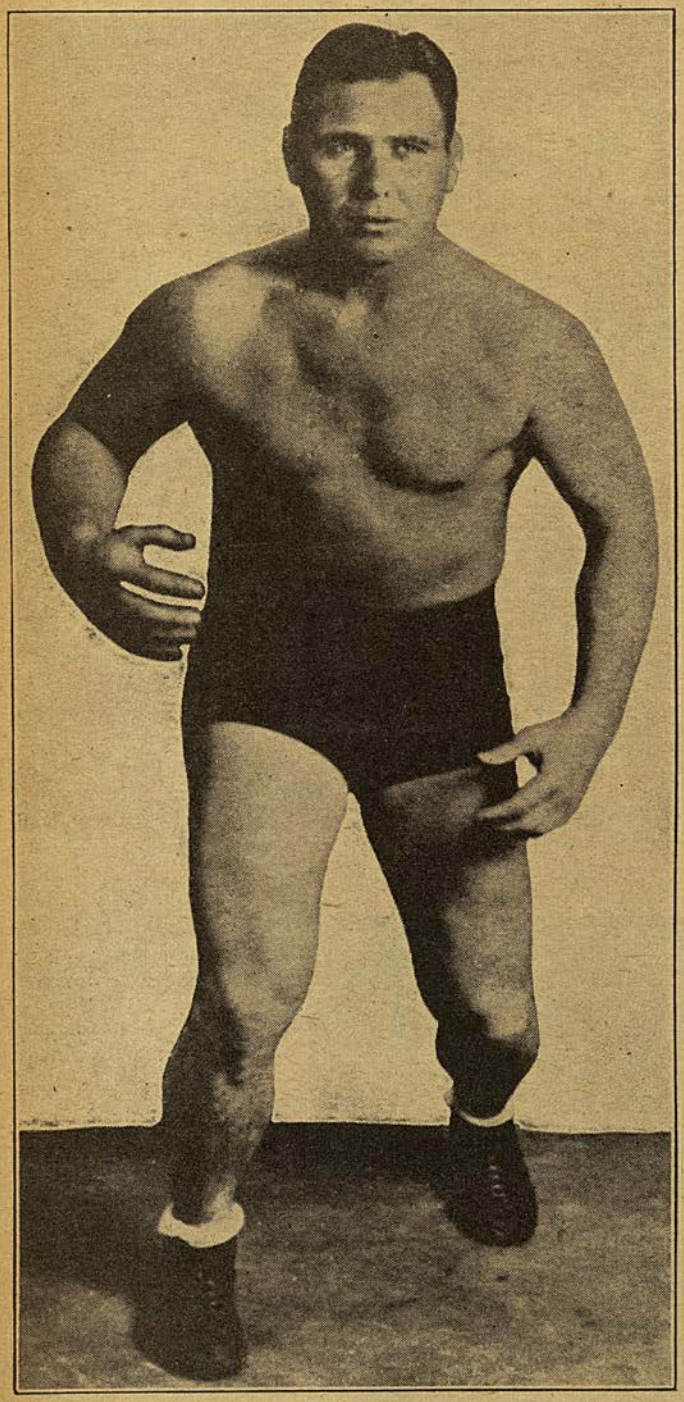
* * *

LUMLEY made his newspaper start under Charles A. Dana, noted Editor of the New York *Sun*. He worked on that paper as a reporter and an illustrator. His most famed illustration was that of "The Three Jacks," showing Sullivan, Dempsey and McAuliffe in an oval with the American and Irish flags used as a border. The original drawing is in possession of the writer. Lumley edited the *Police Gazette* in 1878. He quit in 1888 when he engaged in a fistic battle with the owner, Richard K. Fox, following Fox's barrage against Sullivan, who at the time was Lumley's idol. Mr. Fox supported the cause of Jake Kilrain against Sullivan and for two years he was hot on John L.'s trail in an effort to force him into a match with Kilrain. Lumley steadfastly sided with Sullivan and quit Fox to publish a rival paper.



Al Ettore of Philadelphia being helped to his corner by Jack Dempsey, the referee, in the fourth round of his bout with Jimmy Adamick of Detroit. Ettore was stopped in this round.

GETTING ACQUAINTED



Wally Dusek, the toughest of the "Big Four."

TO Mike Mazurki, one of the outstanding Polish wrestling stars and one time four-letter winner at Manhattan College, goes the rare distinction of recently having won the greatest battle of his spectacular career. Yes, Mazurki not so long ago won a clean-cut triumph over Death. Big Mike's foe was another Mike, "Mike Robe," sometimes better known as Kid Pneumonia.

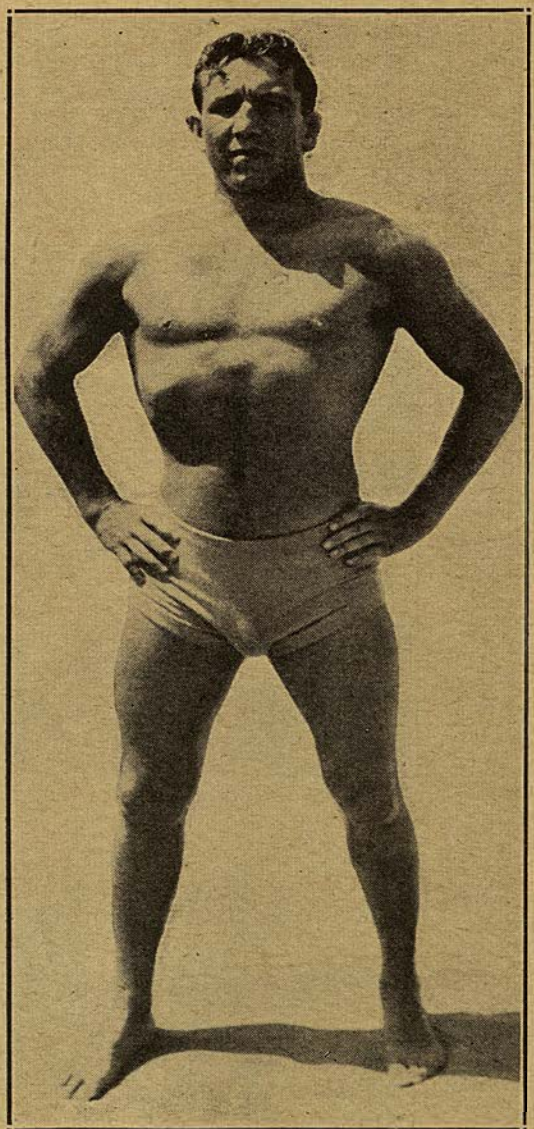
Well, the death-dealing Mike had our grappling hero on the flat of his back, but Mazurki managed to muster enough strength together to ward off the referee's fatal toll. The matman's heart was entirely too strong for the death-dealing enemy of all humans.

Stamina—or, to use another term, "guts"—won the life-and-death struggle. Mazurki is alive today—hale and hearty—thanks to his rugged constitution, his ever-fighting spirit, his courageousness. Mike proved he was no quitter when he routed the enemy and scored the greatest victory that any mortal can accomplish—a conquest over Death. Yes, Mike flattened the shoulders of his arch rival, "Mike Robe," like a pancake. Mazurki routed his foe in a methodical manner.

The Mazurki of today is even stronger than the Mazurki of pre-pneumonia days. Not only has he regained his lost vitality, but he also retained his triggerlike brain and held on to his speed. Mazurki still has that fighting heart. He fought the battle and won—declared victorious in an engagement in which the odds were prohibitively against him.

Mazurki, peppier and more dashing than ever, is back in the mat wars—returned to the sphere of action where he intends to grapple at an even faster pace than he had been doing prior to his siege of illness. Mike has been on the sidelines for quite a spell, but now he is bent on making up for lost time. He is out to prove that he still ranks up there with the foremost bone benders in the profession.

Mazurki's main specialty is the expert use of the flying body scissors. Mazurki has been going to the post for five years and during that time he has participated in a little over a thousand matches. Which goes to show that he is one of the best grappling attractions now before the public. The promoters are constantly seeking his services.



Mike Mazurki, who recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia.

* * *

JUST in case you care to know, "Rebel" Bob Russell, the Lone Star grappler, gained the nickname of "Rebel" for the simple reason that anyone named Russell invariably is called "Rebel."

The "Reb" was born October 22, 1908, in Delarie, not far from Galveston, Tex., and right on the banks of the Rio Grande.

So it was only natural that Russell should take a liking to horses even though he was knee high to a grasshopper. It was nothing for Bob to do stunts and show the "old cow hands" the proper way to rope a steer or

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in Various Divisions

By NAT FRANK

to do some bronco riding. Even in his childhood, Bob was a reckless, dare-devil type of youth. He took chances that the "veterans" would fear to try. He also became a crack pistol shot. It was just play with him to strike the bull's eye oftener than the most seasoned marksman.

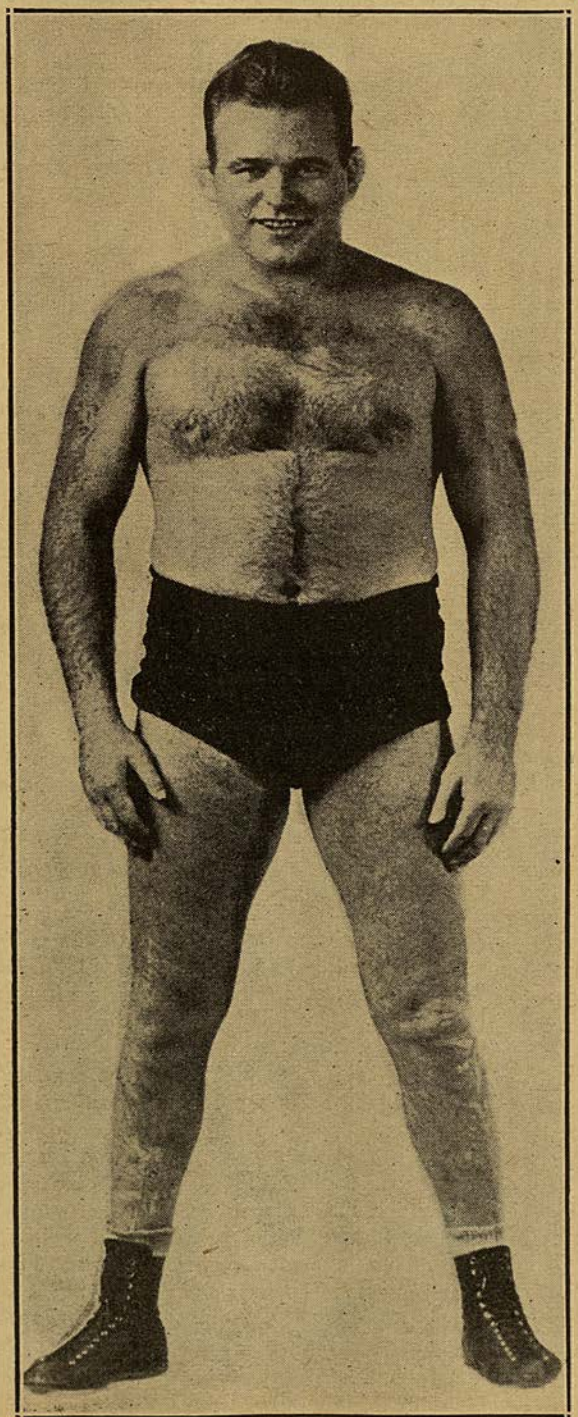
When Russell grew into maturity, he became so popular with the folks of his home burg that he was prevailed upon to sport the sheriff's badge. The natives knew that once he accepted, they need fear no law breakers in their midst. "Rebel" was equal to every occasion to combat the outlaws.

Bob carries two notches in his gun as proof that he meant business. Single-handed, he cornered two burglars, and when they blazed away at him, one bullet striking his badge, the cool-headed sheriff took deadly aim, and with two shots, penetrated the hearts of the culprits.

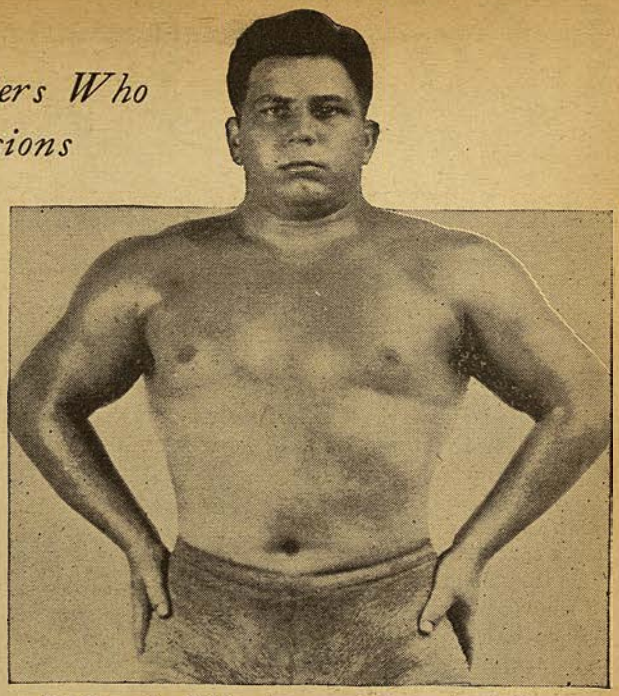
"That at least saved the county expense of a trial and keeping them in food and clothing while they would be doing their bit in the hoose-gow," said the idolized Russell.

In 1933, tiring of being tied down in his home sector and wanting to see something of the world, Russell, despite the protests of his fellow citizens, decided to turn in his badge and go in for a wrestling career.

His first stopover was in Galveston, where he grappled as an amateur, and so well did he do that he soon won the light-heavyweight championship of the South.



Reb Russell, former sheriff, now a first rate wrestler.



Ed Strangler White, former Alabama football star.

The following year, "Rebel" was matching holds with the professional foes in the heavyweight realm. He was meeting the opponents at their own game. His superhuman strength and his knowledge of holds aided him in his quest of new honors.

The ex-cow puncher and one-time sheriff stands six feet one inch and weighs 215 pounds. He is a master showman and well capable of taking care of himself in any kind of company.

* * *

ED STRANGLER WHITE of Alabama only stands five feet ten inches, but he weighs 250 pounds. Oddly enough, White is not a "fatty." He is built like a tapering cone, boasting of a pair of shoulders probably the broadest of any athlete.

As correctly guessed, White gained the "Strangler" moniker from Ed "Strangler" Lewis, retired ex-wrestling champion of the world. The Alabaman is a protege of the one-time headlock king, and White has proved to be an apt pupil by pursuing the same rugged tactics as that of his discoverer.

Before embarking on a grappling career, White was without doubt one of the strongest backfield men in the famous University of Alabama football team. In fact, it was big Ed who helped carry his team through two consecutive years without a loss. So great was the Alabama eleven that the squad earned the rare distinction of being called upon to play in the Rose Bowl game for two straight years, in 1926 and again in 1927.

In 1926, White had as his teammate, the present-day moving picture star, Johnny Mack Brown. The pair was responsible for downing the Californians. The following year, minus the services of Brown, who had graduated the previous year, White was the man who, almost single-handed, held down the Far Westerners on the latter's own field, and once more the football champions of the South conquered their hosts.

Following the second victory scored by his squad, White gained his diploma as a civil engineer. But the football germ had gotten into his system and in 1928 he signed up with the Chicago Cardinals. The following year he played with the Los Angeles club.

It was while playing with Los Angeles in 1929 that Ed Strangler Lewis first saw the possibilities of making a future mat star out of White. He sought out the grid star and laid the plans on the line. White fell in with Lewis' lines of thinking *(Continued on page 43)*

When LOPEZ Shoots He Hits

WRESTLING fans know him as Vincent Lopez, former world heavyweight champion and one of the roughest, toughest and cleverest man maulers in the ring. But this story is about him as Vincent Lopez de Vinaspre, a two-gun man from the Rio Grande, a relentless big-game hunter. It is a yarn about the Lopez who braves the dangers of Mexican jungles and swamps, tracking down wild animals for the love of excitement and to get motion pictures for his rare collection of films.

He crouched in the thickets of Valles one night while a jaguar was getting set to spring at his throat. He was dumped overboard from a canoe in a stream infested with man-eating crocodiles.

Such experiences to the average person would be a sure cure for the hunting bug. But not to Señor Lopez, who grew up on his father's ranch with a rifle in his hand.

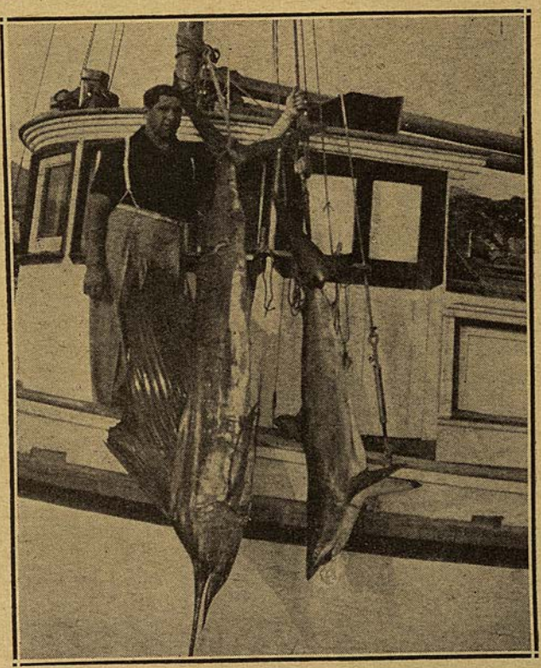
In fact, Vince's gun-toting should be inherent. He is descended from the de Vinaspres, who fought alongside Cortez. And he was only a babe in arms when his parents fled Mexico with a spray of assassins' bullets in their wake.

* * *

APOE could write a classic on Lopez's harrowing escapes.

But let's hear the story of his most recent trip from Vince, himself, with no attempt at artificial dramatization:

"At Valles, halfway between Monterey and Mexico City, I found a paradise for hunters. There is all kinds of game—alligators, crocodiles, jaguars, wolves, coyotes, wild monkeys, parrots, deer, wild turkeys and others.



Vincent Lopez with a catch from the Gulf of Mexico.

"However, there are many hazards and handicaps. On the flat lands to the east of the mountains, amid the bamboo, cocoanut, palm and banana trees, the grass grows waist high everywhere. This grass is infested with rattlesnakes.

"Other dangers are malaria-carrying mosquitoes and varieties of ticks that hang on leaves and limbs of trees in clusters. The ticks very often fall on one and become deeply imbedded in the skin before he realizes it.

"When I first arrived, a native gave me a preparation which I believe was a mixture of alcohol and juice of a real strong tobacco to rub on my skin. Evidently the mosquitoes and ticks don't like the stuff, because I did not suffer from bites of these insects.

* * *

"THE hunter leaving the town of Valles must take along a supply of drinking water due to the fact that the water in the lakes and streams is poisonous.

"Shooting alligators and crocodiles as they lay on the banks of the rivers sunning themselves did not prove difficult and was not a great deal of sport.

"But bringing them in alive was something else!

"One day I went out in a canoe with an Indian guide bent upon capturing a crocodile. We soon ran across a husky, fourteen feet long, that must have weighed 1500 pounds.

"To catch it, I had made a rope loop which I hung to the end of a bamboo stick. To the stick I attached a long rope. I figured to get the crocodile's head in the noose, paddle the canoe back to shore and then, using a horse, tow in the crocodile.

"Everything went as scheduled up to a certain point. What I did not foresee was that the crocodile, when snagged, would turn and charge the boat. Which it did, with all the ferocity imaginable. The big fellow slapped the canoe with his powerful tail and over we went into the water infested by man-eaters.

"The Indian, being a good swimmer, did not take very long to reach the shore, seventy-five feet away. However, I am not an expert swimmer under the best of conditions, and in my hunting clothes, with heavy boots, I was slower than usual.

"Never in my life had I ever struck out with the desperate power I used in my arms and legs in those few minutes. Any moment I expected one of the giant reptiles to tear me to bits. While on the bank ahead, three Indian guides gesticulated frantically but helplessly. When they finally lifted me out of the water, I was completely exhausted.

* * *

"I HAD instructed an Indian to perch in a tree and take pictures of the chap and me in the canoe. However, this fellow with the camera was a brother of the guide in the boat, and when he saw his kin in danger, he dropped the camera and climbed down from the tree to help him. I would have prized that film, showing me frantically trying to out-swim those crocodiles.

"The natives, who sell the skins of the alligators and crocodiles, have different ways of killing them. They often go out in a canoe and harpoon them. The creatures put up a battle after being speared, but eventually wear themselves out and then the natives pull them into shore.

"In some respects this is a better means of getting them than with a gun. If they are in the water when shot, they immediately sink to the bottom.

* * *

"ON another occasion, while visiting a ranch near Valles, I learned that a jaguar had been killing cattle in the vicinity. The natives seemed to prefer taking the loss rather than go after the big cat. They could judge its huge size by the evidence left on the stock it killed.

"After having trouble persuading a guide to go with me, I finally obtained a half-breed by offering him five pesos and four shot gun shells, about five times the usual pay.

"We started the hunt at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It was not until midnight that the dogs picked up the scent. Trailing the jaguar for about three hours, we finally got him cornered in a bamboo thicket. While the half-breed trained a flashlight on the beast, I took aim with my bold-action 30-06 and fired.

"Handicapped by poor light and the fact that the animal was twisting and turning, I did not hit a vulnerable spot. When the guide realized the animal was not killed but perhaps only slightly wounded, he anticipated an attack. Screaming to me to take cover, he dropped the flashlight and fled. And there I was in utter darkness, with the big cat ready to spring at me.

"All I could do was sink deep in the tall grass with my rifle held in front of me as my only shield. I remained crouching there for what seemed an eternity but was actually only a few moments, fearing to breathe heavily lest the animal discover me. The jaguar either passed beside me or jumped clear over me. When I finally arose, I moved about cautiously and located the flashlight.

"The half-breed I found cringing behind a palm tree. We returned to the ranch, ate breakfast and started out on the search again, this time with two other men on horses and two additional dogs.

"Going back to where the animal had been hit, and trailing for about half an hour, we found the jaguar. It was dying from loss of blood about a mile from where it had been wounded."

* * *

LOPEZ has hunted and fished in all Western states and throughout Mexico. When he was eight years of age on his father's ranch in Idaho, he used to hide a little "22" rifle in his pants leg and walk out of the house stiff-legged in hopes of getting past the forbidding eyes of his dad.

When twelve years of age, he had a miniature zoo on the ranch, having trapped lynx cats, coyotes, chipmunks, foxes and all sorts of small animals.

It was in 1935, after he had won the international wrestling tournament in Los Angeles, that his ability as a marksman first became generally known. This is how it was learned.

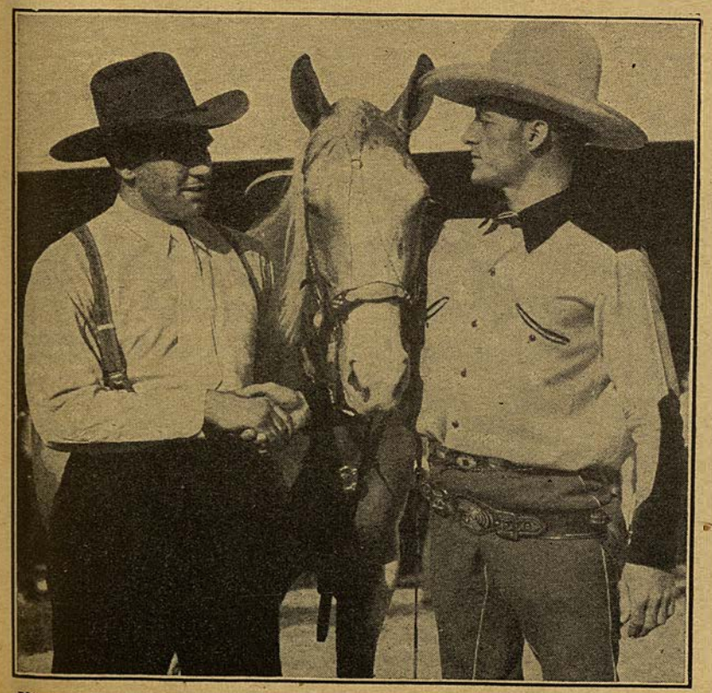
One day James E. Davis, the police chief, took Vince to the Elysian Park pistol range to watch the cops hit the bull's-eyes. Vince not only watched, but he shot, and his accuracy was a treat to even the champions of the force. Now, wherever the Los Angeles pistol team goes, so goes Vince when his wrestling bookings will possibly permit.

For hunting, he takes along light camping equipment, a Winchester 30-06, a 35 automatic rifle, a 357 Magnum as his favorite side piece, shot guns and, of course, his motion picture camera.

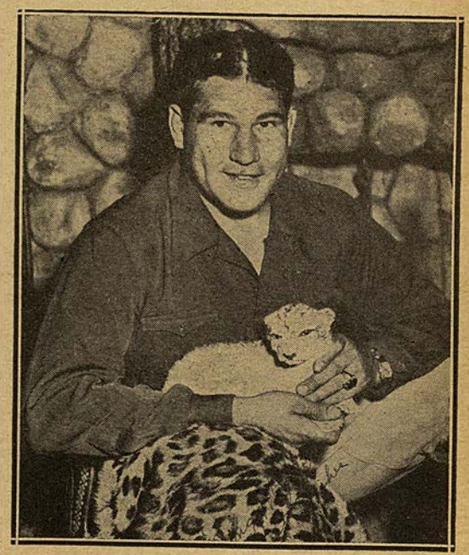
As a hunter, there are few who are better shots than the famous Mexican wrestler. Here is mute testimony to his skill.

In the past two years, his technique in taking hunting films has caught the eye of a Hollywood film producer, who hopes to sign Vince to take pictures in the unexplored jungle regions of the Amazon.

Lopez is a most picturesque fellow, both in and out of the ring. Had he paid as strict attention to his wrestling as he has to his hunting and fishing, he would have been one of the finest matmen of recent years. But he is still a star among the present crop.



Vincent Lopez, California's world champion (left), making friends with a State trooper, "just in case—"



A lion cub picked up by Lopez after he had killed the mother, who had attacked him.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 34)

a business man. "I've bought Leo Daniel Boone Savage's contract and from now on I'm just going to let Leo do all the mopping up," says the Cowboy. "And don't think that boy can't do it! He's the greatest wrestler in the game today and is headed straight for the championship."

I'm inclined to share the Cowboy's enthusiasm for Leo's destiny. At present the bearded biggie is out in California, evidently with his eye cast slyly on a movie contract. His recent stay in Bristol was an eventful and colorful one for the Southern fans, for wherever Leo goes there is bound to be plenty of excitement.

* * *

The Southern fans who like their wrestling rough, are also bemoaning the departure of Dick Lever, who has followed Horace Greeley's advice and "gone West." Dick chalked up a series of spectacular wins in the Southeastern territory and intends to do likewise on the California coast.

* * *

Pete Moore has been dickering for the past few weeks with that colorful Jewish sports figure, King Levinsky, who will probably be down in this territory before long in the capacity of a wrestler . . . . One of the most popular referees in the South is Charley "Chuck" Grogan, who, although he is only twenty-nine years old, has been an official for thirteen years. Chuck says he has refereed more than 4,000 professional matches . . . . One of wrestling's best friends is C. W. Stockard, president of the North Carolina Athletic Commission, who is keen on scientific wrestling. He has won me over to that style. I always liked the rough stuff.

* * *

RAMBLINGS ON RASSLERS—The latest meanie to invade Texas is young Tiger Joe Marsh, the Yugo-Slavian. He is only twenty-six years old, yet he has been campaigning in the mat wars for nine years. During this time he has precipitated and participated in more riots than a dog has fleas, and he wears on his arm a decoration of his popularity with the fans. It's a long scar, implanted there by an irate fan . . . . To his many friends and fans in the wrestling world, I know the good news that Mayes McLain, who was seriously injured in a bout in Texas, is well on the road to recovery, will be joyously received . . . . Mayes is one of the finest boys in the game. Here's wishing him an even more successful career upon his return to the ring . . . . I wonder if Cliff Olsen ever discovered who threw a bucket of water on his head one night? . . . . it certainly drenched Cliff's sunny disposition . . . . sorry that Abie Coleman's stay here was so brief . . . . the likeable little Jewish fellow is quite a comedian . . . . Gordon Schafer, popular light-heavy, is back in his native Texas and doing very well . . . . he recently wrestled a splendid match with Gus Kallio . . . . I'd like to see Juan Humberto and Jimmie James matched . . . . both have splendid physiques, lightning speed and a solid knowledge of wrestling . . . .

AUSTRALIAN WRESTLING NOTES, by "Deathlock"—The Rushcutters Bay Stadium opened on April 4, when the latest arrival, Leo Numa, met Dick Raines before a packed house, the fair sex, as usual, being very prominent. Numa made a splendid impression and his defeat of Raines by two falls to one was no mean performance. This was Raines' first defeat in Australia.

Latest information released by Stadiums, Ltd., is that they are speculating $150,000 to secure the services of the world's best wrestlers for this season, culminating in the appearance of Jim Londos, Dean Detton and Bronko Nagurski.

Pat O'Shocker, Irish-American, has also arrived here.

The Suburban Stadium at Auburn, where, by the way, the promoter is a woman (the only woman promoter of boxing and wrestling in Australia), opened recently with a match between Reg Pieremont and Peter Guion, Australian welter champion. Pieremont is a fast, clever and spectacular matman, but was not good enough for the clever Guion. Once again he had to admit defeat to the welter champion. Later, Guion was opposed to "Little Hack," recently returned from England, where he considerably enhanced his reputation. Hack is a ring craftsman and the spectators were treated to one of the most exciting contests seen at Auburn. When the bell went for the last round, each wrestler had gained a fall. They sprang from their corners, stood toe to toe exchanging fore arm jolts, with the fans in a frenzy. The match culminated with Guion launching a pile driver and securing a brilliant victory.

So great is the demand for his services that Guion had to meet three opponents in one week. His other match with Hal Morgan was a very torrid affair. Such is the reward of brilliance and being a good box office attraction.

A word of congratulation to Mrs. Mawson, the woman promoter, who certainly knows what her patrons appreciate and who looks after their comfort. A few words of praise also for THE RING Magazine, which keeps us posted on the doings of the stars in all parts of the world. Wrestlers who are not credited with good performances by THE RING might just as well keep away from Australia or New Zealand, for they won't get a tumble.

In Defense of Modern Pugilism

(Continued from page 28)

than Barney Ross, the reigning welter king? Did they ever equal the display of skill and courage that the Jewish lad gave when he defended his crown against Ceferino Garcia in the Carnival of Champions? Groggy and weak in the closing rounds from the magnificent fighting that he had been doing, did Ross quit when the thunder-fisted Ceferino closed in to snatch the crown from the champion's dark head!

Listen, old-timer, sit down, don't leave. I want to ask you if you ever saw courage as I saw it when Lou Ambers, outweighed eight pounds, stood up to the blows of Jimmy McLarnin for ten rounds, and bleeding from nose and ears, laughed in the Irishman's face for not being able to knock him down!

* * *

OH, yes, old-timer, we have our chicken-hearted and Dresden-chinned fighters. Retzlaff, Pack, Trammell, Gastanaga, Singer, Goldstein, Levinsky, Barry and others. Joe Louis, too, you say. Perhaps, but I wonder if you ever saw a heavyweight stand up, well-nigh defenseless, for twelve rounds before such blows as Max Schmeling threw that June night in Yankee Stadium? Sure, Joe can be hit—so can Schmeling. But for courage, don't ever try to take from Louis what he showed against Max!

You had your faulty fighters, too, old-timer. Fulton, Willard, Wells, Beckett, Morissey, Maher, Flynn and others who either couldn't or didn't relish taking it. Corbett was a great boxer. Could he take it? Was he any greater than Loughran?

Did Johnson care to take punishment? Was Ketchel any better than Mickey Walker? Perhaps a little, but not much.

Did you see many better light-heavyweights than Rosenbloom and John Henry Lewis?

How many greater performers did you see among the featherweights than Henry Armstrong? Or hitters in the bantamweight division like Escobar? Oh, yes, you name George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Casper Leon, Jimmy Barry and Joe Lynch.

Are fighters today sissies because in one fight they make more than you ever saw, old-timer?

Are they cream puffs because they don't wind up groggy-headed scramble-brains?

Is it the sign of a great fighter to end up in heel-walking and incoherent muttering?

I consider a great fighter one who, over a period of years, displays the finest points of his profession, and concludes his career a man, not an animal. Benny Leonard, Charley White, Jack Britton, Ted Kid Lewis, Jimmy Wilde, Jimmy McLarnin, Tommy Loughran—oh, I could name dozens of such great fighters of the past who are splendid human specimens compared to the many heel-plodding, dizzy ring warriors of the past to whom you like to point with pride—"There was a fighter who could take it until the cows come home."

Is it jealousy or sour grapes that makes you talk like that, old-timer? What, you've heard enough! I'm glad that this little sermon has changed your attitude toward the boys who thrill us today.

Baer Stands Out

(Continued from page 9)

"CHARLEY MITCHELL was another victim of the layoff mistake," continued our octogenarian boxing writer. "He got walloped by Corbett at Jacksonville in 1894 as a result. Corbett was as fast as a streak of lightning on that occasion, while Mitchell was almost as slow and stiff as Sullivan was two years before. Mitchell hadn't fought for six years when he got into the ring with Corbett, his previous battle being the thirty-nine-round draw with Sullivan in France. Mitchell was so fast in the Sullivan mill that John couldn't put the bee on him, but the Englishman looked like a selling plater when he faced Gentleman Jim, who knocked him

out in three rounds. When Charley woke up he said:

"'How blooming stale I got in a few years! Why, I must have lost my nut to ever make that match, although I can lick that pompadour gent any day in a street scrap!'

"I guess Charley could, at that. He was a great rough-house artist, you know. But Corbett didn't fancy that style of milling, even when Mitchell ran up against him in a Bowery saloon one day and called Jim all the choice names he could think of. No, James wouldn't resent the insult on the spot, but waited for a chance to square accounts with Mitchell in the ring and incidentally clean up about $30,000 on the side.

* * *

"EVEN Corbett made the mistake of remaining out of the ring too long. What a splendid fight he put up against Jeffries at Coney Island in 1900! He danced around the boilermaker for twenty-three rounds, jabbing him here and there almost at will. Meanwhile Jeff kept using a round arm swing sixty-seven times, according to my count, until he caught Jim on the jaw with the sixty-eighth blow of this kind and scored a clean knockout. If Corbett could have stayed those last two rounds Referee Siler would have had to hand over the championship to Corbett, and he would have become the first former heavyweight title-holder to regain his crown. He almost turned the trick. If the affair had been a twenty-round go instead of one of twenty-five, Jeff would surely have lost his title.

"After this clever performance, Corbett waited three years before he tackled Jeffries for the second time in Frisco in 1903. By this time Jeff had improved wonderfully, while Corbett had been dropping back, with the result that it took Jeff ten rounds to put the ex-bank clerk away.

* * *

"TOM SHARKEY fought Gus Ruhlin in 1902 at Coney Island. Two years after that he met Jack Munroe, a third rater, in Philadelphia, and Munroe put it all over the sailor in a six-round bout. Sharkey had gone back so far in those two short years that he was simply a joke. He must have thought so himself, for Sharkey has not been in the ring since.

"In 1904 Bob Fitzsimmons stood the clever Philadelphia Jack O'Brien off for six rounds. Three years later, Fitz, who had been out of the ring, took a crack at Jack Johnson and was stopped in two rounds. Bob was only a baby in the big colored boy's hands, yet if they had met four years earlier, Johnson, in my opinion, would have been outpointed.

"Look at Marvin Hart! There was a fighter, according to Jeffries, who should have been the latter's successor. When Hart got a decision over Jack Johnson at Frisco in 1905, Jeff picked him as the coming champion; but Hart took such long rests between fights that he gradually lost his form and finally fell before the lemon Mike Schreck in twenty-one rounds at Tonopah in 1907.

"When Peter Jackson knocked out Frank Slavin and also broke his jaw in ten rounds before the National Sporting Club of London, the Australian Negro was then the greatest heavyweight in the world, not barring Sullivan. After that victory, however, Jackson came to America and played in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' all over the country. Peter didn't fight again for six years, but in 1898 he tackled Jeffries on the Coast and lasted just two rounds. That was the year before Jeff became champion. Jackson was all in and the easiest kind of a mark for the boilermaker. It was another illustration of the mistake of waiting too long.

* * *

"COME down to modern, recent times," continued Phillips, "and note the number of stars who have been defeated only because their weapons were dulled by long lay-offs. There's Jimmy McLarnin, as fine a fighter, as great a little scrapper for his weight and height as ever entered the ring. Had Jimmy engaged in at least three tune-up bouts per year, I don't think there was a man in his division who could have taken his measure.

"He would have licked Barney Ross and Billy Petrolle, in my opinion, just as readily as he took the measure of Benny Leonard who attempted a comeback after a long rest. The case of Benny is the best example, to my mind, of what happens to the fellow who thinks his name alone is sufficient to enable him to triumph against tough opposition.

"No, boys, it cannot be done. Take it from an old-timer who has seen fighters come and go since about 1875. Max Baer against Tommy Farr in England proved the case, with Livermore Max taking an awful shellacking only to avenge the defeat by engaging in a thrilling return bout in New York at a time when proper sharpening of his weapons had put Baer into the condition of a real fighting man. And so on we go, citing example after example to prove the case that long lay-offs are injurious. They eventually spell the end of the trail for any fighter, no matter how good he might have been.

* * *

"THERE'S only one way," wound up the wise old man who still finds extreme pleasure at the age of 86 in watching the boys at their work in the training camps or sitting behind third base at the Polo Grounds or Yankee Stadium to see a baseball game. "If a fighter wants to keep on top, he must never stop fighting until he has decided to retire. He must keep his fighting tools well sharpened by continuous action. He must keep limbered up. He cannot afford to let his speed be lost and his eyes dulled by a year or two of inactivity. Pugilism is a funny game. Once you let up in your training you're doomed.

"On the other hand, there are many good boys who, instead of laying off for long periods, fight themselves out too soon. They grow stale by too much activity. One is just as bad as the other. A happy medium must be struck.

"The man who tunes up four to six times a year, can afford to take a look at the bright lights now and then and cut loose without fear of going stale or going back to any extent. Among the stars who fought themselves out by too much work were George Dixon, Joe Walcott, Kid Lavigne and Terry McGovern."

So much for the things that are gone and the days that are past. Now for the next heavyweight fight. The game is prospering and it behooves the genius of promotional skill to keep the pot boiling, and national interest at a high pitch. Is Max Baer the man to achieve these ends?

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 39)

after training under the tutorship of the former four-time king of the bone-benders, the Alabaman was proclaimed as the nearest thing to Ed Strangler Lewis. In fact, Lewis allowed the Southerner to use the Strangler moniker.

* * *

THE Four Duseks were at their usual round table conference devising ways and means on how to "mangle" their future foes. You see, the entire membership of the Riot Squad of Grappledom, which is composed of Rowdy Rudy, the eldest; Ernie, the Captain; Joe, the youngest and probably the Tiger of the family; and Wallie, the cousin, regarded as the most brutal of the lot, have these get-togethers weekly for the purposes of planning new means of attacks, new types of winning holds, new methods of "getting the crowds" in ugly moods. Yes, full of fire and vinegar are these Dusek Destroyers, who are constantly "inventing" new firebrand attacks.

Well, as said before, the quartet was in consultation when we strode into the private sanctum with the idea of giving them one of our usual "third degree interviews." Yours truly no sooner entered the room than we found it was all a mistake. A barrage was hurled by the matmen, instead of me firing away at them.

"Yes," snarled Captain Ernie, "you have been in the habit of questioning us so often that we just about decided to do a turnabout and interview the interviewer." Turning to the rest of the "D-Men" as though seeking confirmation, Ernie got the unanimous nods of approval.

"Shoot the works. Go ahead. Fire away. Train your guns on us, but verbally only," we countered.

"First of all," bellowed Rudy, "how can the public become somewhat more wrestling minded?"

"By conscripting four more Duseks into the Mat Army. In this way you will be having a first and second team and the fans, I am sure, would just love to see the Dusek Octette in action."

"Ridiculous! Bosh! Don't make us laugh. It just doesn't make sense. How come such a reasoning?" came from the lips of Cousin Wallie.

"You see, in that way you can have the four corners of the globe covered with a direct Dusek representative. Remember that slogan, 'Taxation without representation is tyranny'? I could go that one better by saying false representation is also tyrannical. What I mean to imply is that there are numerous wrestlers masquerading as a Dusek, when in reality they don't know the difference between a wristlock and a toe-hold. So, by spreading out the 'real McCoys' you not only will be showing up the imposters but also prove to the world at large that the Duseks are in a class by themselves."

But no matter by what name they may call themselves, the Duseks still will be known as the Riot Squad of Matdom.

Armstrong's Feat Unique in Boxing

(Continued from page 15)

has answered the prayers of Henry who, like Joe Louis, is a credit to his people.

The California boy emerged from the fight with Ross with a bruised knuckle, while Barney looked like one who had been crushed by a threshing machine. His right eye closed, face distorted and mouth and nose puffed, Ross was forced to bed for several days after the battle.

Ross went out of the picture like a true fighting champion. He could have quit at any time after the eighth round with the plaudits of the Garden Bowl throng, but he preferred to go through with his end of the bargain. Referee Donovan on several occasions offered Barney a chance to retire, but the stalwart heart of the welter king refused to yield. He was the personification of courage.

The sight of the defending king gained the sympathy of the crowd and in the last two rounds, it even gained that of Armstrong who told me after the battle that he purposely let up until the last minute when Ross aroused his fury again by crashing a right to the jaw. Henry's admiration for a game champion was such that he was satisfied to win the decision instead of continuing to strive for a knockout. Even had Armstrong fought at the same pace in the last two sessions, I doubt he could have put Ross away, because Henry, though not as tired as Barney, was showing signs of fatigue as the bout neared the end.

Sick and sore, Barney knew that his was a helpless task and that it meant the end of the trail for him, but in defeat he earned his share of the fans' praise. He came through with an occasional spurt, but his punches were so weak that they had no effect on Armstrong.

* * *

WITH the exception of the first two rounds, one session was the same as the next throughout the fight. Barney was almost entirely on the defensive. He was kept so busy warding off the furious attack of his rival, that he had only an occasional opportunity to toss a punch. As a result of the worry caused him by Henry's tantalyzing attack, Ross grew wild as the fight progressed. He missed more punches in the last ten rounds than probably in all of his previous five battles.

The new king of the welters, on the other hand, fought strictly according to predictions. He moved in from the bell, smothered Barney's attack at the very start with a fury that all but took Ross off his feet and kept up that type of fighting round after round. He drove home punches to the body and when Barney covered up or went into a crouch to avoid the avalanche, Henry let loose, pell-mell and his blows landed on all parts that were unprotected.

For four rounds they travelled at a blistering pace, one of the fastest exhibitions I've seen in years. It was evident that of the pair, Barney would be the first to tire and he did. The assault was too much for him. Armstrong, the tireless thumper, with his amazing whipsaw action, his astounding vitality and stamina and his immunity to punishment, made Barney wince frequently, but Henry's flaying fists were unable to down his man.

* * *

ROSS lingered through those fifteen rounds to the amazement of even his staunchest supporters. He went out of the ring with the distinction of having stood up for forty-five minutes against an assault such as few other fighters, middleweights included, would have survived in a tilt with Hurricane Henry. Armstrong never stopped.

In my record of the rounds, I gave Henry eleven, called one even and awarded three to Barney, one of which was lost by Armstrong for hitting low. The great Negro with the big chest and spindly legs, fought a clean battle despite that one low blow that caught Barney on the side of the leg as he whirled about to get out of range of a right swing.

No one punch beat Ross. It was a succession, several hundred, one following the other in rapid order. Henry, like Ross, missed many punches, but that was to be expected because of his style.

Henry's elbows provided an excellent defensive armor. So often did Ross hit the shoulder that Barney's seconds at one time thought Henry was using it as a weapon of attack and complained to the referee.

* * *

AS the contest began, Henry came out of his corner with a rush but Barney met him with left jabs that reached into his opponent's face. Then they leaned against each other and the real fighting began. It was nip-and-tuck with Ross having the round by a safe margin. Barney also took the second through the medium of an attack that reminded the fans of the Ross who faced Jimmy McLarnin in that same Bowl. Those two sessions were Ross' best. Thereafter he was too busy saving himself to think of tossing punches.

Armstrong drew the claret in the fourth round from Barney's nose and it was soon after that the welter king began to show signs of weakening. Henry raised a mouse over Barney's eye in the fifth with a left hook and Ross, angered, cut loose with an attack that didn't last long. Thereafter, for the remainder of the round, he was content to let Henry do the bulk of the work.

Henry backed Barney against the ropes in the fifth round and handed him a severe shellacking. Ross often covered up while gasping for breath, so hot were the punches flying at him. It was in the seventh that Henry lost the round on a foul, but the colored buzz-saw could afford to drop that one as he won every other session from then on. It was one continuous parade with Henry raining a shower of blows and the fading champion using every means within his power to check the assault but without success.

* * *

FROM the ninth round on, gameness alone kept Barney on his feet. The fans were expecting, moment after moment, for Barney to drop in his tracks, but he gave an amazing exhibition of courage and ringcraft as he took an unmerciful beating yet stood on his feet for the duration of the contest.

When the final gong clanged, Barney knew that he had lost his laurels. He was resigned to that but was determined not to be stopped. When Armstrong's relentless attack subsided, Ross took a new lease of life and sailed into his rival soon after the gong started but his rally didn't last long. His Negro opponent was more motion for a time than action in that session until Barney landed flush on the mouth and then Henry opened up again and the bout ended with him swarming all over the defeated champion.

The affair, in its change of ring titles, ran true to the form of other championship matches at the Garden Bowl. No title holder ever successfully defended his laurels in this jinx-ridden stadium.

It was at the Bowl that Ross lost the welterweight title to Jimmy McLarnin on September 14, 1934, under somewhat similar conditions that prevailed when Barney was shorn of his crown by Armstrong. It was there also that Max Baer, Jack Sharkey, Ross, McLarnin, Max Schmeling and Primo Carnera lost their crowns, and Jim Browning and Dick Shikat dropped their wrestling titles.

Two of a Kind

(Continued from page 31)

"You can sweat it off." Other fighters have been opposed to that idea. Jim Jeffries was certain that the reason English fighters didn't do very well in the heavyweight division was that training on ale made them too slow.

Maybe Jeff was just too fast for them. He could run a hundred yards in close to ten flat barefooted. Walter Christie, then the track coach at the University of California, visited Jeff's camp once, timed him over a hundred, and said he was positive that he could coach Jeffries to break ten flat for the distance in a few weeks if he ran in track shoes.

The Jeffries family is remarkable. We've told of his brother, Jack, who at 55 outran a college miler in a race through Alaskan mountains. His bigger brother, John, figured in a strange incident not long ago in Los Angeles.

John was talking to some one while walking slowly into a crowded street. A man driving an enormous long car suddenly backed up, pinning John under the rear wheels, and ran right over him. Then, hearing John's yell from under the car, he got rattled, shifted into low, and drove over him again.

Mr. Jeffries, who is in the neighborhood of the middle sixties, lay as if crushed. They picked him up. Started to 'phone an ambulance and select a hospital. "None of that!" said John. "I'll go home instead of going to a hospital."

I once asked John what he and Jack did —when they were kids—if Jim decided to get tough.

"Nothing to it," he said. "Any two of us could lick the third. So no one of us ever tried to get tough."

John, being peaceably inclined, never took to fighting. It is said that he was forced into a scrap on one occasion in which he swung a punch that broke his tormentor's jaw, and after that nobody wanted to fight him.

After all, who would want to battle a Jeffries that was bigger than Jim?

"Hurricane Henry"

(Continued from page 19)

Although the decision went against him, and had a strong home town flavor, the youngster made a great hit with the Mexican fans.

Seemingly intent on thoroughly testing his mettle, misfortune still dogged Henry's footsteps. Not only did the Mexican promoter disappear with the gate receipts, but Armstrong, just when recognition seemed near, was floored by an ailment known as Mexican grippe, caused by the high altitude.

It is little wonder that nothing seems able to stay his forward march in the ring when the stormy voyage that was Armstrong's early life is examined.

Back in action after a month's convalescence, he scored a pair of knockouts over Ventura Arana and Eddie Conde, and was matched for a return go with Arizmendi for New Year's Day, 1935. The same thing happened all over again, with Henry on the short end of a disputed decision once more after a savagely waged struggle.

Armstrong was now entering upon another stage of his career. He was now developing a punch, and the results were apparent as he swept through the ranks of his Coast rivals like a tan-skinned scourge. Henry veritably snowed under all opposition with a blizzard of blows, as he rapidly developed into one of California's greatest drawing cards.

The only man to temporarily stay his onward march was his one-time idol, the veteran Davey Abad, whom Henry had regarded as the world's greatest boxer back in his boyhood days in St. Louis. The ringwise, wily Abad made Armstrong miss often enough to gain a decision over him in Mexico City, but in two other encounters he was buried under an avalanche of gloves as Henry twice defeated him.

* * *

ALTHOUGH hailed as a marvel of the ring in California and a darling of the movie colony, Henry Armstrong still had to gain national recognition as recently as 1936. His old rival and nemesis, Baby Arizmendi, proved to be the ladder upon which Henry climbed to national and world-wide fistic eminence. When he tangled with the capable Mexican for the third time in Henry's home bailiwick, Arizmendi was generally recognized as the featherweight champion of the world. Armstrong's exhibition this time convinced even the judges, and the ten-round decision he won over Arizmendi in Los Angeles, August 4, 1936, was the actual turning point in Armstrong's dazzling career.

The Mound City marvel was virtually unbeatable in his class now. His determination and persistency whetted by the slings and arrows of adversity, nothing seemed able to stop that inexorable forward shuffle. Early in his career a not too difficult target, he had developed a peculiar swaying movement of head and shoulders that made him a perplexing bobbing puzzle to his opponents.

A little Mexican, Baby Manuel by name, had eked out a four-round decision over him by use of a snaky left hand and this novel movement of his upper body had resulted from that lesson. His blows were no longer the pit-a-pats of the average windmill fighter of the Kid Berg type, but sharply swung hits which generated great power at the moment of impact.

Armstrong's record as it appears in the record books is incomplete. More than fifty preliminary bouts in which he engaged under the management of Ross are not listed. Since his emersion as a main event fighter, he has been defeated only four times since January 1, 1935. Besides Arizmendi and Abad, he dropped verdicts to Richie Fontaine and Tony Chavez, the last on a dubious eighth-round foul.

Along with all this fistic activity, Henry found time for romance and eventually, marriage. The daughter of the pastor of the Los Angeles church which he attended struck his fancy, the feeling was mutual, so there was nothing to do about it but engage in matrimony. This happened back in 1935 and Armstrong attributes much of his astounding success to this happy step.

Unlike many others, Armstrong advocates marriage for a boxer, believes it makes for stability and inspiration, especially when the inspiration is as cute as little Lanetta Armstrong, aged three.

The fighting career of the double king, the holder of the featherweight and welterweight titles, is too well known to require space in this story. Suffice it to say that his climb since 1936 has been most phenomenal.

He won the featherweight crown by knocking out Petey Sarron and the welterweight diadem by trouncing Barney Ross in fifteen rounds.

New Faces

(Continued from page 25)

being predicted for him. Watch the lad who keeps you so well informed on the boxing news of Michigan in your favorite magazine.

* * *

PUERTO RICO has sent another one of her sons from her sunny shores in search of ring riches in the person of Primo Flores, lightweight challenger, who is residing in New York. A worshiper of world bantamweight champion Sixto Escobar, Flores is anxious to win a championship such as his countryman and idol. Primo has gotten off on the right foot in that direction.

Born in Caguas, Puerto Rico, Flores was a high school boy studying to become a chemist. It was a yearning that burned deep within him, but the flame soon flickered out when the name of Escobar started being splurged over the sports pages of the native papers, and so Primo was inspired to a course of boxing. It wasn't that chemistry was unimportant, but he had to ply a trade that would bring him sufficient remuneration for the support of his little sister and aged grandmother, the only two living persons he has in this world.

He made his mark, strangely enough, while boxing on the Escobar-Harry Jeffra championship fight in his homeland, in a preliminary contest. A New York second who had been home on a vacation, Raymond Medina, saw him and took a fancy to his ring work. Medina brought him to New York, where he placed him in the capable hands of Abe Elkins, an experienced manager with twelve years to recommend him, and this same Elkins, who had several years before taken Jack Rosenberg off a taxicab to earn for him $15,000 in the ring, started a job of building up the young Puerto Rican fighter.

Abe interested brother Murray, a good, clever lightweight of several years ago, to teach the boy the finer points of the game, and after two weeks in the gymnasium, he was matched in a four-round bout at the St. Nicholas Arena with Matty Marsella. The fight went two rounds, with Flores scoring a sensational hit.

Promoter Bill Johnston signed him for four more fights at the club and he knocked out Al Lopiano, Ben Johnson, won a decision over Al Wolfe, and fought a savage draw with Lloyd Lasky.

Flores fights on the style employed by Henry Armstrong, and if he can turn in only several of the featherweight champion's performances, New York will be in for another young find of the season.

The Kayo Kid Comes Back

(Continued from page 27)

his title to Harry Jeffra at the Carnival of Champions card in New York, then regained it in Puerto Rico. But both Escobar and Jeffra proved adroit at avoiding the No. 1 challenger. Twice Morgan almost caught up with a title bout, once articles being signed, but each time something slipped.

Then came Morgan's second big chance—a chance against a champion again. He was signed to meet Escobar in Detroit. And this time it was no scared youngster with jumpy nerves getting into the ring. It was K. O. Morgan, a clown perhaps, but also a great fighting man. When he finished beating the champion about the ring for ten stinging rounds, there wasn't any doubt of where the Kayo Kid belonged. And a lot of those sarcastic laughs that had been going up for the last decade were choked down the throats of the authors when the news got around next day that that funny little Morgan fellow had trimmed a champion, and had done a mighty fine job of it.

With a title bout in sight, a few of the wise men of boxing circles have awakened enough to the Kayo Kid to do a little checking. Including all of his bouts, the Kid has engaged in nearly 320 battles. And in this time he has dropped but five decisions, one being on a foul during his first trip abroad. With the exception of this latter bout, the Kayo Kid hasn't been beaten since Brown turned the trick in that fatal bout in Toledo back in 1930. And, with the exception of Brown, no opponent has ever knocked the Kid off his feet, and no one ever has put him down and kept him there.

Just how long Morgan will keep hopping around the prize ring and the dance floor is problematical. Just like Jim Braddock and Max Schmeling, Morgan believes he has reached his prime late in his career. Although he has been accused of being anywhere from thirty to forty-five years old, the Kayo Kid is twenty-nine and feels he will be around for some time yet.

Laugh, Kayo, laugh! The last laugh is yours.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

IN your March issue, you discuss the middleweight situation and, not for the first time, do Jock McAvoy an injustice by stating that Fred Apostoli ranks as the world's best middleweight by reason of whipping Freddy Steele, and "because Jock McAvoy had already been beaten by Marcel Thil over fifteen rounds."

Now I am not crabbing at Apostoli, but surely his REAL claim to the world crown (and in my opinion he wears it) lies in the fact that he beat Thil. His Steele victory, though establishing him as America's best, had nothing to do with the world title, because Steele NEVER WAS WORLD CHAMPION EXCEPT BY THE DIVINE APPOINTMENT OF THE RING. To us, he was, and still is, merely America's champion, and even that distinction is a misnomer now, seeing that his title was only "saved" by the formality of the scales.

What I and thousands more over here resent is your dismissal of our champion, McAvoy, with the statement that Thil eliminated him. You are evidently not aware that Marcel Thil never could be persuaded to fight McAvoy at the middleweight poundage and that to get him in the ring at all, our man had to go to Paris and meet Marcel for the EUROPEAN CRUISERWEIGHT TITLE. How could such a match have any bearing whatever on the middleweight situation?

Many times you have poured scorn on Thil's Paris victories, even going so far as to reverse the verdict in the last meeting of Thil and Brouillard, so why take so much notice of this McAvoy defeat in France, and especially as it was not fought at the weight under review at all? I am going to be blunt, Nat. Why not be honest and admit that Jock McAvoy is far too dangerous a middleweight to be included in your world title considerations at all? That is what it looks like to Lancashire readers of THE RING, anyway.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Do you remember when you "appointed" Steele world champion (at that time conveniently ignoring Thil's claims, although now that Apostoli has beaten him, he appears to have been somebody!)? You then said that McAvoy didn't count because he was a cruiserweight. Yet he was our middleweight champion, and had beaten everyone in sight at the weight, INCLUDING AMERICA'S BEST AT THE TIME, BABE RISKO.

People here laughed at this sample of RING logic and fair-mindedness. Now that your true-tempered Steele has been reduced to something like old iron, you declare McAvoy disqualified from consideration by a Thil defeat, in Paris, remember, at cruiserweight. It won't do at all, Nat.

Get this thing straight. Thil and McAvoy never met as middleweights and never will. Apostoli, good luck to him, succeeded in the supposedly impossible feat of getting Marcel into the ring at middleweight poundage OUTSIDE FRANCE and therefore he stands on top of the heap, but here's what we over here want you to grasp and hold on to: McAVOY IS STILL BRITISH MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION WITH NO CHALLENGER IN EUROPE REMOTELY NEAR HIM IN FIGHTING ABILITY, AND HE STANDS OUT BOLDLY AS APOSTOLI'S NO. 1 CHALLENGER BY VIRTUE OF HIS ASSASSINATION OF THE BEST MIDDLE YOU COULD PUT IN WITH HIM WHEN HE LAST VISITED YOU. O.K.?

HAYDN K. BERRY,
Boxing Correspondent to Tillotson's Newspapers, Ltd.
Bolton, Lancs, England.

* * *

CAN you help me locate a boxer known, until recently, by the name of Tex Leavelli, but I have heard recently that he goes by the name of "Wild Cat" Leavelle and the last place he fought was in Baltimore, Maryland.

I am Tex's sister, and it is very important that I find him. I understand that you are editor of a magazine called THE RING. I would appreciate it very much if you could help me through your magazine. The future of myself as well as Tex (Wildcat) Leavelle may depend on my finding him as soon as possible.

Please print my letter if possible. I'm sure he will read it and let me hear from him.

If you can't help me, maybe you know of someone who can. I have been trying for two months to locate him, and am almost desperate. Please let me know if you can help me, and in the meantime, I'll be watching in your magazine.

MRS. D. H. HARRISON,
1415 Edgemont Ave.,
Dallas, Texas.

* * *

IN a recent issue of THE RING, you condemned our fight fans for hooting Joe Louis and giving him the Bronx cheers while cheering the foreign invaders. More power to you for your sportsmanship. I must say I heartily agree with you.

What is wrong with our fight fans? They see only the foreigners, who build up a reputation by knocking out some palookas in Europe or South America, land in our country under the guidance of a shrewd manager, get first shot as contenders for no reason whatsoever, and more often than not, drop the verdict to our boys either through a decision or a knockout, yet still remain the "idols." Why? Because some promoter or a manager finds a means to keep him in the spotlight because of his foreign drawing power!

If they come through, fine and dandy. More power to them. But when they lose, why are they repeatedly used to the exclusion of our own boys, who must fight for "ham and" in the preliminaries while these foreigners reap a fortune and their folks back home laugh up their sleeves at our ignorance?

How many Americans can get to England and earn even "ham and" as fighters? Few, I daresay, because England does the proper thing—protects home talent and makes it impossible for foreigners to fight there often to the exclusion of home talent.

Joe Gould, manager of Tommy Farr and Jimmy Braddock, found that out only recently when he went to England in the hopes of signing Farr for several lucrative bouts only to learn that the British Labor Department wanted none of him. As a foreigner he couldn't be recognized as manager of Farr in London and he decided to come right back to America. Why don't we do the same? What's good for the goose should be good for the gander. Let's think this over, boys.

And, incidentally, though this is written before Joe Louis and Schmeling meet, if Joe should lose and decides to try a comeback, a little applause for a boy who rose to the top in three years might help a bit. Don't you think so? Give a little less to the foreigners and a little more to our sturdy lads.

WALTER GRACE,
Barre, Vermont.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS on producing such a fine magazine as THE RING. It is the finest magazine of sport in the world, but I find that information from this part of the world is sometimes vague. However, I will try to give you a line on what has been doing in the wrestling world in New Zealand, where excellent bouts are being offered to the fans.

With the opening up of a new circuit embracing Honolulu, New Zealand and Australia, high class mat talent has been attracted to New Zealand, and consequently wrestling is booming, to the detriment of boxing. We are all pulling for THE RING out here and wish you success.

C. H. YEATMAN,
Christchurch, New Zealand.

I HAVE read your articles in THE RING with much interest and enjoyment. However, I disagree with a few statements in your June issue. In my opinion, THE RING has always exaggerated the ability of Jim Londos. Londos never was the best wrestler, although he may be classed as among the best. The Greek has repeatedly refused matches with Jack Sherry and would not be where he is today if it were not for his crowd appeal.

I still think that either Ed Lewis or Dick Shikat could defeat Londos today and Steinke would make it mighty unpleasant for the barrel-chested pachyderm.

I most violently disagree with your list of "the best wrestlers in the world today." Why list men like Olson, Lopez and Casey in the same class with Sherry, Van der Walt, Pojello, etc.? Everette Marshall is just as good as Detton or Olson and would slap Casey's or Lopez's ears off in a shooting match.

In my opinion you should have excluded Cliff Olson, Dean Detton, Louis Thesz, Sandor Szabo, Vincent Lopez and Steve Casey; especially Lopez and Casey. On the other hand, you should have included John Pesek, Lee Wyckoff, Max Krauser, Dick Shikat, Rudy Dusek, Ram Singh and Hans Steinke.

The best man in the world today is Jack Sherry, and only Pesek, Krauser, Shikat and Wyckoff can be classed with him. At that, Pesek might take the Alaskan.

In the first class, I would list the following men: Jack Sherry, John Pesek, Max Krauser, Dick Shikat, Rudy Dusek, Earl McCready, Karl Pojello, Jim Londos, Lee Wyckoff, Ram Singh, Henri Deglane and Johannes Van der Walt.

In the second class: Dean Detton, Everette Marshall, Cliff Olson, Orville Brown, Ray Steele, Ernie Dusek, Sandor Szabo, Hans Steinke and Hans Kampfer.

Casey, Robert, Lopez and Savoldi are not men of exceptional skill and ability. I have seen all of the men I mentioned perform except Krauser, Van der Walt, McCready, Kampfer and Brown.

I don't see how you concede George Hackenschmidt to be the greatest wrestler of all time. Didn't Gotch take him over the bumps twice?

DANIEL C. MICHALEK,
Adams, Mass.

* * *

I HAVE been witnessing world championship boxing contests now for more than forty years, and have seen many raw decisions, but I think when Referee Toby Irwin declared Young Corbett the winner over Apostoli, it was the worst I have ever seen.

I want to give THE RING my opinion as a fan and I believe I can be fair. I did not bet on the fight and only wanted to see the better man win. Well, the first three rounds would be called Corbett's in the way it is figured, because he led more, but I only saw one good blow from Corbett land on Apostoli in the ten rounds, and that blow had no power in it at all.

Beginning with the fourth round, Apostoli opened up and from then on, he gave Corbett an unmerciful beating. Never have I seen a fighter run as Corbett did. Apostoli had actually to run after him and corner him, and then Corbett would clinch and hold on for dear life. This continued all through the fight and it was hard for Apostoli to get started.

However, he closed Corbett's right eye entirely and in the fifth, sixth and seventh rounds, battered him whenever he could catch him. Twice it looked like Corbett was out on his feet and it seemed easy for Apostoli to finish him, but for some reason he did not do it.

J. M. STRONG,
San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

I NOTICE Henry Armstrong commanding a great deal of attention. A lot is being said about his ability compared to that of Terrible Terry McGovern. In my opinion, he would never have had a chance against Terry. Terry could be hit easy enough—they all can. But if Terry landed on your jaw, you landed on the canvas. He was a terrific puncher.

Both of these boys are considered fast. But I just want to tell you about a fast boy I had the pleasure of seeing perform in Toronto away back in 1898. His real name was Robert Johnston, an Irishman, but they called him Spider Johnston. Talk about speed, he sure had it and lots to burn!

He was just an amateur and had everything you could ask for—style, footwork, a hard punch in either hand, and above all, he had a good head. In tight places, he could cover up and stall for wind, or clinch.

I saw him fight a man from Australia for the amateur championship at 118 pounds. It was for fifteen rounds and was the fastest, hardest, bloodiest fight I ever witnessed. The Spider lost by a K.O. in the twelfth round, but it was a handicap match for him, as Aisthorp had the better of him in weight by eight pounds. And at that, the Spider slipped and fell right into a terrific uppercut to the heart.

If the Spider reached an opponent and got the distance, it was nothing to see him land with the same hand three and four times. I saw him hit a man and knock him off his feet and hit him again with the same hand before the victim hit the floor! He is the only boy who I believe was faster and a better puncher than Armstrong is today. I saw McGovern, Terry Driscoll, Moran, Dundee, Ad Wolgast, Kilbane, George Dixon and Abe Attell, and I honestly believe the Spider was faster than any of them.

JACK DALEY,
Edmonton, Canada.

* * *

IN Glasgow here there has been a discussion as to who was the first Scotsman to bring a world's title to Scotland—Benny Lynch or Ralph Erskine. It is regarding Ralph Erskine I'm writing you. Here is his career in brief, which I believe you can take as gospel:

Captain Ralph Erskine, Royal Scots Fusiliers, latterly Royal Flying Corps, killed in action in 1918. He joined up in 1914. His boxing life extended over a period of six months, during which he won in 1911, at the age of 16, the featherweight Scottish National Tournament. He also won the Western District and Scottish championship, English Public Schools championship, European championship (N. S. C. de France Paris), and the world's amateur featherweight championship in Madison Square Garden. When he went to New York, he beat the Canadian champion and the American champion.

The New York *World* at the time said of Erskine that he was the best two-handed fighter sent to America by the British Empire in many years and Dan McKettrick, New York promoter, made a special trip to Glasgow to sign the boy for three American fights with a guarantee of a large sum, but was turned down. If you doubt my picture of this lad, ask McKettrick, who is still in your midst. He'll verify the statements about this boy's ability.

I see that all of the Americans are sidestepping K. O. Morgan. 'Tis a pity, for Morgan is a splendid fighter. I see where he recently beat Escobar, who called him a clown. Perhaps Morgan is, but he nevertheless is a fine fighter who can give Armstrong a great battle and probably beat him. Benny Lynch, in my opinion, is one of the greatest flyweights of all time, and I've seen plenty. He has class. Why don't you come over to Glasgow this summer and see some of our open-air shows? I'm sure you'd enjoy them and we would enjoy greeting you.

Boxing is on the crest here. We have good boys at all weights. Dan McAllister of Ireland is worth watching. He's a comer.

A. GILMORE,
Glasgow, Scotland.

* * *

WHY do most boxing writers insist that Bob Fitzsimmons was holder of more than one title at one time? This is not correct. The statement in THE RING recently that at no time was Fitzsimmons the holder of more than one championship at one time is a correct one. He retired as middleweight king after he whipped Creedon and knocked out Maher as a heavyweight, then Corbett, to win the heavy crown. That was in 1896 and 1897, respectively. In 1903 he won the light-heavyweight title from Gardiner—four years after he lost the heavyweight laurels to Jeffries.

THOMAS UREN, Cambridge, Mass.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Mike Farnham, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—What were the results of the fights between Dixie Kid and Joe Walcott? Where were they fought?

A.—They fought in San Francisco on April 30, 1904 and May 12 of that same year, both times at the same club. In the first fight, Walcott had the better of the milling but in the twentieth round, he hit Dixie Kid with a kidney punch and immediately Referee Ed Sullivan, who was substituting for Ed Graney who couldn't appear, stopped the fight and without hesitation awarded the decision to Dixie Kid. That aroused the anger of the promoters and spectators who assaulted the official, declaring that he had robbed Walcott. To settle all arguments, a second fight was arranged for two weeks later and this also went the limit and was declared a draw. It was on the first fight that Dixie Kid was able to lay claim to the world welterweight title and he was generally recognized.

Art Fern, Seattle, Wash.

Q.—Is there any book that I can obtain which gives the history of the Negro race in boxing? Where can I buy the book which you had published some years ago, "The Negro and the Prize Ring"?

A.—"The Negro and the Prize Ring" has been out of print for almost twenty years. I have just completed a new book, on the history of the Negro race in boxing, which traces the rise of the colored gladiators from 1782 to 1938, the most complete history with biographical sketches of all famous Negro ringmen, that ever has been attempted. It is a job that took me four years of research. The first volume is now ready. The book is called Black Dynamite. See advertisement in this issue. Every colored fighter, past and present, will have space devoted to him in the five volumes to be printed.

Clair Hanson, Tacoma, Wash.

Q.—Will you please send me the addresses of Jim Jeffries, Tommy Burns, Jess Willard, Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera and Max Baer? Why doesn't New York do something about that foul rule of theirs? A man could win a bout just by fouling. I think the fouled one should have a five minute rest if really fouled.

A.—The Barn, Burbank, Calif. Vancouver, B. C., Canada. Willard at American Legion Stadium, Hollywood, Calif. Schmeling, 745 Seventh Ave., New York City. Sharkey, 293 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Carnera, Sequals, Italy. Baer, Box 134, Route 1, Fair Oaks, Calif. Please do not ask for addresses in future. The rule is all right as it is. It just happened to be an epidemic of fouls a few months ago but it is seldom that a boxer is seriously injured through the effects of a low punch as the new Taylor foulproof protection cup is fully able to protect the person wearing it. It should be worn by every fighter. It should be adopted as official by all boxing commissions.

Jack Rochelle, High Point, N. C.

Q.—How is Jake Denning rated? What do you think of his chances in the heavyweight division?

A.—Denning was retired but recently made a comeback. He is a fair boy. He is not of championship calibre.

A Reader, Atlantic City, N. J.

Q.—I am 13 years of age, weigh 78 pounds and am 5 feet in height. What class will I be in at the age of 21? Could you tell me the addresses of the following: Tony Canzoneri, Henry Armstrong, Jimmy McLarin, and Benny Lynch? Is Terry McGovern still alive?

A.—You will probably be a featherweight. Canzoneri, 530 7th Ave., New York City. Armstrong, 6030 Graciosa Drive, Hollywood, Calif. McLarnin, American Legion Stadium, Hollywood, Calif. Lynch, 31 Waterloo St., Glasgow, Scotland. No.

This is final. There will be no more addresses given. Don't ask for them; also please refrain from asking what your height and weight will be at a definite age. We won't answer those except by mail if we can.

Jack Menweg, Wilmington, Calif.

Q.—Why wasn't Danno O'Mahony rated in the wrestlers for 1937? Have you ever heard of a fighter named "The Wild Irishman" or Louis Scott? He claims to be an ex-Navy fighter and was managed by Joe Waterman. Do you know where Jack Kearns was born and if he has any brothers or sisters? I am 5 feet, 9 inches tall and weigh 153 pounds. What will I be at 21 years of age?

A.—Merely an oversight. No. Kearns. One sister. You didn't mention your present age which is the most important. So long as you have not reached your maturity you will still continue to grow and gain weight.

Frank Williams, Grand Prairie, Canada.

Q.—My partner and I have had a dispute about the fatal count in the Dempsey-Tunney fight. He says that it happened in the first fight and I say it was in the second fight? Would also like to know definitely whether Dempsey was knocked out by Tunney in the last fight?

A.—The seventh round of the second fight. Both fights went the full distance.

B. DuPreez, Umtali, South Rhodesia, Africa

Q.—What has become of Joe Knight, once contender for the light-heavyweight title? Did he ever have a crack at the championship? I was surprised to see in Jimmy Amann's ratings of wrestlers in the February issue that nowhere does he mention John Van der Walt, South African champion. Surely his performances on his world tour and his fine work against Jimmy Londos should have earned him a place in the fourth group at least? THE RING is a much sought after magazine here and your ratings of boxers are always very fair to boxers the world over.

A.—Knight recently made a comeback and has turned in two victories up to the present time. He fought a draw with Maxey Rosenbloom for the light-heavyweight title in 1934. The rating of Jimmy Amann is only his own and are not the official ratings of THE RING. In the March issue of THE RING Van der Walt was rated sixth among the world heavyweight wrestlers.

Clem Stearn, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—I am 16 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall and weigh 122 pounds. What will my measurements be at 21 years of age. How are Max Baer's chances of coming back? Who was the first heavyweight champion of the world beginning with the bare knuckle days? If Armstrong and Arizmendi would meet again who do you think would win? Who is the best heavyweight since Jack Dempsey? How are Fritzie Zivic's chances of a fight with Barney Ross? Who would win?

A.—5 feet 9 inches and weight 145 pounds. Very good right now. The list is too long to be mentioned here. Jim Figg was the first recognized champion in 1719. Armstrong. Gene Tunney. They may meet this summer in Pittsburgh. Ross.

Clayton Martin, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Can you tell me where Henry Armstrong and Baby Arizmendi met, how many times and the results of their clashes? Present day rules state that a punch to the kidney is a foul blow yet in the clinches there is repeated kidney punching, about which the referee does nothing? I would like to know if he records it against the fighter in the scoring of the round? By whom has Freddy Steele been defeated? Irish Eddie Dolan has had over 100 fights and has only been defeated about three or four times. I have seen him fight a few times in Philly and he has looked impressive. I would like to know why he isn't rated?

A.—Arizmendi won two decisions over Armstrong in Mexico City while Armstrong won the two meetings that they had in Los Angeles. If a referee doesn't know enough to warn a fighter for using the kidney blow then it is reasonable enough to assume that he wouldn't know enough to take away points for that illegal blow. Tommy Herman won a decision over Steele in 1932 and Apostoli stopped him recently. They are the only defeats chalked up against Steele. Dolan has not come through with victories over any of the star welterweights or those who are rated among the first ten.

George Mack, Beckley, W. Va.

Q.—Please give me the address of a manager in Atlantic City, the promoter and the gymnasium there.

A.—Joe Miller, 117 S. Virginia Ave. is the name of the promoter and there are very few managers there, none on record at this moment. The gymnasium is located at 123 N. Ohio Ave.

"Pansy Paddy" Donegal, Ireland

Q.—In my last three fights I was going well until I got a crack on the chin. That finished me and for weeks after my head buzzed and still pains me. My father, a former local champ, thinking he still has a reputation to keep, insists that I keep on saying "It's all in the game." Should a fellow that cracks up so easily after chin-punishment quit? Is the game dangerous for him? Should a fellow heed his girl? Is she more important to him than the game? I do not know if my nose is broken but the top of it has swelled to twice its normal size. How can I fix it? There are no plastic surgeons here.

A.—You are not cut out for the boxing game and for the best interests of your health and future you should abandon boxing and take up some suitable profession while you are still able. If your girl wants you to give it up she apparently knows what's best for you. Listen to her if you love her. You had better visit a physician immediately. You do not need a plastic surgeon but there might be some serious injury to your nose that requires medical attention. Don't waste any time.

Bob Donaldson, Atlantic City, N. J.

Q.—I am 17 years old, am five feet eight inches tall and weigh 130 pounds stripped. What will my measurements be at the age of 20? How are our Olympic boxing representatives determined?

A.—You should reach 5 feet 11 inches, and weigh about 150 pounds when you are 20. Through a series of elimination contests staged around the country and the finals to be decided in some central location. Your daily papers will carry that information when the tryouts arrive.

Harry Svendsen, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Could you please tell me if there is any life story of Kid McCoy (Norman Selby) and if so, where may I procure it? Also, how many fights did he have and what was his record?

A.—No life story has ever been written on him although it would make a mighty interesting subject. He engaged in about 100 contests. Scored thirty-one knockouts and won forty-two by decision. His complete record may be found in the 1937 Everlast Record Book.

H. Fowzer, Los Angeles, Calif.

Q.—Tell me all you can about Tex Fowzer. Is 157 pounds a middleweight? And lightweight? Do you think Schmeling will repeat his victory over Louis?

A.—The name is unknown at this office. 160 pounds is the middleweight limit. 135 pounds for lightweight. Yes.

B-60, 19th Infantry, Hawaii

Q.—To settle an argument as to who can win between a good wrestler and a boxer will you please answer who has won the most bouts between wrestlers and boxers?

A.—Wrestlers enjoy a big advantage and they have invariably proven their superiority over boxers.

Elwyn Hawkins, Oakdale, Calif.

Q.—How are the gate receipts of a fight divided? For a person who is nuts about boxing and wishes to become a manager, what would you advise him to do? When a fighter goes from one town to another to engage in a fight, does he have seconds who travel with him or does he hire seconds in each town? Who do you think are the three hardest punching heavyweights and the three hardest punching lightweights of all time?

A.—The star bout gets a percentage of the house while the rest of the card is on a flat guarantee. The various expenses are deducted from the receipts which leaves a net profit or loss to the promoter after the show. You will have to become identified with boxing surroundings and meet managers, promoters and trainers until you get to know the intricacies of the game. A star bout fighter usually travels with his manager and trainer. Ordinary boxers go with a manager and they pick up a second in the town. Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis and Bob Fitzsimmons among the heavies. Joe Gans, Benny Leonard and George K.O. Chaney in the lightweight class.

Pat Cusick, Buffalo, Wyoming

Q.—What is the best way to harden the thighs? Did Tommy Loughran hold the light-heavyweight championship? Could he whip John Henry Lewis? What title did Loughran defend against Braddock?

A.—Bicycle riding, road work and mat exercises. Yes. In his prime Loughran would have beaten Lewis. The light-heavyweight title.

Billy Page, Picayune, Miss.

Q.—Do you think that Fred Apostoli can beat Freddy Steele again? Do you think Schmeling can beat Louis when they meet? What have been Schmeling's hardest fights since he fought Louis? I weigh 82 pounds, my height is 4 feet 9 inches and I am 12 years old. Will I make the welterweight limit if not what weight will I be? Do you think that Ceferino Garcia can beat Barney Ross if they meet again? Who would win between Nathan Mann and Ben Foord? Jimmy Adamick vs. Bob Pastor? Henry Armstrong vs. Lou Ambers?

A.—Yes. Close to an even affair. He has had four fights since the Louis fight and none were tough. You might develop into a welterweight. Ross should win. Mann, Pastor and Armstrong would be favored in the other bouts.

Gaetan Theberge, Thetford Mines, Canada

Q.—I am 14 years of age, weigh 108 pounds and am 5 feet 3 inches in height. What will my weight and height be when I am 17 years of age?

A.—122 pounds and 5 feet 5 inches.

R. M. Qld, Australia

Q.—Why is Gustave Eder rated ahead of Izzy Jannazzo? Why is Saverio Turiello rated ahead of Jimmy Leto? I would like to know why Billy

Conn is rated among the light-heavyweights instead of the middleweights and George Black in the middleweight class instead of light heavies? Also why is Young Joe Louis rated as a welterweight instead of a middleweight? Would greatly appreciate a list of light-heavyweight and middle-weight champions. Do you think that Escobar and Apostoli could repeat their wins over Jeffra and Steele respectively? Was Escobar the first man to regain his title in the last ten years? Who took the Negro welter title from Tommy Jones? Would like to know who are the negro titleholders in every division. How much did Farr get for each fight against Louis, Braddock and Baer in English money?

A.—Because he has accomplished more since he was beaten by Jannazzo. The same goes for Turiello in the case with Leto. Conn has outgrown the middleweight division while Black is still a legitimate middleweight. Louis is a welterweight. Georges Carpentier, Gene Tunney, Tommy Loughran, Battling Siki, Mike McTigue, Jack Delaney, Paul Berlenbach, Maxey Rosenbloom, Bob Olin and John Henry Lewis were former light-heavyweight champions. Mike O'Dowd, Johnny Wilson, Harry Greb, Tiger Flowers, Mickey Walker, Marcel Thil, Freddy Steele are some of the middle-weight titleholders. Yes. Yes. Jones was never the colored welter-weight champion and there is no such title today. Some of the leading Negroes in their division are George Pace, bantam-weight; Henry Armstrong, feather-weight, Young Peter Jackson, Light-weight, Cocoa Kid, welterweight, Alabama Kid, middle-weight, John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight and Joe Louis heavy-weight. 14,000 pounds for Louis fight, 4500 pounds for Braddock fight, and 4000 pounds for the Baer fight.

Irving Nudelman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am a constant reader of The Ring so consider it proper if I may ask this question of you. In a professional bout, a fighter completes three rounds and is unable to come out for the fourth round. In what round is his opponent credited with the knockout?

A.—If the fight is halted during the minute rest period and no time is consumed of the next round then it reverts to the previous round. The fighter would be credited with a three round kayo if he stops during the rest period. If he refuses to get out of the chair when the fourth round starts then the finish is credited for the fourth period.

S. Evans, Bridgnarth, England

Q.—Could you please give me the addresses of Harry Wills, Henry Armstrong, Al Brown, Leo Kelly, Kid Chocolate, Jim Jeffries and Jim Corbett? What negroes have held world titles? Could Dempsey have beaten Johnson, Langford or Wills? Does America recognize Jem Mace and Tom Sayers as world heavyweight champions? Was Billy Jordan a fighter? What weight was Jack Blackburn? Who are some of the fighters mentioned in Champions Off Guard? Are there any photos in the Jack Johnson life story? I am 16½ years of age, weigh 125 pounds and am 5 feet 5½ inches in height. How big will I be at 21? How old are Jack Johnson, Sam Langford and Jim Jeffries?

A.—Wills, c/o Grupp's Gym, West 116th St. NYC. Armstrong, c/o New York Hippodrome, 43rd & 6th Ave. NYC. Al Brown, c/o Palais des Sports, Paris, France. Kelly, c/o Stadium Limited, Sydney, Australia. Kid Chocolate, c/o Luis Gutierrez, San Rafael, 4, Havana, Cuba. Jim Jeffries, c/o The Barn, Burbank, Calif. Corbett has been dead for several years. George Dixon, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Jack Johnson, Battling Siki, Dixie Kid, Tiger Flowers, Young Jack Thompson, Al Brown, John Henry Lewis, Joe Louis, Kid Chocolate, Henry Armstrong. I am getting out five volumes, "Black Dynamites" that contain the complete history of Negroes in the Prize Ring from 1780 to 1938. The first volume is now ready. It's a controversial question. Billy Jordan was a famous announcer. Lightweight. Practically all of the old timers. Yes. Plenty of photos in the Johnson book. Five feet 9 inches and weight 147 pounds. Johnson is 60, Langford, 58 and Jeffries, 63.

William Simpson, Jr. Pass Christian, Miss.

Q.—Did Braddock deserve the decision over Farr? You answered no. Why? I am 15 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height and weigh 125 pounds. What will my measurements be at 21?

A.—Simply a matter of opinion. It was our belief that Farr was deserving of the decision. Five feet 10 inches and weight 150 pounds.

Deoris Duffy, Dublin, Ireland

Q.—Where can I get the wrestling ratings for the year, including Steve Casey? Was John L. Sullivan Irish?

A.—The wrestling ratings were listed in the March, 1938, issue of The Ring. Casey is a headliner. Sullivan was American of Irish descent.

Con McCabe, Castlepollard, Ireland

Q.—I am 15 years of age, weigh 101 pounds, height 5 feet 2 inches. What class will I be in when I am 21? What do you think of Steve Casey?

A.—Featherweight, 126 pounds. Casey is one of the leaders of the present heavyweight crop.

Stan Woodman, Edmonton, Alta, Canada

Q.—From whom did each of the world boxing champions win their crowns and when? Are the championship wrestling bouts on the level? In the April issue you say that no Hebrew ever held the heavyweight crown. Is not Max Baer Jewish? Can you tell me whether Johnny Demchuk whose picture was in the May issue is the same Johnny Demchuk who is supposed to have started his wrestling career in Edmonton, Canada? What do you think of Eddie Wenstob's chances against John Henry Lewis is the event of a title match between them?

A.—Louis won his title from Braddock on June 22, 1937. Lewis won his title from Bob Olin on October 31, 1935. Freddy Steele won his claim to the title after Marcel Thil had retired and Steele had scored a knockout over Ken Overlin, who had just beaten Fred Apostoli. Ross won his title from McLarnin May 28, 1935. Lou Ambers beat Canzoneri for the lightweight title on September 5, 1936. Armstrong knocked out Petey Sarron October 29, 1937, to win the featherweight title. Sixto Escobar regained his batamweight title from Harry Jeffra on February 20, 1938. Benny Lynch won the flyweight title from Small Montana January 19, 1937. They are listed as exhibitions. Baer is of Scotch-German-Hebrew descent. It is the same person. Lewis would be favored to win.

Leon J. Simon, Singapore

Q.—Suppose a boxer's purse is $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, $25,000, $50,000, $100,000, $250,000, $500,000 or $1,000,000. What would be the approximate amount that he could bank after deducting Income Tax, Manager's share, trainer's fee. Sparring partners, training and all other incidental expenses connected principally with the fight? Mike Jacobs is the promoter of the Twentieth Century Club who is staging fights at Madison Square Garden. Under that promotion if a fight is staged in the Garden, how are the profits divided between the Garden and the Twentieth Century Club?

A.—$400, $1800, $4,000, $9,000, $20,000, $35,000, $60,000, $125,000, $200,000. Mr. Jacobs pays a rental fee of $5,000 per night every night that he stages a show and also a privilege of 15% if the gate receipts run over $35,000.

M. L. Wittmer, Harrisburg, Va.

Q.—Is a contract legal and can the fighter be held responsible to the manager, if he is 19 years old and has not received the consent of his parents. Must a contract in the case of a boy under 21 be signed by the guardian or parents to be legal?

A.—Contract is void and boy cannot be held by manager. Parents or guardian must sign when under age. Legal if boy is 21 or more. Must be of age to sign a document that would be held legal in court of law.

Thomas Riley, Perth, Western Australia

Q.—What has been the outstanding Nationality of champions from John L. Sullivan's time, if possible from heavyweights to flyweights, including the present day champions?

A.—After a careful survey I should say that the Irish-Americans head the field with ex-titleholders. The Italians and Hebrews are second. A few champions come from Canada, France, Philippines, Germany, Lithuania, Panama, Spain, Scotland and England.

John Louer, Cape Province, South Africa.

Q.—I am a regular reader of The Ring. I am a keen boxer and my weight is 104 pounds, height five feet 1¾ inches and I am 15 years of age. I have been boxing since I was 13 years of age. I am an amateur and have had 16 fights, winning them all. Do you think I should stop boxing and take it up again when I am 17 years old? My trainer says I must not do road work. Do you think he is right? What weight will I box at when I am 22 years of age? Our heavyweight champion wrestler recently drew with Pencheff, the Empire Champion. Do you think he will beat him the next time they wrestle? Our champion's name is J. Van der Walt. Could you give me the ages of Joe Louis, Jimmy Braddock, Henry Armstrong, Petey Sarron, Freddy Miller, Tommy Farr, George Pencheff and Martin Levy? Do you think Eddie Peirce might win the middleweight championship of the world?

A.—You do not have to stop altogether. You can work at it gradually about three times a week but only moderately. Road work is good providing you do it moderately. Twice weekly is enough right now. You will develop into a welterweight. Van der Walt would be favored to win if they met again. Louis 24, Braddock 33, Armstrong 26, Sarron 30, Miller 27, Farr 24, Pencheff 32, Levy 24. Pierce has a good record. It is hard to make such a prediction.

Richard A. Freeman, New York City

Q.—When Max Baer went to England to make his comeback after the Louis fight, did he knock out Ben Foord before or after the Tommy Farr fight? Do you think that Baer could beat the following: Gunnar Barlund, Nathan Mann, Tony Galento, Jimmy Adamick, Bob Pastor and Lou Nova? Do you think Baer's comeback will be successful? I am 14 years of age, only weigh 96 pounds and 4 feet 11 inches in height. I would like to know very much how I could put on some needed poundage and add a few inches to my height? How tall do you think I will be at 21 years of age and how much will I weigh if I follow your instructions?

A.—After the Farr fight. At present moment, yes. He looked very good against Tommy Farr. Join a gymnasium and indulge in all exercises that boys of your age follow. Stay out in the open at every possible opportunity and eat nothing but wholesome foods and plenty of vegetables. At maturity you may reach five feet 5 inches and scale about 130 pounds.

Fred Engelbretson, Milan, Minn.

Q.—Who were the men who fought for the championship when Bill Stewart was referee? Who in your opinion was the greatest wrestler of all time? Please give me Jim Londos' address?

A.—Bronko Nagurski and Vincent Lopez. Frank Gotch. Londos may be reached in care of Jack Pfeffer, Times Bldg., New York City.

Jack Mescall, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Q.—Is or was there a fighter by the name of Bobby Garcia? Who would you pick between Barney Ross and Ceferino Garcia in a title rematch? How much would a picture of Garcia 5 by 6 or 10 by 12 inches cost? Why wasn't "Gentleman" Danny McShain, recognized by the N.B.A. as light-heavyweight champion of the world, mentioned in your 1937 wrestling ratings?

A.—Garcia was a crack featherweight in the early twenties. Ross. We have photos 8 by 10 inches which sell for $1.25 each. We do not classify divisions other than heavyweights among wrestlers.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

GEORGE FITCH, a fine light-heavyweight prospect, rolled up his fourth consecutive win by scoring a unanimous eight-round point triumph over Tony Celli, New York fighter, at the New Haven Arena. Celli was down for a brief count in the sixth.

Johnny Compo's lefts and rights to the head finally kayoed Jerry La Bella in the fifth round. In the fourth, Compo scored three knockdowns.

Referee Bud Taylor intervened and signaled Pat Callahan to his corner in the fourth round and handed George Pyse, Meriden belter, a victory on a technical knockout.

Tony Strezzeri from Philadelphia was the victor over Snooks Lacey in punching out a six-round decision. Ken Perry, middleweight, scored over his foe, Jimmy Weed, when they squared off in their return four-round bout. Johnny Dowgvills and Paulie Warren went at it slugging each other for four rounds that ended on even terms.

Johnny Mack, New Britain lightweight mixer, won over Felix Garcia in a star eight-round encounter at the New Haven Arena.

In the six-round semifinal, Billy Campanelli, Worcester battler, punched out a clear decision over Frankie Young. Wally Banolo, New Britain's hard-socking light-heavyweight, blasted his way in the six-round bout to triumph over Joe MacDougal. In a stirring four-round contest, Joe Triano, Naugatuck, turned in a decision over Johnny Dowgvills.

At the New Haven Arena, the scheduled eight-round rematch between Steve Carr, light-heavyweight, and Tony Celli lasted two rounds, when Celli went down before Carr's smashing blows to the chin to square matters for the defeat Carr received in their first bout.

Snooks Lacey was given the verdict over Biff Lemieux from New Bedford in the six-round semifinal on a point decision. A fractured jaw ended the four-round contest between Spotty Spottswood, New Haven welterweight, and Larry Teene, in which Spottswood was the winner. Johnny Compo and Harry Gentile, Hartford scrapper, battled to a draw in a lusty six-round bout.

The bout that had the fans roaring was that between Joe Triano, hard-hitting slugger, and Paul Warren, in which they smacked one another around with hard wallops for four rounds, with Triano scoring knockdowns in the opening round and in the second frame. Triano was the winner.

FISTICUFF TOPICS—The piling up of consecutive conquests by Irish Eddie Dolan, waterbury's sensational welterweight, was broken when he and Sonny Jones traveled six sparkling rounds in the semi-final to a tie for honors—although many of the fans there agreed the decision in favor of Dolan. A week later in their return engagement, Dolan convinced Sonny that he is his master by whipping Jones decisively in six heats.

While touring the "Brass City" of the world (Waterbury) some nine years ago, Bill Cody, one-time cowboy movie actor, displayed his fistic wares in one of the preliminary bouts against the deceased Jack Kelly at the Lakewood Arena on the professional fistic card. Cody gave a good account of himself as a fighter in using a double-handed attack.

The official announcement given by General Manager Nathan Podoloff of the New Haven Arena is that ex-State Senator Harry Durant, sportsman and long associated with the fighting game, has been assigned supervisor of boxing at the New Haven Arena. Durant will have complete supervision of the fistic game.

Recently a New Haven court rendered the plaintiff, Bill Clark, a verdict for personal injury in the sum of $2,500, caused by the defendant, who with his fists became the outstanding contender for John Henry Lewis' crown, Al Nelson Gainer, the "Black Panther," of New Haven. Clark sustained a broken jaw in an unscheduled scrimmage.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

FREDDIE STEELE had better look out for his middleweight laurels. Setting a pace that completely upset the dope, Henry Armstrong, world ruler of the featherweight roost, served notice on Steele that it will take more than a welterweight to halt his upward climb for ring laurels, when he handed Barney Ross the worst beating of the champion's career to capture the honors in the 147-pound division.

Spotting Ross the first two rounds of their championship fifteen-round battle in the Long Island Bowl, hoodoo of world crown bearers, Armstrong blasted the Chicago Hebrew through the remaining rounds. Excepting the fifth, in which Barney outboxed the Coast marvel, and the seventh, which Armstrong lost on a foul, the fight was never a contest. Homicide Henry did everything but knock out the game title-holder.

With his right eye battered into a pin-point and his left puffed and bruised, the champion presented a sorry spectacle at the termination of the battle. The fight attracted a gross gate of $160,860.64 with the net reaching $136,015.58.

Ross started off in fine fashion by outboxing shuffling Henry in the first three minutes of fighting. The second round found Barney employing a snappy left hook to gain the edge. Barney was boxing with his mouth open and seemed to be tiring under the fast pace. Armstrong kept boring in, hooking short punches to the head, and then switched his attack to the body to win the third and fourth rounds. The champion did not seem to know how to cope with his smaller adversary.

The Chicagoan mixed an assortment of punches to Armstrong's head to open the fifth round. A short right-hand uppercut stopped Henry in his tracks, but instead of taking advantage of the opening, Ross went wild and failed to score.

Armstrong started to go to town in the next round. He blasted Barney's ribs into a crimson hue and shook up the champion with a savage drive to the head. The seventh round, which belonged to the featherweight king, was taken from him when he dropped in a low punch coming out of a clinch.

It was never a contest after the seventh round. Armstrong kept hammering Ross at will and it did not seem possible that Barney would go the limit. He was punched from pillar to post and Barney's courage never faltered and he finished without being knocked off his feet once—a fine tribute to a game champion.

In the semi-final eight-round contest, Davey Day won the decision over Norment Quarles, while in six-round bouts, Dem Wakerlis defeated Frankie Blair, and Phil Siriani scored over Young Chappie. In fours, Sammy Julian whipped Johnny Rinaldi and Jimmy Liddell drew with Frankie Aiello.

Glen Lee, the Edison, Nebraska, Wildcat, who was tamed on two occasions here by Fred Apostoli and once on the Coast by Ceferino Garcia, showed a startling reversal of form when he handed Solly Krieger a one-sided lacing in eight of the ten rounds of their battle in Madison Square Garden before a house that grossed $13,706. Except for a few anxious moments in the second and tenth rounds, it was all Lee as he battled his way once more into recognition as one of the leaders in the middleweight division.

Glen employed a crouch to get away from Krieger's bombing fists. Lee battered Solly's features with a ripping left hook that seldom failed to find its target. Near the close of the second round, Krieger nailed Lee with three jarring punches to the head that shook him to his heels, but the bell mercifully came to his rescue. From that point until the last round, when another hard right shook up Lee, it was all a one-sided battle with Glen winning very much as he pleased.

In what was the best bout of the night, Emil Calcagni turned the tables on his recent conqueror, Baby Salvy Saban, by scoring a knockdown in the first round and going on from there to win the decision in eight sensational rounds. In six-round bouts, Melio Bettina won easily over Domenic Ceccarelli, and Herbie Katz was awarded a surprising decision over Stanley Hasrato after the latter had much the better of four of the six rounds of battling. Augie Arellano whipped Ralph Voan and Gene Stanley scored over Larry Closson in four-round bouts.

Billy Beauhuld, Jersey lightweight, whose march to the title was halted by Armstrong last winter in Madison Square Garden, continued his winning ways when he outpointed Jimmy Vaughn in an eight-round feature attraction at the Royal Windsor Palace. In the semi-windup of six rounds, Italo Colonello came back from the verge of a knockout to register a kayo over Big Boy Brackey in the third round. Monty Pignatore took the measure of Vincent Montana in another bout—Petey Scalzo, promising featherweight youngster, added George Karkella to his string of victims in an eight-round bout at the Queensboro Arena. In the semi-final affair, Tony Passaro returned to the wars to register a four-round knockout over Nickey Jerome.

Nat Litfin, recent conqueror of Sixto Escobar in an overweight match, whipped Johnny Compo in the feature bout of eight rounds at the New York Coliseum. Johnny Fernandez kayoed Harry Ginsberg in the third round on the same show. Andy Logan scored over Jimmy Murray and Bill Poland stopped Phil Donato in the second heat—In the feature eight-round fight at the Ridgewood Grove, Joey Fontana won the decision over Young Chappie. Another bout found Dom Colon battle to a draw with Joe Marcienti. After the bout, it was learned that Colon had suffered a fractured jaw that will place him on the sidelines for several months—Marty Fuller has taken over the Long Beach Stadium and will promote fights there during the summer months. Marty will run shows every Friday night.

Saverio Turiello whipped Harold Brown in the Queensboro Club's feature bout of ten rounds. In six-round bouts on the same card, Johnny McHale defeated Larry Esposito and Joe De Jesus trounced Dave Pastor. Maurie Waxman, who is so capably handling the publicity for the Queensboro Arena, is also doing publicity work for Max Schmeling and Tony Galento—Johnny Cabello furnished an upset when he took the measure of Ginger Foran at the Broadway Arena. In another surprise on the same card, Joe Pennino knocked out Murray Brandt in two rounds. In the feature at Fort Hamilton, Joey Fontana knocked out Sammy Crocetti in the third round. In an eight-round semi-windup, Jimmy Lancaster took the measure of Johnny Mirabella.

George Zengaras scored a technical knockout victory over Frankie Terranova in six rounds at the Queensboro Arena. The latter broke his right arm and was unable to continue. The fight marked the opening of the outdoor boxing season for the organization over in Long Island City. In a supporting six-round affair, Andy Melia knocked out Grover Barnes in the last round of their battle—Matchmaker Bill Hawkins of 2206 N. Lafayette Street is taking over the Riverview Park Arena in Sioux City, Iowa, and would like to hear from managers of main bout fighters—Mike Belloise, recognized as the New York State featherweight champion, licked Paul Tennessee Lee in the feature eight-round bout at the Royal Windsor Palace. In the semi-final contest, also scheduled for eight rounds, Bobby Pacho knocked out Eddie Conley in the first heat.

Maxie Berger drew with Irish Eddie McGeever in the main bout of eight rounds at the New York Coliseum. In a six-round bout, Quentin Breese whipped Pete Clayton. In other bouts, Johnny Sharkey kayoed Lou Cianelli in one and Doug Marsh stopped Hector Henry in the fifth round—Maurice Arnault, former French lightweight champion, is now in New York and will box under the Lew Burston banner—Italo Colonello defeated Big Boy Brackey in the main bout of eight rounds at the Royal Windsor Palace. Colonello had his opponent on the floor in the second and fourth rounds for nine-counts. Al Reid whipped Joe Marcienti in an eight-round semi-final affair, and in another battle on the same show, Mike Belloise scored a two-round kayo over Johnny Alba—Allie Frank will promote boxing shows in Asheville, North Carolina.

Jackie Kid Berg continues to set the pace on his comeback trail. Undefeated under Frankie Jacobs' banner, the former Whitechapel Windmill added another victim to his string in Johnny McHale over the eight-round route at the Canarsie Arena. In the main bout at the New York Coliseum, Vincenzio Dell 'Orto turned the tables on Paul Lee when he whipped the latter in an eight-round affair—Harry Balsamo, former Belting Brakeman, returned to the wars after an extended layoff and knocked out Andy Melia in one round at the Queensboro Arena. After being on the floor three times in the first round, the referee mercifully intervened to save the Astoria boy from further unnecessary punishment. In an exciting six-round semi-final bout, Tony Marteliano took the measure of Angelo Cali, while in another fight over the six-round route, the promising Bill Poland defeated Mickey Alfano.

Tony Brown and Jimmy Marsh, co-managers of Jim Howell, are issuing defis to the leaders in the heavyweight division. With a record that stands out among the younger fighters in the heavyweight division today, Howell is being sidetracked by the so-called contenders. Howell stands ready to fight anybody, any time and any place, and bars no one in ring action—George Red Kinsella, former crack 140-pound Armory scrapper who just fell short of winning a title, is making rapid strides as a trainer and conditioner of fighters. Working for the Brown and Marsh stable, Kinsella's worth is being recognized and he is the recipient of many offers to help condition top-notch fighters.

Scotty Monteith, who is connected with the United States Marshal's office in Detroit, was a welcome visitor for the Schmeling-Louis fight and renewed touches with many of his old comrades, particularly Johnny Dundee, his old pride and joy—Francis Albertanti is doing an excellent job on the Coast as publicity director for the Hollywood Turf Club. Francis seems to have struck the proper environment—With all the experts going astray in their prognostications on the recent Ross-Armstrong debacle, it is gratifying to know that Johnny Attell, matchmaker for the Ridgewood Grove and Dexter Park Stadium, called the fight exactly as it turned out—Not after the fight, but weeks before—Benny Ray is recovering from a recent heart attack and his legion of friends are glad to see him back on the job.

Charley Lucas, Australian promoter, arrived in New York for the purpose of booking some high class talent for the Stadium Limited of Sydney. Charley is a veteran of many years standing and cannot be bluffed into accepting any mediocre talent. "Good fighters are able to get good purses almost any place and it is just the opposite with the ordinary boxer. If they cannot command any decent size purses in their own country, how can they expect enormous prices in a foreign country?

"Australia is one of the smartest boxing centers in the boxing world and just because we are 10,000 miles away from New York City does not necessarily imply that we do not know what is going on. They appreciate a good fighter as readily as a New York audience and they will not turn out for one who is ordinary.

"Occasionally boxing conditions have been criticized by some of your American boxers who have returned from Australia. But that is only because they have failed to satisfy our patrons. Jimmy Leto, your welterweight, lost his first four starts in Australia but he proved to be a pleasing boy and returned for another visit. Since losing those four fights, three to Jack Carroll and one to Alf Blatch on a disqualification, he followed up with two knockout victories and one by decision. Leto received $10,000 for his two bouts with Carroll."

"Since the retirement of Jack Carroll, the outstanding fighters are Ron Richards and Fred Henneberry. They are both middleweights and about on an equal par, though Ron holds the middleweight and light-heavyweight title. Ambrose Palmer has again retired but it is hoped that he will be inveigled to return to activity as soon as some oppositon is developed for him.

"Mickey Miller, our featherweight titleholder, is a fairly good one and will render a good account of himself against any of the second raters. I think that Armstrong stands in a class by himself. It will take an exceptionally good fighter to beat him, one who is courageous and carries plenty of hitting power in either hand. I think that pound for pound, Armstrong excels all of your present world champions, with plenty to spare."

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month's high light in boxing occurred in the Madison Square Garden Bowl when Homicide Henry Armstrong jumped from the featherweight class to capture the world welterweight championship from Barney Ross in fifteen one-sided rounds. Bob Pastor continued his sensational fighting on the Coast when he scored a quick one-round knockout over Chuck Crowell to cement his fifth spot rating in the heavyweight ranks. Bob may yet land into a title shot. Baby Arizmendi, after surprising fistic experts by lasting the limit with Armstrong last month in a gruelling battle, scored another upset when he held lightweight champion Lou Ambers to a ten-round draw in their overweight match, to jump into the front ranks of the 135-pound challengers. Another upset in Eastern circles was that in which Glen Lee redeemed himself as a top-flight middleweight in Madison Square Garden by plastering Solly Krieger at will to gain the verdict. Small Montana surprised by whipping Baby Yack in handy fashion.

The leading fights of the month in each division follow:

Bob Pastor led the heavyweight brigade with his one-round knockout over Chuck Crowell. Jimmy Adamick kayoed Al Ettore and Jack Trammell in four and two rounds, respectively. Maxie Rosenbloom returned to the wars by stopping O'Dell Polee in five rounds and whipping Lou Nova. Red Burman kayoed Joe Wagner in the sixth round. Russ Wasser whipped Billy Bruno. Abe Simon scored in two rounds over Jim Whitest. Italo Colonello kayoed Big Boy Brackey in three rounds and won the decision in a return bout.

Roy Lazer beat George Maselli. Emil Scholz defeated Eddie Coderre. Jim Robinson scored over Nick Young. Gus Dorazio also whipped Young. Jarl Johnson kayoed Jack Moran and Mike McMahon in six and two rounds, respectively, and then kayoed Paul Joffre in the fourth. Frank Androff beat Fred Lenhart. Lew Poster scored over Don Petrin, and Buddy Knox stopped Unknown Winston in the ninth round.

John Henry Lewis continued to set the pace in the light-heavyweight class by kayoing Elmer Ray in the twelfth. Tiger Jack Fox whipped Willie Redish and Yustin Sirutis. Gus Lesnevich defeated Buddy Ryan handily. Melio Bettina whipped Domenic Ceccarelli. Young Herrera beat Tiger Warrington. Marty Simmons scored over Paulie Mahoney and Sammy Slaughter. Charley Coates kayoed Chester Parks in the second.

Steve Carr kayoed Tony Celli in two and whipped George Fitch. Matt Raymond decisioned Chester Palutis twice. Herbie Katz beat Stanley Hasrato. Frank Zamoris stopped Johnny Briggs in the fifth round. Jack Rodriquez whipped Ralph Chong. Ralph De John defeated Charley Eagle. Battling Monroe won over Lou Presto. Tommy Tucker scored over Eddie Grogan.

The middleweight class is headed by Young Corbett's victory over Jackie Burke. Glen Lee trounced Solly Krieger. Fred Henneberry whipped Ken Overlin. Ron Richards kayoed Ray Actis in one round. Teddy Yarosz whipped Al Quaill and was in turn defeated by Georgie Abrams. Oldvini whipped Carmelo Candel. Ben Brown kayoed Meyer Lichtenstein in two. Harry Balsamo stopped Andy Melia in one. Babe Risko drew with Al Quaill. Dick Foster defeated Larry Derrick. Alabama Kid beat Jim Brown. Dem Wakerlis won over Frankie Blair.

Jack Hyams decisioned Eddie Pierce. George Baratko beat Tiger Fawn. Al Bernard kayoed Charley Jerome in three. Wendall Bubp kayoed Six Second Powell in one. Gene Buffalo whipped Bob Turner. Eddie Maguire stopped Dick Freezer in five. Emil Calcagni defeated Baby Saban. Steve Mamakos beat Wickey Harkins. Jimmy O'Boyne defeated Ray McIntire.

Henry Armstrong moved into the welterweight championship of the world by whipping Barney Ross. Holman Williams defeated Paulie Walker and Jack Portney, while the latter kayoed Tony Ambrosia in four. Gustave Eder drew with Antoine Christoforidis. Kenny LaSalle beat Billy Deeg. Saverio Turiello whipped Harold Brown. Milt Aron whipped Bobby Pacho while the latter in turn kayoed Eddie Conley in the first. Fritzie Zivic kayoed Petey Mike in one. Andre Jessurun kayoed Tommy Mollis in six rounds. Maxie Berger drew with Eddie McGeever and Sonny Jones drew with Eddie Dolan, who then defeated Jones. Bep Van Klaveren scored over Antoine Christoforidis. Jimmy Leto kayoed Johnny Foster in 4 and Darky Abbott in 6 sessions. Vittorio Venturi scored over Theodorescu.

Young Peter Jackson stopped Pete DeRuzza in five. Paul Junior won a newspaper decision over Johnny Bellus. Sammy Luftspring stopped Chico Romo in four. Cleto Locatelli whipped Bianchini, and was in turn defeated by Marcel Cerdan. Tiger Humery whipped Bianchini on a foul in the fourth heat. Gustave Humery stopped Eddy Rabak in two, while the former in turn was kayoed by Cerdan. Frankie Genovese whipped Lew Raymond. Slugger White kayoed Pancho Villa in seven. Ralph Zanelli whipped Mike Kaplan. Mike Frattini stopped Vince De Angelo in one. Jackie Burke kayoed Hoyt Jones in three.

Billy Celebron beat Harold Brown and Pete Petroskey. Harry Mizler won over Leo Phillips. Joe Pennino kayoed Murray Brandt in two. Ernie Roderick kayoed Tommy Smith in eight. Leon Zorita kayoed Jack Rainwater in the same round. Henry Schaft beat Remo Fernandez. Bobby Venner whipped Jimmy Legrone. Andy Callahan defeated Babe Synott. Pete Cara whipped Pete Mascia. Wickey Harkins won over Lambertine Williams. Tod Morgan disposed of Jimmy Dundee in six. Harry Mizler won over George Daly.

Lou Ambers drew with Baby Arizmendi, while the latter defeated Wally Hally in the leading lightweight bouts. Davey Day whipped Norment Quarles. Billy Beauhuld defeated Jimmy Vaughn. Sammy Angott whipped Irving Eldridge, and also Frankie Covelli. Wesley Ramey won over Johnny Durso, Al Manriquez and Bobby Britton, who in turn kayoed Lew Jenkins in seven rounds. Tony Chavez stopped Jimmy Garrison in seven. Petey Sarron whipped Lou Gevinson. Aldo Spoldi scored over Davey Abad and kayoed Karl Beck in the second. Chino Alvarez beat Frankie Adams and stopped Cullen Williams.

Red Guggino beat Babe Brandelli. Tippy Larkin whipped Johnny Rohrig and Augie Gonzales. Tommy Spiegal stopped Baby Miller in the seventh. Jimmy Walsh kayoed Jim Cameron in one. Yucatan Kid defeated Howard Scott and George Zengaras kayoed Frankie Terranova in six. Johnny Mack whipped Felix Garcia. Paul DeBello outpointed George Crouch. George Hansford scored over Young Rightmire. Lou Lombardi knocked out Jimmy Williams in one. Pat Kissinger scored over Jimmy Legrone. Eddie Dunne whipped Pete Galiano. Joey Fontana stopped Sammy Crocetti in three and whipped Young Chappie, who was also beaten by Phil Siriani. Jimmy Lancaster decisioned Johnny Mirabella. Johnny Cabello outpointed Ginger Foran. Dom Colon and Joe Marcienti drew.

Freddie Miller led the featherweight class with a victory over Len Beynon. Dave Castilloux whipped Danny London. Al Reid decisioned Joe Marcienti. Mike Belloise kayoed Johnny Alba in two and whipped Paul Lee, who in turn scored over Bobby Green and lost to Vince Dell 'Orto. Pete Scalzo defeated George Karkella and stopped George Carlos in five. Johnny Brown won over Pablo Dano. Johnny McGrory whipped Dan McAllister.

George Marsden beat Tommy Hyams on a foul in the sixth and beat Pat Palmer. Tony Dupre drew with Salvatore Bartolo and beat Abe Denner. Vittorio Tamagnini drew with Crispos. Spider Kelly decisioned Boy Mitten. Bobby Leyvas won from Olin Loy. Al Mancini and Sammy Garcia drew. Matt Perfetti defeated Eddie Voccia, and Tony Passaro kayoed Nicky Jerome in four. Jerry Mazza also whipped Jerome. Claude Varner disposed of Dommy Ganzon in one round.

Nat Litfin heads the bantamweight group with a victory over Johnny Compo. George Pace outpointed Indian Quintana. Lou Salica kayoed Fillo Echeverria in nine rounds. Goff Williams beat Pat Palmer. Mike Martyk stopped Johnny Holt in five. Ernst Weiss stopped Beghin in seven. Bernard Leroux beat George Bataille. Henry Hook beat Mog Mason. Tommy Forte stopped Joe Maffei in the second. Bobby Magee kayoed Fred Douglas in five. Frankie Jarr beat Tommy Cobb. Jimmy Gilligan beat Katzumi Morioka and kayoed Tony Forezzi in three rounds. Petit Biquet whipped Roger. Maurice Dubois won from Paul Dogniaux.

Peter Kane's two-round kayo of Georges Bataille takes top ranking in the flyweight division. Little Dado beat Joe Roche. Small Montana scored over Baby Yack. Tut Whalley defeated Tiny Bostock. Seaman Chetty beat Pierce Ellis. Mickey O'Neill stopped Snowball Frome in four. Enrico Urbinati kayoed Maurice Huguenin in two. Pierre Louis whipped Le Belanger. Gino Cattaneo stopped Maurice Filhol in the third. Paddy Ryan whipped Billy Nash. Willie Smith outpointed Pat Warburton. Pierre Louis scored over Ernst Weiss. Bernard Leroux won from Young Gonzales. Pat Warburton kayoed Charley White in eight rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Johnny Boom, England.
Bantamweight—Billy Passan, Philadelphia, Pa.
Featherweight—George Brown, Bethlehem, Pa.
Lightweight—Primo Flores, Puerto Rico.
Welterweight—Larry Anzalone, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Middleweight—Freddy Mills, England.
Light-heavyweight—Joe Baynes, New York City.
Heavyweight—Jack Downey, Scranton, Pa.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending June 11:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Young Corbett	Barney Ross
2—Max Baer	Tiger Jack Fox	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
3—Gunnar Barlund	Gus Lesnevich	Al Hostak	Holman Williams
4—Tony Galento	Len Harvey	Glen Lee	Felix Wouters
5—Bob Pastor	Ambrose Palmer	Walter Woods	Gustave Eder
6—Tommy Farr	Jock McAvoy	Ossie Stewart	Kenny LaSalle
7—Jimmy Adamick	Eddie Wenstob	Ron Richards	Saverio Turiello
8—Maxie Rosenbloom	Melio Bettina	Atilio Sabatino	Milt Aron
9—Lou Nova	Billy Conn	Fred Henneberry	Fritzie Zivic
10—Red Burman	Young Herrera	Georgie Abrams	Andrea Jessurun

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Baby Arizmendi	Freddie Miller	Kayo Morgan	Peter Kane
2—Pedro Montanez	Leo Rodak	Nat Litfin	Little Dado
3—Davey Day	Dave Castilloux	Pancho Villa	Jackie Jurich
4—Tommy Cross	Jackie Wilson	Georgie Pace	Small Montana
5—Billy Beauhuld	Johnny Hutchinson	Indian Quintana	Tut Whalley
6—Sammy Angott	Al Reid	Lou Salica	Tiny Bostock
7—Wesley Ramey	Mike Belloise	Johnny Gaudes	Seaman Chetty
8—Johnny Morro	Ginger Foran	Baby Yack	Pierce Ellis
9—Johnny Bellus	Pete Scalzo	Aurel Toma	Valentin Anglemann
10—Tony Chavez	Johnny Brown	Kid Tanner	Jimmy Webster

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU

By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

NEARLY all the amateurs who took part in the last South American amateur tournament are now becoming professionals. Mario Verano was recently matched against Piurano Aranaga, and won on points in six rounds. Zacarias Flores, welterweight, scored over the Chilean fighter, Marcial Lenz, in another six-rounder; José Coronado, featherweight, now boasts of three victories, the last over Juan Huaynalaya, a hard hitter; and Santiago Carty, ex-South American amateur champ in the middleweight division, was barely able to put up the fight of a novice and win a six-round decision over Compadre Vicuña.

Foreign boxers are pouring into the country to take part in the season already inaugurated by Ruggero De Santis at the Manco Capac Stadium. Here are Raul Carabantes, welterweight of Chile; Armando Cueva, middleweight of Cuba; Kid Roberts of Ecuador; Victorino Andrade, light-heavyweight, also of Chile; Ché Cuevo of Buenos Aires; Pepe Valcarce of Spain; Guillermo Garrido Lorca, middleweight of Chile, and Ignacio Ara from Spain. It seems as though fans will be given much to enthuse over during June and July. To begin with, Kid Roberts, who is said to have a very hard right-hand punch, scored a technical knockout in the sixth round over Armando Cueva, the Cuban, who did not show the form he is capable of. Though badly trounced from the third round and falling ten times, Cueva was always on his feet before the ten seconds. My opinion is that a lucky punch was the cause of Cueva's disaster. His second threw in a towel at the referee's feet and that official stopped the slaughter.

During the course of a ten-rounder between Guillermo Lorca and the Spaniard, Valcarce, both lightweights, the Chilean brought into play all his resources to bluff his way through the scrap, but Valcarce used his brains and just managed to keep his points ahead of those of the other fellow, and so won the decision, which was applauded. On this card, Mario Verano took away the decision from Cachorin Carrasco after six fast rounds. The fans thought, however, that the verdict should have been a draw, and so did I.

Armando Cueva's second fight was a success, for he stopped and knocked out Pedro Cuervo, Argentine middleweight, in two and a half minutes in the first round. The Argentine fell twice and ruined himself with the fans, for he was not able to keep to his feet after Cueva's first blow landed.

With the advent of a fairly good number of amateurs who have turned pro, the dearth of local fighting professional talent is now disappearing. The old crop of boys who have shifted over to other activities used to give promoters here a lot of heartaches, but the new bunch seems to be soft-boiled and take things in a sportsmanlike way. José Alejos, after inflicting a nasty gash over Juan Osorio's left eye-brow, knocked out his man in the second round of an eight-rounder; and the newly-fledged welterweight pro, Zacarias Flores, managed to squeeze out a very flimsy victory on points in a six-rounder against Modesto Villanueva, while José Coronado, ex-featherweight amateur, compelled the veteran Juan Aranaga to abandon a six-round fray, after fighting him to a standstill in the fourth canto.

Raul Carabantes, the Chilean Express, knocked out Kid Roberts, flashy Ecuadorean welterweight, in the ninth turn-out of a scheduled 10-rounder at the Manco Capac Boxing Pit which is being run by Ruggero Santis, who has boxing on the go over here. The Express was not much of an *express* this time, for he was as slow as a tortoise. Roberts did not show the same form he did when he kayoed the Cuban champion, Arnaldo Cueva.

Mario Verano, Peruvian pro in the lightweight division, is continuing his winning ways, and won a decisive victory over the Chilean slugger, Luis Garrido Lorca, in an eight-round fight. Lorca was very effective during certain stages of the scrap, but the Peruvian turned the tables on him in the question of points which he heaped up from the fourth round to the end of the battle.

Spider Santiago Carty, another newly-fledged pro, won over the veteran José Zuñiga in six rounds, but did not please the fans, while Daniel Fuñoli and Abraham Revollar fought a very hectic battle, going four rounds, with Fuñoli winning the decision on points.

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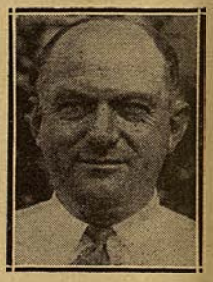

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

JOE LEVY, veteran California promoter, would like to pair Max Baer and Bob Pastor for an outdoor fight in Los Angeles during August. Pastor made a decided hit knocking out the giant Chuck Crowell in one round at the Olympic. Suey Welch did $8,100 with this one. Fight men predict Pastor and Baer would draw $100,000 in Los Angeles.

Tommy Farmer was one of the big winners when Henry Armstrong lifted the welterweight crown from Barney Ross in New York. The former Bostonian was taking all of the 9 to 5 dough in sight.

Incidentally, I remember the time Armstrong was a member of the Tom Cox stable. Cox is now an inspector with the California Boxing Commission. Fights were few and far between for Henry and Cox sold Armstrong's contract to Wirt Ross for $250.

For three years, Armstrong fought with quite ordinary success. Often he didn't fight at all. At least three times he decided to quit, but always changed his mind. Finally, Ross, too, sold out.

It was Eddie Meade who saw possibilities in the little Negro. Al Jolson purchased the contract from Ross for $6,500 and turned the fighter over to Meade. Meade's judgment was vindicated when Armstrong went on to score one victory after another, climaxing it with his great win over Ross.

Red Guggino, saddled by Al Weill, scored a one-sided victory over Babe Brandelli at the Olympic. It was Guggino's Coast debut.

"Killer" Coates, now fighting under the wing of Jimmy Dunn, flattened Chester Parks, promising young Negro 165-pounder, in one round. Leon Zorrita stopped Jack Rainwater in eight heats.

This Guggino fellow has speed to burn and keeps pumping in blows. Charley MacDonald was seeking Guggino to box Tony Chavez.

Speaking of Henry Armstrong, Bill Henry, sports editor of *The Times* (Los Angeles), says in part:

"His real name is Henry Jackson. The fellow he introduces as his brother is Harry Armstrong. Henry and Harry were neighbors in St. Louis and Henry was taught how to fight by Harry. They came to California in 1931 and both fought as amateurs—Henry about sixty times and Harry eighty-two times—and they averaged about $1.50 per fight. Harry finally quit fighting and became Henry's trainer and by this time the boys had been through so much together that Henry dropped the name of Jackson, took his friend's name of Armstrong, and they began to refer to each other as brothers. Apparently they were as confused as I am.

"Now, to get back to the present situation—and from this point on I shall refer to our hero as Henry Armstrong with the mental reservation that I know he's really Henry Jackson but that it doesn't make any difference. Henry Armstrong entered the ring Tuesday night as world's featherweight (126-pound) boxing champion. He faced Barney Ross, world's welterweight (147-pound) champion. Just to make the matter a bit more confusing, Henry Armstrong, when he entered the ring, was neither a featherweight nor a welterweight—he weighed about 133 pounds and was therefore a lightweight. He won the fight and left the ring holding the world's championships for two divisions—welterweight (147-pound) and featherweight (126-pound)—but not for the weight at which he actually fought—the lightweight (135-pound) division. Confusing, eh what?"

SHORT SHOTS ALONG FISTIC ROW—With twenty wins in a row under his belt, Kenny LaSalle returned to Los Angeles from Texas, where he is recognized as Texas welterweight champion . . . . Eddie Stanton is now managing LaSalle and is seeking a fight with Ceferino Garcia for the Long Beach boxing master . . . . Willie Orner sold the Main Street Gymnasium in Los Angeles to Roxie Eisen and Nat Rosner . . . . The new bosses spent $1,500 remodeling the gymnasium, which is now the best gym in southern California . . . . A fight that would be a lot of business is a Garcia-Soldier Frankie Valeriano scrap . . . . Valeriano, a Philadelphia kid, is California welterweight champion . . . . he is the toast of Fort MacArthur . . . . undefeated in 13 pro fights . . . . best win was a sensational knockout over Bert Colima II . . . . Grant Rice calls Armstrong the "Black Leopard" . . . . Alan Gould, Associated Press sports editor, and Damon Runyon, the brilliant Hearst writer, sent out masterpieces on the Ross-Armstrong fight . . . . Ali Baba claims he is related to the original Yousoff, the Terrible Turk , . . . says Yousoff was an uncle of Ali Baba on his mother's side . . . . Willie Bernstein sends word that Jimmy Adamick will box at Gilmore Stadium during August . . . . probable foes are Maxie Rosenbloom and Big Boy Bray . . . . Bill Miller calls Al Weill the world's greatest matchmaker . . . . The California Boxing Board is investigating conditions in the boxing game in Oakland . . . . It's a one-man affair with promoter handling most of the main event fighters and getting away with *murder* . . . . When George Theodoratus finished college, Jim Londos offered the Greek boy $5,000 to sign up as a wrestler . . . . he turned down the offer and took up boxing, and after a dozen fights quit the boxing game when he was flattened three times in a row . . . . Jack Davidow and Packey McMullen have opened the East Fourth Street Gymnasium in Los Angeles.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get action on the Coast with the writer of this column, care Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

AS this went to press, Sioux City's 1938 boxing season, under the direction of Nick Pope, Riverview Park promoter, and his assistant, Bill Hawkins, was all set to take off with a flying start. Mr. Pope and his staff of assistants are making preparations for a big season of fistic entertainment and are booking talent from all sections of the country.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Russ Wasser, Minneapolis heavyweight, scored a fistic upset when he punched out a ten-round decision over Harry Thomas of Eagle Bend. Wasser outboxed Thomas by a clear margin. Henry Schaft, Minneapolis welterweight, won over Remo Fernandez in ten rounds; Jimmy Collins defeated Glenn Musselman in six rounds; Danny O'Hara defeated Billy McFarland in four rounds.

Waterloo, Ia.—Bobby Venner, Hastings, Nebr., outpointed Jimmy Legrone of Des Moines, Ia., in a ten-round main event. Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight king, was third man for all the bouts. A crowd of 2,500 turned out for the card. In the other bouts, Bill Brock, Waterloo heavyweight, knocked out Eddie Griefnow in the second round. Jack Paul, Fayette, Ia., knocked out Kind Anderson, Waterloo, in the second round, and Russ Meyers, Maynard, Ia., knocked out Jack Brottin in the first round.

St. Paul, Minn.—Fred Lenhart, 176, White Bear Lake, Minn., outpunched Bud Mignault of Brockton, Mass., to win a ten-round decision here. It was a viciously fought contest throughout. Ginger Foran, 129½, of England knocked out Johnny Fairchild of Chicago in the third round of a scheduled eight-round semi-windup.

Des Moines, Ia.—Johnny Paycheck, Des Moines bellhop, scored a T.K.O. over Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, in the third round of a billed eight-rounder. In the other bouts, Mike Klomp, 201, Lime Springs, Ia., knocked out Wayne Fuller, 198, Casey, Ia., in the second round; Johnny Eggenberger, 155, Des Moines, won a four-round T.K.O. over Shannon Loveland of Oelwein, Ia.; Jimmy Constance, Des Moines welter, beat Bill Hendric of Oskaloosa, Ia., in five rounds; Don Milligan of Des Moines shaded Carl Brade of Muscatine, Ia., in five rounds; Joe Cerky, 155, Granger, Ia., and Ray Kirkendall, 158, Albia, Ia., drew in four rounds. Jack Dempsey was third man for the main bout.

Des Moines, Ia.—Henry Schaft of Minneapolis scored a T.K.O. here over Young Terry of Youngstown, O., in four rounds. Schaft had Terry on the floor for a count of nine in the second round with a barrage of body punches, and sent the Ohio battler to the mat three times for counts of nine in the third. The referee stopped the bout in the fourth to save Terry from further punishment.

Graettinger, Ia.—In the opening boxing card of the outdoor season here, Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis stopped Red Grant of St. Paul, Minn., in two rounds. Verne Trickel, Graettinger light-heavyweight, won a clean-cut decision over Bruno Kirsch of St. Paul, who went out in the second round. Other results included Bob Jackson of Milford shading Joe Delaney of St. Paul in one of the best bouts on the card; Al Gabrish of Minneapolis lost to Swede Allen; Johnny Goodson of Ruthven, Ia., won over Berchey Trembley of Fairmont, Minn. All were six-round battles. The card was promoted by Jack Phillips, with Don Buchan doing the matchmaking.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Pinkie George, Des Moines promoter, made a trip to Salt Lake City with Jack Dempsey, where they visited the latter's folks . . . . A prospect that will bear watching is John J. Paycheck of Des Moines . . . . He appears to be a comer in the heavyweight ranks from this section . . . . Sammy Musco, Omaha featherweight, dropped a decision to Johnny Helstrom of Chicago at Milwaukee . . . . Sailor Burke, veteran Sioux City manager, was in the home town for a visit from Omaha . . . . At Omaha, Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha heavyweight, stopped Harold Ulmer of Milwaukee, Wis., in four rounds . . . . Fighters wishing action in this section are urged to get in touch with Bill Hawkins at once . . . . Mail will reach him at 2206 N. Lafayette St., Sioux City, Ia. . . . . News for this column must be in my hands by the third of each month . . . . Sioux City fighters working out in the local police gym include Mel Rice, Ray Mann, Keath Weaver and a host of others . . . . Several out-of-town fighters will make their headquarters in Sioux City during the summer months . . . . Owing to the fact we must make room for the other correspondents of THE RING, we regret, as always, to be forced to cut down on our copy from time to time . . . . See you next month.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Delta, Colo.—Corbie Ray, Alamosa lightweight, scored a three-round knockout over Jimmy Rogers of Los Angeles, Calif. Rogers suffered a broken hand in the melee, and will be on the shelf for a couple of months.

Johnny Coco, popular Walsenburg bantamweight, was shot and fatally wounded by a next door neighbor, who mistook him for a prowler. Coco, twenty-one, was one of the most promising youngsters in the state.

At Salt Lake City, Utah—Lee Robertson, Price, Utah, heavyweight, pounded out a fifteen-round victory over Ernie Collins, Nevada Indian, in a bruising mill. Robertson at 198 pounds, enjoyed a seventeen-pound pull in the weights.

At San Luis, Colo.—Abie Valdez, Colorado bantam champion, easily disposed of Jimmy Gardino of Denver, racking up a three-round kayo. Mike Montoya and Joe Aguilar staged a regular dock brawl in the eight-round semi-final, with Aguilar walking off with the verdict. The latter pair are middleweights.

P. M., Denver, Colo.—Harry Gilmore, the old lightweight champion, is the oldest living ex-champion.

R. M. C., Cheyenne, Wyo.—No, John L. Sullivan never played professional baseball, though he did turn down an offer to play with the old Cincinnati Red Stockings.

Remember, the writer will be glad to answer any questions relative to the fight game out this way, but please inclose reply postage. I also have a list of boxing promoters in this region that you can have for a two-bit piece. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

P. C. D., Dawson, N. M.—Write Nat Fleischer, editor of this magazine. He can furnish you with the books you mention.

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

PROBABLY the most encouraging sign for the benefit of the boxing game in Texas is the spirit of cooperation now being shown between the state's various promoters. Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, Galveston, and Corpus Christi have clubs doing well and working together in a manner that promises to make the future of the fight game look very bright.

With the outdoor season, however, there probably will be the usual number of fly-by-night promoters, trying to crash the picture in various "open air" spots for a few shows. Once again we caution out-of-state managers and fighters of this evil and print herewith a list of the state's reliable promoters who are in operation at present:

Houston, Hugh S. Benbow; Dallas, Dick Griffin; San Antonio, Kinky Flores; Corpus Christi, Bob Kline and Sam Slotsky; Port Arthur, Johnny Humphries; Galveston, Phil Flake.

Commissioner F. E. Nichols announced the state championship ratings, as voted by boxing writers in cities where clubs are running. A fine array of talent heads the list, with Kenny LaSalle, world's sixth ranking welter, being voted the outstanding fighter. They are as follows: Tony Musto, heavyweight; Joey Parks, light-heavy; Al Bernard, middleweight; Kenny LaSalle, welterweight; Lew Jenkins, lightweight; Billy Pereira, featherweight; Frankie Higgins, bantam. There are no flyweights. Ruling that a champion must lay his title on the line at least once every ninety days means a lot of keen competition is due to develop in the near future.

Kenny LaSalle took a close decision over Billy Deeg . . . . Deeg took an equally close one over Irish Johnny Dean and dropped another to Sebastian Gonzales . . . . Wishy Jones again beat Ted Garcia and is seeking a match with Lew Jenkins . . . . Jenkins was stopped by Bobby Britton . . . . Ralph Chong, the rejuvenated Chinese, easily trounced Red Conway and Eddie Boyle, but was lucky to get the nod over middleweight Tony Bruno in a great battle . . . . Irish Johnny Dean defeated Eddie Cerda and Rudy Ayon . . . . Cerda beat Cecil McLellan . . . . Charley Jerome won over Cowboy Marlin Owens and Cecil McLellan . . . . Billy Pereira knocked out Pancho Villa . . . . Red Hutchins drew with Frankie Rao and Dave Barry but lost to Kayo Barrado . . . . J. D. Turner K.O.'ed Red Conway . . . . Conway burst the Buddy Ryan bubble when Ryan quit cold in the fifth round . . . . This Ryan, incidentally, is not the Buddy Ryan boxing out of New Jersey, but hails from California.

Dick Griffin, Dallas promoter, continues to draw good houses, with Lew Jenkins as the main attraction. After losing to Wesley Ramey, Larruping Lew came back to stop Evening Thunder, rugged Indian . . . . Chino Alvarez flattened Cullen Williams and beat Frankie Adams . . . . Tracy Cox beat Cecilio Lazado . . . . Billy Deeg trounced K. O. Castillo . . . . Babe Austin defeated Evan Ritter and K.O.'ed Jimmy Hall and Lou Duran, but lost to Bob Murphy . . . . Cowboy Owens beat Johnny Dundee . . . . Bruce Atwell won over Ted Tellos . . . . Ted Garcia K.O.'ed Russ Morris and won over Billy Deeg and Willard Brown . . . . Fighters and managers wishing to show in Texas should contact Promoter Hugh Benbow, 214½ Main Street, Houston, Texas . . . . The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

Clarence Gillespie, veteran New York manager, is due to arrive in Texas shortly with Eddie McGeever, crack Scranton lightweight.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

JIMMY ADAMICK, kayo artist from Midland, Michigan, scored another knockout, insofar as the record book is concerned, out at the Mills Stadium, where the twenty-one-year-old Jerry Lavan presented his inaugural attraction as a boxing mogul before some 3,500 fans. The victim was Jack Trammell of Youngstown, who, prior to his going out party, connected with a sharp right-cross early in the second round, Adamick taking a toll of three. He arose and nailed the colored dynamo with a glancing blow to the head, Trammell going into a tailspin until the ten count was completed.

In the semi-windup, Lem Franklin, former Golden Glove and international champion, caught Sandy McDonald with a timely right-hand clout, sending the veteran to oblivion in thirty-two seconds of the initial round. Johnny Barbara, crack welterweight from South Bend, now residing in Chicago, won a fast glove duel from Chester Rudy from Hollywood. In another sixer, Tom Kenneally, C.Y.O. representative in the heavyweight ranks, defeated Al Globe, hailing from Dallas. Georgie White, young Irish stylist of Danny Spunt's, emerged victorious via a kayo over Joey Conrad in three heats, and Mike Sinko, engaging in his second pro biff annihilated Bud Dwyer of Detroit in two stanzas. Gross gate receipts amounted to $5,175.40.

Over at the Marigold Gardens Arena, Nick Camarata, Italian warrior from New Orleans, La., scored a ten-round verdict over Billy Marquart of Canada. Camarata obtained a sizeable lead in the opening rounds, Marquart coming on with a devastating two-handed attack from the fourth marker to the sixth to even matters up. Nick splurged for the next three-rounds with Marquart gaining a shade in the final heat. A pip of a fight. Chester Rudy of Hollywood threw too much leather for Russell Nyberg—this was the semi-windup number. In a hot prelim, Tommy Pallatin of South Bend won an encounter from Phil Saeli, Italian lightweight of Jimmy Christopher. Saeli at a later date trounced the one-time formidable Bus Breese of Kansas. On that same card, Gene Spencer, Petey King's featherweight, won an encore from Joe Laws, South Side colored flash, and Mike Sinko beat Jack Pumphrey in the four-round opener (heavyweights).

In one of the biggest upsets in quite some time, Billy Celebron, kayo clouter from Rockford, Ill., won over Harold Brown, Chicago's West Side favorite, in a ten-rounder. For the first six innings, Brown appeared to be a sure-fire winner, but Celebron rallied and won the remainder of the rounds by large margins. Charley Belanger, veteran French-Canadian from Canada, triumphed over a substitute for Alex Kettles, Al Globe, winning decisively in a scheduled six-round fray. Globe revealed plenty of courage in overcoming two nine-count knockdowns and fighting to the last bell. Tony Zale, pile-driving middie from Gary, stopped Bob La Monte in round five. Capocy, La Monte's manager, threw in the towel to halt proceedings. Lou Lauri, one-time national flyweight champion, continued on his way with wins over Eddie Shipiro and Andy Canal, Shipiro in turn losing to Sonny Batson. Incidentally, Lauri is fighting as a featherweight . . . . Holman Williams, Chicago's leading welter contender excepting Barney Ross, took the measure of Saverio Turiello, Paulie Walker and Jack Portney, who are in the upper bracket in the 147-pound class . . . . Hank Bath, now under the management of Babe Herman and scaling 179 pounds, lost a decision to Paul Hartnek at Des Moines, Ia. . . . . He followed up by winning over Al Globe, Johnny Pacek and Bernie Bowman, blubbery built heavy of Chicago . . . . Robert F. Lee, a newcomer, gained the nod over Sandy McDonald—all tenners.

Sammy Angott, Louisville's 135-pound entry and recent conqueror of Wesley Ramey, collided with the ever-willing Frankie Covelli of New York in a ten-round combat at the Marigold. Angott proved too strong for the rugged New Yorker. In the semi-windup, Verne Patterson, a great amateur back in '35 and '36, regained a considerable amount of lost prestige by disposing of Frankie Sagillo in two and a stunning three-round knockout of Tony Petroskey of Detroit. Harvey Woods of St. Paul won over Owen Woods of Chicago. Later in the month, Harvey was pitted against the ever-flinging Johnny Helstrom. A draw verdict was rendered at the end of this eight-round biff. Eddie Metrie's young light-heavyweight, Fritz Meier, from Milwaukee, made his initial appearance in the Windy City, being impressive in his debut by flattening Sherman Edwards in two frames.

At Minneapolis, Minn., Harry Thomas of Eagle Bend, Minn., and at one time a nation-wide attraction, met his Waterloo at the hands of Russ Wasser in ten rounds. Wasser continued with a three-round kayo of Bruno Dooley of Chicago at Waterloo, Ia. In the semi-windup to the Thomas-Wasser set-to, Henry Schaft of Minneapolis bested Remo Fernandez in eight rounds . . . . Milt Aron, Chicago's other ranking welter contender, tormented Bobby Pacho of New York for ten rounds at the Marigold. Throughout the contest, Aron connected with several deadly right-hand "pot shots," but wasn't able to score any semblance of a knockdown over the shrewd Mexican. In the semi-windup, Willie Joyce won a disputed verdict over Georgie Vander Hayden. In a corking prelim, Danny Spunt's latest Jewish pro enrty, Eddie Lander, trimmed Joe Ojida.

Carl Vinciquerra of Omaha, Neb., a heavyweight of promise, was fed Harold Ullmer, 190-pounder from Milwaukee, at Carl's home grounds, stopping the latter in four rounds. In a program four eight-rounders, two upsets were scored. The already mentioned Verne Patterson's conquest of Tony Petroskey in three rounds was one of the resultant battles. Tommy Howell from Danville, Ill., mowed down Everett Simmington, one of Jack Hurley's "Express Charges," in three heats. Howell had Simmington down twice for counts, nine and two, respectively, in the second round, the bell saving Everett in the second. Billy Celebron, now a widely publicized dynamic kayo artist, ran into a tartar in Pete Petroskey, brother of Tony. Pete caught Celebron in the first round with a right and almost floored the pugnacious Billy. Pete gave the Rockford flash plenty of misery all through their contest. The other eight was the Woods-Helstrom draw.

HOB NOBS IN THIS VICINITY—Sam Buxbaum, a trainer of the old school, has mustered together three potential threats in the pro ranks. They are: Texas Joe Emery, a 170-pounder, formerly of Texas, who has kayoed Red Bruce, Emil Calcagni, and fought Maxie Long, Chet Gideon, Johnny Miller and Bill Raggio and others; Enar Hedquist, who is returning to the pro circle after an extended leave of absence, and a young heavyweight named Bill Storey, six feet one inch, weighing 215 pounds. He has just attained the age of twenty-one. By the way, Hedquist will continue as a middleweight. Did you know that Babe Herman, trainer of Harry Thomas and Leo Rodak, was a featherweight of distinction? Babe at one time was the leading 126-pound title challenger, he having opposed Louis Kid Kaplan, then champion, seven times, winning twice, three ending even-stephens, and Kaplan earning two victories. Jackie London, a former gladiator, who was a 135-pound representative of Sam Pian and Art Winch a decade ago, is an elevator operator at 35 South Dearborn Street. Jackie had participated in fifty matches as a pro and some two hundred amateur contests before that. He is now thirty years of age and is the picture of health. Jimmy Christopher has added Chuck De Franco, a welter, to his stable. Chuck is endeavoring to make a second bid as a pro. Co-promoters Sam Spunt and Mike Hechinger of the Northwest Stadium are enteftaining local audiences numbering between 1,500 and 2,000 fans at present. The estimated attendance will hover around the 2,500 mark before mid-summer. Their outdoor establishment is situated at 4848 Irving Park Blvd. Harry Mueller, former professional boxer and a state of Illinois professional boxing referee, also handles the simon-pure matches at this popular rendezvous. Tiger Thomas of Cleveland, Okla., would like to box in Chicago. Harry Colored, 195 pounds, six feet one inch, aged twenty-one, and a former Golden Gloves star, is ready to go to the post.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B.W.I.
By JACK LOUIS

JUAN HERRERA, our sterling heavy and light-heavyweight champion, proved his worth in his return engagement with "Tiger" Terry Warrington, 176½ pounds, Canada's heavy and light-heavyweight king. Herrera was seen at his best in a thrilling bout when he outgeneralled and masterfully handled Tiger Warrington to win a clear-cut decision.

Kid Vassell won from the veteran Fred Cook. This bout was a slugging match for the entire six rounds. Boy Peterson scored over Black Bond in a six-rounder. Young Sanchez and Young Hawthorne battled to a deadlock. Steve Levermore and Daniel Bell, boys who once fought the best of them, turned in a real four-rounder, with Levermore getting the decision.

Kid Silver, a former star and one of Jamaica's leading mittslingers, returned from England after his campaign.

Syd Brown, clever middleweight scrapper, has sailed from England for Australia to fulfill a series of engagements there. We wish him every success and the best of luck.

Buzz Barton, the first of our Jamaica boys to blaze the trail in England, has now returned home after a very successful campaign—scoring 13 K.O.'s in 24 starts and dropping only three decisions. Buzz's stay here will be short as he is bound for Australia where he will have a busy time.

Goyito Rico, heavyweight champion of Cuba, is expected here to box Tiger Terry Warrington early.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

FREDDIE MILLER, ex-featherweight champion of the world, showed the fans at the Liverpool Stadium that he has lost none of his ring cunning. In his contest with John Cusick of Manchester, he dealt out severe punishment and scored a seven-round K.O. over the Manchester lad, who had never before taken a count.

Kid Tanner, the British Guiana bantam and featherweight champion, again proved his wares by stopping Bobbie Magee of North Shields in the fifth of a ten-round contest.

George Odwell of Camden Town stopped Paddy Roche of Ireland in the eighth of a twelve-round contest at the East Ham Palais des Danse when the Irish boy received a badly cut eye.

Tommy Brown of Hackney outpointed Dick Allen of Plymouth in a hard-hitting eight-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

The decision of a draw between Ginger Sadd of Norwich and Dai Jones of Wales was received with a mixed reception by many of the fans at Norwich, who thought that the Welshman was entitled to the verdict after ten rounds.

Dave McCleave of Battersea was unlucky to have to retire at the end of the seventh round with a badly cut eye in his bout with Hein Weisner of Austria at Herne Bay after being well in front.

Phil Bevan of Poplar defeated Vic Maudsley of Preston at the Stadium Club, London, when the latter was well in the lead but was forced to retire with a badly cut eye.

Leo Lee of Canning Town outpointed Jack Gubbins over ten rounds, and George Marsden of Nottingham drew with Billy Walker of Stratford over eight rounds.

Dan McAllister, Belfast, proved too clever for Alex Alston of Preston in a ten-round contest at Preston and was a ready winner at the end.

The charity show at the Stadium Club, London, was a huge success. Nat Franks of Dalston lost to Elfryn Morris of Birmingham in the ninth round when he was forced to retire owing to having sustained a badly cut eye.

Maurice Dennis, ex-amateur champion middleweight in 1937, won his first professional contest when he met George Day of Watford, who proved no match for the ex-amateur, and the referee stopped the bout in the second.

Arthur Danahar, ex-amateur lightweight champion, defeated Hal Cartwright, Tipton, in the seventh when the referee intervened to save Cartwright unnecessary punishment.

Dave Finn of Stepney outpointed Frankie Hill of Barrow over ten rounds of a hard-hitting contest.

Bushman Dempster of Lanark surprisingly defeated Tommy Henderson of Dumfries, the Scottish cruiserweight champion, in a ten-round contest at Greenock.

Three days previous, Dempster had beaten Jackie Moran of Carlisle over ten rounds at Carlisle after a good bout.

Pierce Ellis, the hard-hitting Manchester flyweight, dealt out some hard punches to Kid Vengan of South Africa in their ten-round bout at Salford, and the gameness of Vengan won him a big ovation from the crowd.

With a terrific right-hand punch to the jaw, Packy Paul of Canada knocked out James J. Britt of South Africa in the second round after an even first at the Ring, London.

George Bridges of Salford was too fast for Phil Bevan of Poplar in their ten-round contest at the Devonshire Club, and was a ready winner.

Sammy Shaw, the ex-jockey boxer from Hull, again won the hearts of the fans by his non-stop hitting when he met Kid Chocolate, bantamweight champion of Jamaica, over eight rounds. Four rounds were enough for the colored boy, who retired at the end of the round after taking considerable punishment to the body from the jockey boy.

Ronnie James, the Swansea featherweight, made a successful comeback to the roped square and won two contests in seven days, K.O.'ing Matt Powell at Swansea and Dave Williams of Ammanford at Ebbw Vale in five rounds.

Johnny Houlston of Cardiff won one of the best contests seen for some time when he defeated Mog Williams of Pencoed, a southpaw, in the final eliminating contest for the Welsh welterweight title over fifteen rounds at Swansea.

It took Referee Arthur Meyers thirty minutes to decide whether Peter Kane of Golbourne had beaten Georges Bataille of France by a T.K.O. because the towel had been thrown in the ring by the latter's manager during the second round of their scheduled ten-round contest at the Liverpool Stadium.

At first the referee led the Frenchman to his corner, and stated that he had given no decision, and it was afterwards announced that the purse money of the Frenchman would be withheld by the B.B.B.C. pending an inquiry.

I cannot understand why the referee had to wait before giving his decision. It should have been decided in the ring whether Bataille's manager had acted within his rights of throwing in the towel or not. If the referee decided that Kane wins on a T.K.O., then the manager was in order, and the boxer should receive his purse money without an inquiry. Again, if the referee thought that the manager acted not in accord with the rules and Bataille could have continued, he should have disqualified the Frenchman before leaving the ring, and purse money is then automatically held up till the Northern Council of the B.B.B.C. meets.

A successful charity tournament staged by Syd Hulls at the Stadium Club, London, saw one of the season's finds in the lightweight division, Eric (Boy) Boon of Chatteris, score the best win of his career when he K.O.'ed the Welsh lightweight champ, Boyo Rees, in two minutes and forty seconds of the first round with as neat a left hook and right to the jaw as one could wish to see.

This eighteen-year-old Farrier of the Eastern Counties is going to make things hum for any of the class lightweights that may be in his way to the championship.

Harry Mizler, former British lightweight champion, now boxing as a welterweight, gained a narrow points win over Leo Phillips of Birmingham after ten rounds.

Johnny Ward, the Irish non-stop battler, forced Billy Masters of Glasgow to retire at the end of the fifth round after the latter had taken many of Ward's non-stop punches and was in an exhausted state at the end of the round.

Harry Silver of Clapton dealt out severe punishment to "Ginger" McDermott of Acton in their six-round bout, but the redhead gamely lasted the distance amid the cheers of the crowd.

Jackie Williams of Canning Town, a promising young featherweight, outpointed and outpunched Johnny Stark of Dagenham over four rounds, and Billy Hummserston of Battersea, one of the hardest hitters among the beginners, put paid to Ron Fisk of Acton when a left hook in the stomach put the latter down for the full count in the first of a four-round bout.

Battling Hayes of Leeds won comfortably over Tommy Farricker of Ardwick in their ten-round contest at Regent Stadium, Salford.

Ted Carroll of Birmingham knocked out Bob Rollason of Larkhill in the seventh of a twelve-round bout at Redditch.

Tommy Jones of Derby continues winning against second-class opposition and I predict that if this boy were to be pitted against first-class opponents, he would come out tops. He showed clever form in outpointing Arnold Sheppard of Wales over ten rounds at Sutton-in-Ashfield.

Johnny Curley, former featherweight champion, was given a testimonial at the Ring, London, which was a huge success.

George Davis of Notting Hill and Butcher Gascoigne of Sheffield boxed eight rounds to a draw.

Pat Palmer of Battersea was outpointed by Goff Williams of Chatham over ten rounds.

Danny Paul of Canada stopped Tom Benjamin of Wales in the third of a six-round contest.

Jimmy Wilde, ex-world's flyweight champion, introduced a colored boxer from South Africa named Seaman Chetty of Durban and he showed plenty of class when defeating Dave Kellar, Southern Area flyweight champion, on points over ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, London.

Eddie McGuire of South Africa won by a K.O. over Dick Freezer of Barnsley in the fifth of a ten-round bout at the Ring, London.

Alex Burton of Hoxton outpointed Jack Hopwood of St. James after a gruelling twelve-round contest.

Dave Finn of Stepney defeated Billy Masters of Glasgow in the sixth round at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when the referee stopped the contest when Masters received a badly cut eye.

Jock McAvoy, British middleweight champion, won his contest at Dublin when he knocked out Marcel Lauriot of France in the second of a twelve-round contest, with a left and a right to the body.

The men entered the ring at 2 o'clock in the morning, and in the short space of five minutes the Frenchman was down and out from McAvoy's hard hooks to the body and jaw.

Dom Lydon, Ted Broadribb's heavyweight, showed no effects from his recent automobile accident when he knocked out Chris Cole of Mullinger in the third of an eight-round bout.

Two stable companions, Tut Whalley of Hanley and Tiny Bostock of Leek, met over fifteen rounds in the open air at Hanley for the right to go forward as a contender for Benny Lynch's world flyweight title.

The rain reduced the expected attendance of 25,000 to a mere 8,000 and an exciting scrap was put up by both, as stable companions are expected to, and Whalley won by his aggressiveness and two-handed body work in the clinches.

Bill Hardy of Leicester outpointed Len Rowlands of Dagenham in a hard-hitting eight-round bout.

A crowd of 7,000 braved the weather at Veitch Field, Swansea, to witness in the rain the twelve-round contest between Freddie Miller, ex-featherweight champion of the world, and Len Beynon of Swansea, the Welsh featherweight champion.

Miller started off in his usual dashing style, and was met by a lad who was out to try and beat the ex-champ at his own game. He made a good stand for six rounds, until he suffered a cut right eye, and from then on Miller went ahead and scored a clean-cut win.

George Odwell of Camden Town was beaten by a T.K.O. by the colored Jamaican, Lefty Flynn, in the fifth round when the latter let drive a right to Odwell's short rib that forced him to the canvas, and on rising he collapsed again and said to the referee, "I can't go on!" and as Flynn dashed forward to land another blow, Referee Mick Fox immediately stopped the contest, which took place at the Ring, London, and declared Flynn the winner.

Dave Finn of Stepney scored a K.O. win over George Bridges of Salford in the fifth of a ten-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when a long right-hand swing caught Bridges on the temple and he sank down to be counted out.

Jimmy Walsh, British lightweight champion, scored a quick K.O. victory over Jim Cameron of Glasgow in eighty seconds of the first round with a perfect right to the jaw. The contest took place at Preston.

Syd Hulls staged a successful show in the open-air at the New Cross Greyhound Racing Stadium for the Mayor of Bermondsey's Children's Fund.

Jack Hyams of Stepney gave a polished performance and won a deserving points victory over Eddie Pierce of South Africa at the end of twelve rounds.

George Davis of Notting Hill knocked out Dave McCleave of Battersea in the fifth of an eight-round bout.

George Marsden of Nottingham was too good for Pat Palmer of Battersea and won by a K.O. in the sixth round after he had taken considerable punishment.

Martin Thornton, an Irish heavyweight, knocked out Syd Hart of Mitcham in the third of a four-round bout.

Ginger Sadd of Norwich fought cleverly to win a points decision over Elfryn Morris of West Bromwich at Norwich after twelve rounds.

Len Wickwar of Leicester had an easy task in disposing of Dodo Williams of Jamaica in the third of a twelve-round bout at Newport, Mon.

Freddie Tennant of Dundee gave a sterling performance at Dundee when he K.O.'ed Hughie Woods in the fourth of a ten-round bout that was full of thrills from start to finish.

Sam Moreton, the promoter of Rotherham, staged a good show when he introduced the colored fly and bantamweight champion of South Africa, Seaman Chetty, in a twelve-round contest against Pierce Ellis of Manchester.

The bout was closely contested, and the colored boy deserved the decision he received at the end of a spirited contest.

Bert Chambers of Widnes gained a meritorious points victory over Eddie Jones of Blackburn in a twelve-round contest at Morecambe.

Paddy Ryan of Collyhurst gained a narrow points win over Billy Nash of Clerkenwell in a ten-round bout at Salford.

Sid Worgan of Llanharan gave an impressive display when he outpointed George Morgan of Triphil over ten rounds at Abergavenny.

How many of my readers can recall the days of the Wonderland and the Premierland, the homes of boxing in East London? What stories could be told about these two halls, where, in the heart of East London, such champions of the old school as Young Josephs, Sid Burns, Jewey Smith, Jewey Cook, Young Cohen, Joe Brooks, Kid Lewis and numerous others were produced.

Nowadays, it is seldom that one sees an East Side boy with any championship pretensions. Perhaps it is because the old Wonderland is no more, having burned down in 1911, and because the Premierland, scene of many a wonderful fight, was forced to close its doors in 1930. Maybe if another boxing hall like the Wonderland or the Premierland materializes, East Side boxing will once more arise to the predominant position it occupied in those wonderful days before the war. Maybe once again the crowd will roar encouragement to a lad, rising on the horizon, in the footsteps of Ted "Kid" Lewis and the "Whitechapel Whirlwind," Jack "Kid" Berg, who is now going quite well in the States.

At present, however, the Devonshire Club, Hackney, is doing great service for East Side boxing, and has been doing so during the past five years, and many a good boy has shown there, but so far none has arisen to compare with those dynamic personalities of twenty or more years ago.

Jack Smith of Worcester, the winner of the *Daily Mail* £2,000 novices' heavyweight competition, scored a good win over Len Rowlands of Dagenham after ten hard-hitting rounds at the East Ham Palais des Danse.

Willie Smith of Margate defeated Pat Warburton of Wales in a hard-hitting bout of ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

A crowd of 3,000 excited fans jammed the Mile End Arena to witness the bout between Arthur Danahar of Bethnal Green and Johnny Softley of Poplar, who were matched over eight rounds in the feature bout.

It was soon evident that the orthodox boxing of Danahar was too much for the Poplar boy, who came in for some severe punishment for five rounds. On the advice of his seconds, he retired at the end of the round because of an injured ear, leaving Danahar the winner.

Tommy Hyams of King's Cross was ruled out in the sixth of a ten-round bout against George Marsden for an alleged low blow at the Ring, London.

Vinney Elliot of Leeds K.O.'ed Tommy Hardcastle of Barnsley in the seventh of a twelve-rounder at Stockton after a hard-hitting bout.

Tommy Jones, the southpaw welter from Derby, continued his winning sequence by K.O.'ing Nick Page of Northampton in the sixth of a scheduled ten-round bout at Northampton.

Jim Reilly of Glasgow gained a good points win at Greenock over Bob Miller of Maryhill after ten rounds.

Alec Bell of Edinburgh made a successful return to the ring when he forced Bill Brennan of Newcastle to retire at the end of the sixth with a badly cut eye at Leith.

Bobby Magee of North Shields came right back to form in his home town when he stopped Fred Douglas of Amble in the fifth round, causing the referee to intervene.

George Butler of Penton and Jackie Bell of Britley fought a slashing ten-round bout at Britley before the referee decided them even and declared a draw, amid cheers from the crowd.

Jackie Moran of Carlisle repeated his K.O. victory over Sam Spriston of Gateshead in the same round as before, the latter taking the count in round three at Newcastle.

Bert Chambers of Widness scored a lightning K.O. win over Darkie Addinall of Leeds in the first round at Leeds.

Jack Daley of Wigan and Tommy Foster of Bolton put up a hard-hitting ten-round contest in the open air at Leigh that ended in a narrow verdict for Daley.

The principal bout at the Arena, Belfast, between Al Lyttle and Johnny Barratt of Pontefract ended with a K.O. win for the local lad, Lyttle, in the third of a ten-round bout.

Two contenders for the Northern Ireland middleweight title met at the Belfast Stadium and ended with Manuel Quinn defeating Pat Cowley in the seventh of the scheduled ten rounds owing to a bad injury to the latter's mouth.

Tommy Elliot, a keen Ulster bantam, registered a speedy victory over Tommy Proctor of Burnley, who was K.O.'ed in the opening session of a ten-round bout at the Belfast Arena.

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BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

HAVANA was the scene of one of the best fights held in Cuba in many moons. Lou Salica of New York and Fillo Echeverria of Spain supplied the fireworks, and certainly drew a full house. Salica, appearing in great form, displayed some clever boxing and was winning easily on points when he knocked the Spaniard cold in the ninth round.

George Sheppard, popular manager of a long string of fighters, was a visitor here, vacationing after an illness. Sheppard was delighted with Havana and promised to return with Charlie Gomer, lightweight, and other good boxers.

Juan Aliva, one of Cuba's good seconds, worked in Salica's corner, and both Salica and Hymie Caplan praised his good work.

Joe Legon, Cuban welterweight, in a slow 10-rounder, won over Ramon Molina. The fight was a close one, and could have been a draw.

Baby Oriental, crack Cuban featherweight, defeated Alex Yanes in an even 10-round contest. Yanes scored two knockdowns and did some good work, but the Oriental Baby was too clever for him.

Golden Glovers are doing their utmost to win titles, and lots of good prospects in all divisions are looming up. Pincho Gutierrez is doing splendid work in the Boxing Commission. He is at the head of the Golden Glove Tournament. Commandante Jaime Marine, President of the Boxing Commission, took the right step when he put Mr. Gutierrez on his staff. Pincho's experience is worth a million.

Some of the winners in the Golden Glove contests are as follows:

Gerardo Izquierdo defeated Ramon Muñiz; Jose Herrera bested Rafael Azarian; Francisco Latorre beat Mario Lores; Justo Valdes defeated Candido Pacheco; Rene Contino won over Jose Perez; Sergio Bustamante won from Jose Miranda; Eduardo Quereiz won over Jose Herrera; Victor Tarin defeated Anton Perez; Roberto Ferrer won from Santiago Villar, and Ramon Tia won from Bonifacio Sandoval.

Ramon Tia, flyweight, is one of the outstanding youngsters in the Golden Gloves.

Canzoneri and Chile, brothers, are also outstanding fighters in the Golden Gloves, and look like future champs. Both are in the bantamweight division.

Blanco Herrera, owner of the Tropical Brewery, gave a free boxing show at the Tropical Stadium, and 20,000 fans saw some great boxing contests. Herrera is a great sport, and credit goes to him for the rise of boxing in Cuba.

Cuco Conde continues as head announcer, and he knows his work.

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

WITH a weight advantage of eight pounds, Otto Blackwell of Los Angeles pounded out an easy eight-round victory over Flashy Sebastian.

Taking an early lead, Cris Crispin won easily from Augie Curtis. A late starter, Curtis pounded his rival hard in the closing rounds but the lead collected by Crispin was too much to overcome. Baby Samson put the cleaners on Young Basillio in three rounds, Charlie Boggs put away Maxie DeGuzman in two rounds, Kid Fernandez drew with Kid Frederico, Hilo Francisco and Leo Youngblood drew.

Oki Shikina, star Nipponese wrestler, eliminated Gus Sonnenberg, former world's champion, for the right to meet Bronko Nagurski, present world's heavyweight wrestling champion, for the latter's title in Honolulu. Oki took two out of three falls to cop the match.

Alice Faye and Tony Martin of Hollywood screen fame, who are on their honeymoon, were introduced just before the main event got under way.

Bronko Nagurski, world's champion, and Mrs. Nagurski pulled into port for a series of bouts for Al Karasick, local promoter. We fans in the islands are grateful to Promoter Karasick for bringing to Honolulu such an attraction.

Displaying his powerful strength, Champion Nagurski made his local debut impressively before a packed house of more than four thousand spectators. Nagurski subdued his thirty pounds heavier opponent, the bewhiskered Mormon, Brother Jonathan, who weighed 265 pounds, in 36 minutes, 5 seconds, in a one-fall match. Jonathan simply didn't have a chance against the world's champion.

The referee in the Nagurski match was the imported Dan MacDonald.

Otto Blackwell took an eight-round T.K.O. over Baby Johnson when the latter failed to answer the bell in the eighth round, motioning to the referee that he couldn't continue. Johnson was handicapped by a deep gash over his eye. In the seven rounds of fighting, Blackwell proved too much for the Filipino battler.

Fighting Carlos of Manila took a close decision over Adolph Samuels in eight rounds of furious fighting. Both were evenly matched and the final verdict could have gone either way.

In the semi-windup, Little Reynes took the decision (but the margin was slight) over Benny Dawson. This turned out to be a slugging match. Maxie Weisbarth suffered a T.K.O. from Ted Abrams in the second round. Kid Felipe beat Harry Higa. Richard Miyashiro won from Al Silvano. Leo Youngblood won from King Smiley.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

HEAVYWEIGHTS are the popular choice in Montreal's fistic activities and it looks as though the big fellows will continue to be the dominating performers on cards staged in the Canadian Metropolis during the rest of the season. Al McCoy, Emil Scholz, Oliver Shank, Tommy Osborne and Jarl Johnson are the main reasons for the revival of heavyweight interest here, and indications promise some keen heavyweight battling on tap for Montreal fans. It has been a long time since so many heavies have been on hand for action locally, and if the promoters make the most of it, the game should boom back to prosperity here again.

Dave Castilloux, making his first appearance since winning the Canadian feather title, hammered out a win over Danny London, New York, in the ten-round feature of Raoul Godbout's second Forum show. London was bothersome, particularly in the early rounds and in the fifth when he floored Castilloux for no-count with a high right counter to the head, but after that it was a case of London catching what he couldn't dodge or slip of Castilloux's two-fisted barrages.

Emil Scholz, who was also billed under the name of Fernand Landrin, particularly in the French dailies, handed Eddie Coderre a terrific pasting in the ten-round semi-final though the game and rugged Coderre was not in any immediate danger of a knockout. Scholz, who seems to be a specialist at it, gashed Coderre's eye and had him bleeding badly in the late rounds. It was a rugged battle and though Scholz had a big edge in practically every round, Coderre kept him going full speed ahead. It was a bit of a surprise to see Scholz consistently on the offensive after being practically entirely on the defensive in his joust with Oliver Shank. It was Coderre's first bout in several months.

Tommy Osborne, Canada's outstanding amateur heavyweight and British Empire Games titlist, made his pro debut in a scheduled six-rounder against Paul Pross, who lived up to his cognomen of "One Punch Paul" by doing his usual first round fade-out after a few brief flurries. Pross arose right after the count. It was too bad that such an incompetent and unwilling performer was matched with Osborne and such matches will not build him up.

Jarl Johnsen, Pete Sanstol's Norwegian heavy, made his Canadian debut on the Castilloux-London card in a scheduled six-rounder with Paul Joffre, local copper, who gained most of what experience he has in the "White Hope" tourneys. Showing some of Sanstol's ring characteristics, Johnson did not have too much trouble with Joffre, though taking four rounds to batter him down.

Albert DiSalvo, promising local 130-pounder, proved too good a puncher for Camille Gosselin in the opening six-rounder, having him on the verge of a kayo several times, but the game southpaw stuck it out in the last two heats after making things interesting in the earlier rounds. Both were unbeaten products of the popular priced shows at the St. James Market Hall during the winter.

Al McCoy was scheduled to make his first appearance of the season here against Hans Haverlick, the big Austrian from Syracuse, in one of the two ten-round features of Jules Racicot's initial presentation at the Baseball Stadium. Maxie Berger, Canuck lightweight king, appears in the other ten-round feature of this outdoor opener against Tommy Rawson, his Boston rival.

STRAY SHOTS—Al Shank, Oliver's fast-rising middleweight brother, who is already being dodged by middleweights in this vicinity, scored impressively in the ten-round feature of the inaugural show at the Municipal Auditorium at Shawinigan Falls, which promises to be a good fight town . . . . The promoters were unable to secure a middleweight to oppose Shank, so a full-fledged light-heavy, Art Connelly, was finally paired with him . . . . Shank's heavy hitting in the early rounds wore the big New Englander down steadily and he was on the verge of a knockout frequently in the late rounds . . . . Babe McLeod continued his unbeaten record as a pro by knocking out Raymond Bernard, a ruggedly built 140-pounder, in the first of a scheduled ten-rounder with a paralyzing left hook to the body . . . . McLeod is eager to battle it out with Orville Drouillard for the right to challenge Maxie Berger for the Canadian lightweight title . . . . the prelims were hummers . . . . Vianney Gauthier outpunched Bert White in a six-round sizzler, and the Lapointe brothers, Roger and Noel, scored in the other six-rounders . . . . it was a bang-up show that should put the game in solid with the Power City fans . . . . Ray McIntyre, colored Montrealer, won the Canadian middleweight title when he repeated his non-title win over Len Wadsworth, Hamilton, in a ten-round title bout at Ottawa . . . . McIntyre was too smart for Wadsworth all the way and survived the Hamiltonian's hustling finish to cop the laurels.

McIntyre later dropped two decisions in the Maritimes . . . . one to Porter McIntyre and the other to Irish Jimmy O'Boyne, both non-titular affairs . . . . McIntyre now makes his headquarters in New Brunswick . . . . Oliver Shank will likely meet Emil Scholz in a return bout in the ten-round semi-final . . . . Al Decarie proved an efficient and popular referee in the bouts at Shawinigan Falls . . . . this young Montrealer could do as a member of the Montreal Commission's refereeing staff . . . . Al Foreman, who retired as British Empire and Canadian lightweight champ a few years ago, is now on the refereeing staff . . . . he and Tommy Sullivan refereed the bouts on the last Forum show . . . . also Sylvio Mireault, former rival of Foreman's . . . . Pete Sanstol looked well upon his arrival with Jarl Johnson . . . . his hair is much darker now, which alters his appearance somewhat . . . . we used to term him the Blond Bullet . . . . still has that likeable personality . . . . fights not drawing so big in Toronto now . . . . only 4,000 reported when Small Montana gave away eight pounds and a boxing lesson to Baby Yack . . . . the Baby's two defeats by Johnny Gaudes, followed by a decisive pasting handed to Gaudes by Indian Quintana, who was decisioned by Yack, evidently cooled the fans a lot.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

DANNY BUCKLEY of Holyoke won over Billy Campanelli of Worcester in a six-round main bout at the Valley Arena, Holyoke. Lou Fisco of Providence won a very close decision over Freddie Pease of Stafford Springs in the other six. Al Gauthier of Ludlow won the decision over Joe Coll of Athol in a four-rounder. Billy Stewart of Holyoke won a decision over Al Freida of Worcester in four rounds.

Tommy Burns of Springfield won over Freddy Orman of Holyoke; Jackie Dupont of Granby stopped Hi Brown of Providence in the third round; Tommy Grady of Springfield k.o.'ed Jimmy Barbour of New Haven in the second round; Steve Sapkowsky of Granby knocked out Sailor Olsen of New Haven in the first round.

Sam Maltempo of Willimantic won a decision over Johnny Martin of Albany in a six-round main bout; Bobby Little of Holyoke knocked out Terry Haley of Albany in the second round of a six; Dinkie Jones won a four-round bout from Eddie McGraw of Meriden; Joey Woishnis of Agawam won a decision over Joe Burkenmeyer of Saratoga in a four rounder; Tommy Grady dropped a four-round decision to Al Wallach of Holyoke; Jackie Miles of North Adams won over Kid Drisco of Willimantic; Eddie Goodman of North Adams decisioned Larry Teane of Meriden; and Mede Rheyome of Springfield won over Paul Warner of Meriden.

Bobby Little of Holyoke won a decision over Johnny Martin of Albany in the main bout of six rounds at the Valley Arena new talent show. Tony Costa of Woonsocket won a decision in six rounds from Bobby Ivy of Hartford.

Joey Woishnis of Agawam won a decision over Jackie Blair of Albany in a four-rounder; Battling Buck of Longmeadow knocked out Joe Burkenmyer of Albany in the second round of a four; Jackie Dupont of Granby technically k.o.'d George Burke of Saratoga in the third round; Teddy Bagash of Holyoke won a decision over Fred Johnson of Saratoga; Al Tascheraux of Woonsocket won a decision over Al Castonquay; Rosaria Mantario of Holyoke defeated Boots Brewster of Suffield in the opener.

The Boys' Club of Springfield staged a very successful amateur boxing show at the Coliseum at West Springfield, Eastern States Exposition Grounds. Around 4,000 attended.

Thompsonville, Conn., is staging amateur bouts and drawing crowds. North Adams, Mass., is opening up the Meadowbrook Arena. Bill Craven and Billy Guirin are promoting and Jimmy Quinton is doing the matchmaking.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

JIMMY KELLY, veteran Middletown welterweight, is leading the paths of the nose denters in southern Ohio territory. Kelly punched out a ten-round decision over Freddy Hunt of Dayton at Middletown.

In the preliminary bouts on the Kelly-Hunt card, Joe Marivello won a decision over Petey Huber, and Al Fane drew with George Dixon.

George Baratko, Cleveland's leading middleweight challenger, is making great headway under the careful eye of the veteran trainer, Mickey Kilcher. George clicked with a ten-round winner over Tiger Fawn at Cleveland.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Gene Tunney, visiting in Cincinnati, placed Tommy Gibbons among his choice heavyweight opponents, but Dempsey as the hardest socker . . . . Tom Andrews' 1938 boxing record is a corker . . . . this column is inaugurating a flash service of fight results from all over the country . . . . managers interested should contact the writer at 1144 Dayton St., Cincinnati . . . . Mrs. Evelyn Harper of Louisville looks like she has something in young Phil Latona, a welterweight . . . . last time out he dished out a good pasting to Baby Luker . . . . it took but four heats for Jim Kelly to knock out Franky Lockwood, Indiana lightie, at Middletown . . . . watch the future smoke of Herbert Gilmore, Cincinnati-born English bantamweight . . . . irons are in the fire at the present time for a Toronto battle with either Baby Yack or Georgie Pace . . . . Young Harry Wills, Cincinnati Negro heavyweight, is gunning for a meeting with Harry Thomas in Chicago . . . . 400 promoters are listed in my boxing promoters' guide . . . . a few are still in stock at 50 cents in cash . . . . mail to Jimmy Amann, 1144 Dayton St., Cincinnati, O. . . . . Toots Jacobs, former fight promoter from Covington, giving Vine Street a going over . . . . Jack Davis, Kentucky manager, going in for salesmanship in a big way.

Springfield—Alabama Kid, weighing 163 pounds, won a ten-round decision over James Brown of Cincinnati, 165 pounds, to start his climb toward the top rung of the middleweight ladder.

On one of Carl Singleton's premier Akron programs, Babe Risko, tipping the beams nearer the light-heavyweight division, took a ten-round verdict over former middleweight champion Gorilla Jones of Akron.

The Derby Eve show at Louisville turned out to be a fighting program from start to finish. The complete card resulted in Lou Ambers, world's lightweight champion, winning a ten-round decision over Jimmy Vaughn of Cleveland; Sammy Angott of Louisville decisioned Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids, Mich., in ten rounds, and Milt Aron, Chicago welterweight, stopped Sammy Terry of St. Louis in two rounds. In a preliminary, Pete Lello of Chicago won a ten-round decision over Jimmy Buckler of Louisville. The latter are lightweights.

Washington, C. H.—Freddy Hunt, Dayton, won over K. O. Lee, Detroit, in eight rounds; Herb Gilmore, Cincinnati, decisioned Mickey Brown, Cincinnati, in eight rounds, and Tommy Brown, Cincinnati, won decision over Young Franklin, Philadelphia, in six rounds.

Scotty Riffle, Morgantown, W. Va., heavyweight, looks like the goods. The young Mountaineer Stater, under the management of the popular Johnny Zan, punched out a three-round knockout at the expense of Mike Mitchell of Bellaire, O., at Fairmount, W. Va., thereby winning the West Virginia heavyweight championship.

Joe Nornick decisioned Jimmy Reilly in six rounds and Leroy Frankman knocked out Buck Weaver in three rounds in the preliminary matches.

Leo Rittenour's eight-round win over Sammy Taormina of Akron in the latter city on the Risko-Jones bill proved that Rittenour is ready for the leaders at the 118-pound limit. With Rittenour going at top speed and Herbert Gilmore, the Cincinnatian, banging at the top ten front door in the same division, Ohio is producing talent in the lower class. With Rittenour and Gilmore leading the way, there is a possibility that younger bantamweights will spring up.

Fighters with good records, without strings, desiring work in this territory should contact the writer, Jimmy Amann at 1144 Dayton St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Information desired in regards to the game hereabouts can be had by enclosing a self-stamped envelope to the same address.

Eddie Mead, formerly of Cleveland; Suey Welch, hailing from Akron, and Freddy Miller of Cincinnati seem to be doing their utmost to keep Ohio on the pugilistic map. Mead is managing Henry Armstrong, Welch is the promoter of the Los Angeles Olympic, while Miller is still winning fights in England.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

PAULIE WALKER, veteran Trenton, N. J., welterweight, upset the dope in Baltimore in winning handily over Cocoa Kid in a 10-rounder at Carlin's Arena. The kid was a red hot favorite to lick the Jersey battler but Paulie carried entirely too many guns for the colored boy, who gamely tried to punch it out with Walker.

Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh turned the tables on Norment Quarles in Baltimore, giving the North Carolina boy a terrific pasting after the first round when he hit the deck himself. Quarles had licked the colored fighter in Pittsburgh and was figured to repeat but in this one Norment was entirely out of the picture after the first heat.

Lew Gevinson, Washington's hard hitting lightweight, took a boxing lesson at the hands of Pete Sarron, the former featherweight title-holder, before some 6000 fans at the Griffith Stadium in Washington. Sarron won on his experience, being able to out-maneuver the harder punching Gevinson anytime the going got dangerous. The remarkable part of Sarron's exhibition was that he went into the match with a bad elbow and immediately after the bout entered Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore where it will be determined whether Sarron's boxing days are over or not. It seems that Pete has been suffering with a "tennis elbow," an ailment similar to that suffered by Jack Delaney years back.

Steve Mamakos, Washington's fighting Greek, won over Battling Burroughs in the eight-round semi-final, giving the Georgia fighter a real pasting, much to the surprise of the majority of the fans. Mamakos improves with each start and will be heard of within the year.

Frankie Litt of Jersey City and Young Raspi of Baltimore fought a fast 10-rounder at Carlin's Park in Baltimore with Litt taking the nod. Although the verdict was unanimous, the majority of the fans as well as the press thought Raspi deserving of a better fate. The bout was a humdinger with Raspi the aggressor most of the way and Litt the more deliberate with his punches. The boys have been booked for a return affair.

Holman Williams, colored welterweight from Chicago, took the nod over Paulie Walker in 10 rounds at Baltimore. Williams was entirely too clever for the rough and ready Walker, who at all times carried the fight to his colored opponent only to take plenty of punches for his efforts. In the final round Walker became desperate, throwing caution to the winds in order to land a knockout, but Williams, who is about the cleverest welter to show in these parts in many a day, was always the master of the situation. In the scheduled eight-round semi-final, Ivan Nedomaski flattened Hunter Crostic of Richmond, Va., in one round.

Ivan Nedomaski had his hands full with Charlie Thompson in an eight-rounder at Baltimore. Nedomaski, who has been flattening all his opponents, met a tartar in Thompson who would just not stay put. On two occasions Ivan had Thompson on the deck only to have Charlie get up and more than hold his own. Nedomaski needed both knockdowns to win the duke over the veteran Thompson.

PICKUPS—Yucatan Kid and Norment Quarles go to the bat at Richmond for the mythical southern lightweight championship. The Kid is very popular in the Virginia capital and boxing Quarles there, who incidentally is also a favorite down in Virginia, it would not be surprising to see all attendance records shattered for the town. Yucatan Kid recently scored over Cowboy Howard Scott in Richmond in a close one and the Cowboy will be on hand for a chance at the winner.

Les Sponsler, former Baltimore boxing promoter, has returned to the promoting game in Baltimore. Sponsler is the man who put Baltimore back in the fight game some few years back after the town had gone absolutely dead from a boxing standpoint. After putting the game into a healthy condition he sold out his interests under contract not to operate in the Monumental City for a two-year period which has now expired, hence the return of Sponsler. The Baltimore fans will sure get a break with his outfit running in opposition to Sylan Bass' Olympia Club, the two clubs operating Friday and Monday respectively. In speaking of matchmaking, Sylvan Bass has done a real job in Baltimore also. Bass is responsible for the mixed matches which are far more popular with the colored population, who make up a good portion of the attendance each week at the Carlin's Arena.

Chris Dundee, who is now making his headquarters at the Piccadilly Hotel, New York City, is doing his best to keep the Southern boys in the limelight. He is handling Nick Camarata, classy New Orleans lightweight; Norment Quarles, Hendersonville, N. C., 135-pounder; Phil Furr, Washington welterweight, and Ken Overlin, Norfolk middleweight, who is now doing so well in Australia.

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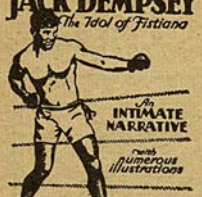

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IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

TONY GALENTO'S brilliant two-round knockout over Nathan Mann at Madison Square Garden placed the Orange bartender in a position to demand bouts with Joe Louis, Max Baer and Tommy Farr.

Much credit for Galento's good condition should be given to his trainers, Jimmy Frayne, Dick O'Connor and Burkey. Frayne is with Galento night and day and sees that Tony doesn't drink too much, it being well known that Galento likes his beer.

I want to take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks to several readers who have been kind enough to send newspapers, photographs and boxing news from their own countries. I refer to G. W. Farmer, Nottingham, England; Pete Pulos, Athens, Greece; D. W. Chester, Surrey, England, and Heinz Volkmer, Gruenberg, Germany. Many thanks!

Billy Nolan, famed tavern owner of 173 High Street, Newark, has the largest collection of fight pictures in New Jersey. He was once a popular manager and is a friend of many fight celebrities.

A reader from Appleton, Wisconsin, asks for some information on woman boxers and wrestlers. Both sports are unsuited for the female sex.

Maurice Cruls opened his Pen-E-Bryn Hotel in Sparta to training camp purposes when Joe Wagner moved in to prepare for his fight with Red Burman. Joe O'Gatty of Toms River has been there for many months chopping wood. Al Ryll also joined the group as a sparring partner for Wagner . . . . Mickey Biss, Passaic veteran, would try a comeback . . . . Maxie Fisher, Newark welterweight, is peeved at his manager, Hymie Caplin, because Maxie claims to have introduced Allie Stolz to Caplin. When Stolz became a sensation in lightweight ranks, Fisher asked Caplin for a percentage of Stolz's earnings, which Maxie claims was promised him. When Caplin refused, Maxie became peeved.

Pete Pulos writes from Athens that Jim Londos is expected to wrestle Joe Savoldi there in August before 60,000 fans . . . . Ancil Hoffman told me at Lakewood that he had been offered fights for Max and Buddy Baer in Germany but refused because the Berlin promoters offered him two high-powered motor cars instead of a money guarantee . . . . Opinion: The British Board of Boxing Control didn't show respect to American sporting fans when it gave Phil Zwick a long suspension. It forgot our sporting treatment to many British boxers, including Tommy Farr, George Daley, Jackie (Kid) Berg, Ginger Foran, Jack Doyle, Norman Snow, Jimmy Wilde, Len Harvey, Jock McAvoy, Jimmy Vaughan, Dave Finn, Seaman Watson, Phil Scott and Ted Broadribb.

Sam Sain has opened his new Mt. Freedom Arena with the help of Jimmy Reilly and Bucky Jones . . . . Several friends are spending their vacations at the popular Physical Culture Hotel in Dansville, N. Y. The place is recommended for athletes and others who want to regain health by diet, exercise and proper environment.

FIGHT RESULTS — Allie Stolz, Newark, looked good in stopping Chang Collura, home city rival, at Newark, fourth round . . . . Carlos Quevas, Puerto Rico, outpointed Willie Skidmore, Newark, six rounds, and stopped Solly Pace, third round, both at Newark . . . . Paulie Walker, Trenton, was outpointed by Holman Williams at Baltimore in ten . . . . Harvey Jacobs, Newark, stopped George Levy in two at Trenton, and on the same card, Mooch Murphy decisioned John Brennan, six rounds, and Larry Scalone, Newark, whipped John Pastor, Hightstown, six rounds.

Fred Cochrane, Elizabeth, drew with Ed Alzek in eight at Garfield . . . . On the underneath card, George Carlo, Paterson, stopped Tony Cal, West New York, in two; Alex Doyle, Garfield, whipped Paddy O'Neil, Hoboken, in six and Frank Conn, Lyndhurst, bested Dick Carangelo, Newark, in six . . . . Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City, outdistanced Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland, in eight at New York . . . . Larry Lane, Trenton, stopped Steve Kahley, Hazelton, in two at Trenton . . . . Joe McDougall, Elizabeth, was stopped by Al Ryll, Southwick, Mass., in four at Newark and bested by Ralph Ivins, Jamesburg, in six at Trenton . . . . At Newark, Lou Lombardi, Jersey City, whipped Frank Williams, Newark, in eight and Joe Lemieux, New Bedford, Mass., outpointed Paul Cortlyn, Newark, in another eight.

Don Petrin, Newark heavyweight, is the only one who has gone thirty rounds with Galento. Don fought two draws and lost one decision to the Orange Water Buffalo.

C. W. Steele of Sydney, Nova Scotia, writes to ask if there is any action in New Jersey for six-round fighters. Yes, there is plenty of work for willing fighters who don't expect large purses in their debuts here.

One of the best fistic analysts in the country, John J. Romano, is now engaged as a sports copy reader on the Newark *Ledger*. John formerly wrote a nationally syndicated boxing column . . . . What happened to Ray Caffrey since he returned from Miami? . . . . If Mike Piskin doesn't keep busy this summer I don't think he will achieve the heights which his manager, Paul Kiernan, predicts for him.

LEST WE FORGET—Ernie Schaff, the Elizabeth heavyweight, who met a premature death in the ring, was known as one of the cleanest and most sportsmanlike heavyweights the game ever had. He had a wonderful physique and was selected to pose for the Muldoon trophy, on which is inscribed the names of the heavyweight champions. The trophy is on view in the lobby of Madison Square Garden. It is my suggestion that a suitable memorial plaque be awarded each year by a national committee of boxing authorities to that boxer who has been of greatest service to the boxing game. Let us not forget the memory of a great, noble athlete!

Frank Conn whipped Frankie Birt in six at Newark. In the same city, Lope Berman, Paterson, defeated Joe Marsh, Toronto, six; Carmine Palmieri, Newark, stopped Doug Denton, advertised from Liverpool, England, in two; Ed Clarey, New York, stopped Thys Menger, Paterson, in four, and Frankie Bove, Newark, making his debut, received the decision over Ed Capanna in five.

Angelo Pucci's clever lightweight, Tippy Larkin, Garfield, continued his winning streak by outpointing Julio Gonzalez, Puerto Rico, in eight at Newark . . . . Charley Bowers of Brooklyn asks who would win between Steve Dudas and Jersey Joe Walcott. Answer: It would be a toss-up. Dudas has to start all over again after being floored by Schmeling . . . . Barney Villa, who fought here several times, will soon be a father, he reports . . . . Al McCluskey, Elizabeth promoter, took over the Adelphia A. A. when Bud Soutan, Elizabeth, stopped Jim Robinson, Linden, in three. In a previous show, Buddy Ryan, Roselle Park, stopped Fred Caruso, Jersey City, in six and Willie Skidmore beat Ed Schaeffer, Bayonne, in six, while Frankie Carlin, Camden, and Young Buckey, Bloomfield, were even over the same distance.

PUNCHING THE BAG—Mickey Walker is master of ceremonies at the First Round, Keansburg, N. J. . . . . Cal Cagni, formerly known as Emil Calcagni from Cresskill, celebrated the change of his name by whipping Baby Salvy Saban in eight at Madison Square Garden . . . . Jimmy Frayne, the popular Orange trainer, is the only white man who ever played with the Renaissance, world's Negro champions . . . . Recommended to readers of THE RING who visit New York: The play, "What a Life," at the Biltmore Theatre, a laugh provoking comedy . . . . I saw a flash of Abie Bain in the picture, "Joy of Living," starring Irene Dunne.

Nunzio Bisogno, Newark lightweight, lost a close eight-round decision to John Rinaldi, New York, at the opening of Sam Sain and Jimmy Reilly's Mt. Freedom Arena. Billy Hildrebrand, Morristown, decisioned Jim Cogman, Newark, and Dick Carangelo, Newark, drew with Frankie Carlin, Camden, in the sixes. Ted Dalton scored his third straight knockout when he stopped Jimmy Buler, Trenton, in the first of a four.

My best regards to Al Wolfe, former Newark lightweight, now working in Santa Monica, Calif. . . . . Seems to this corner Galento is taking too much of a gamble by meeting John Henry Lewis in Philadelphia this month, win or lose. Tony never did look good against light-heavyweights even by his own admission. But the real reason he took the match is the fact that he will receive twenty-five per cent of what is expected to be the largest gate in the Quaker City in two years . . . . Louis Viola, Nutley contractor, is willing to offer Lou Ambers $25,000 to meet Tippy Larkin, but Lou is too busy with getting ready for a fellow named Armstrong . . . . The best account of a fight in many years, in my opinion, was written by Tony Marenghi, brilliant boxing writer of the Newark *Star Eagle*, whose excellent word picture of the Ross-Armstrong battle was a classic.

Congratulations to our Abie Bain, now appearing successfully in the movies as Al Bayne . . . . Newark boasts of two of the best boxing writers in the country in Joe Donovan of the Newark *Ledger* and Willie Ratner of the Newark *News* . . . . Jim Braddock awarded a ten-round decision to Gus Lesnevich, Cliffside Park, over Buddy Ryan, Roselle Park, at the opening of Lou Diamond's West New York Stadium, which he calls "Little Shelby" . . . . Doc Bier's Pompton Lakes training camp received national publicity when Joe Louis trained there again for the Schmeling fight . . . . Armstrong to decision Lou Ambers is my prediction . . . . A group of New Jerseyites are ready to form a union of boxers. After the death of Joe Moresco there was talk of creating a fund for indigent boxers, but nothing came of it. Now the pugs are up in arms and intend to do something about it. More power to them!

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

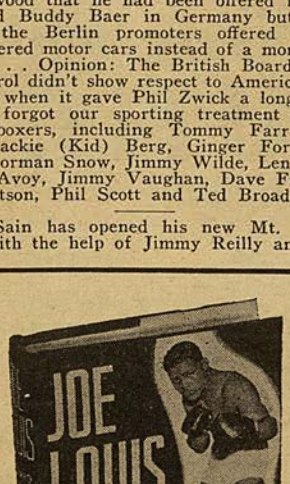
AT Scranton—Boxing his first wind-up before a Scranton audience, "Irish" Jack Munley of Old Forge continued his upward climb by kayoing Steve Kahley of Hazleton in the second round.

In the semi-final, scheduled for six rounds, Jack Downey, Scranton heavyweight, kayoed Sgt. Johnny Riley of Wilkes-Barre in the second round. In the other bouts, Patsy Gall, Freeland lightweight, drew in six rounds with Charlie Scrimmalli of Dunmore; Emil Kozel, Throop middleweight, defeated Joe Pavliga of Scranton, and Len De-Andrea of Dunmore bested Joe Tassie of Scranton.

At Hazleton—Chester Palutis, hard-punching Scranton light-heavyweight, dropped a close ten-round verdict to Matt Raymond of Philadelphia in the featured bout at Feeley Hall. Palutis, weighing 170 pounds, spotted the Quaker City lad eleven pounds in weight and about four inches in height. In the semi-final, Luke Beattie, colored middleweight from Delta, Pa., floored Gene McColligan of Scranton for counts of nine and five, only to see the decision go to the Scrantonian. In the other bouts, Tommie Scavo, Scranton featherweight, drew with Leroy Ponzi of Hazleton in six fast rounds, and Johnny Habowski of Kulpmont defeated Frankie Heuser of Mt. Carmel in the four-round opener.

At Wilkes-Barre—Al Traino of Rochester outpunched Joe Sweeney of Wilkes-Barre to gain the eight-round decision in the featured bout at the local Armory. The Rochester welterweight had too many guns for the Coal Region lad. In the semi-final, Rego Dell, Scranton lightweight, drew with Steve Gacha of Wilkes-Barre in six rounds. Johnny Snyder, Wilkes-Barre light-heavyweight, kayoed Billy Butchnock of Exeter in the second round of a scheduled sixer. In the other bouts, Joe Casper of Parsons drew with George Marinko of Swoyersville in a four-rounder; Stanley Mark of Sheldon lost in four rounds to Sherman Faust of Pittston, and in the opener, Bernie Duggan of Pringle kayoed Jackie Allen of Wilkes-Barre in the third stanza.

JUST RAMBLING—Bill Hawkins and Nick Pope have taken over a club at Sioux City, Iowa, and plan to run weekly throughout the summer months . . . . Warren "Hutch" Hutchinson is making the matches for the Hart Memorial Club at Louisville, Ky. . . . . Chester Palutis is now training faithfully and looks better than ever . . . . Arthur Thomas is roaming around the country with his array of simon-pure fistic stars, Bill Speary, Thomas' national bantamweight champion, among them . . . . Ernie Gennell, Scranton fight pilot, is keeping his stable busy . . . . Pete Susky is now the leading trainer of fighters in the Coal Fields. Susky is making St. Pat's Gymnasium his headquarters . . . . Johnny Vandurek, Jack Downey, "Midget" Mickey Walker, Luke Beattie, Tommy Liberto, and Paulie Griffiths are under the supervision of Susky at the St. Patrick's Gym . . . . THE RING is on sale at all newsstands in the Coal Fields . . . . In Scranton you can buy THE RING at Spec's Book Shop, corner Wyoming and Linden Streets.



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ABOUT PHILADELPHIA
By HEN DE VOS

AL ETTORE and Jimmy Adamick ushered in the outdoor season at the Phillies' Ball Park in the inaugural wind-up of Herman Taylor's 1938 campaign. Adamick flattened the courageous Ettore with a lightninglike right-hander for Referee Jack Dempsey's toll of ten in one minute, twelve seconds of the fourth round. Previous to the K.O. punch, the Philadelphian apparently held his own. Jimmy outpunched Ettore in the first frame, but in the second, Al landed hard and often with left hooks to Adamick's midsection and then followed these up with powerful shots to the head to even up the fight.

Ettore continued to whale away at the forward moving Adamick in the third to pile up an early lead, but the Michigander's unflinching efforts with body belts and head smashes earned him an even break before the round ended. The fourth was scarcely under way when—bang! Like a rifle shot, Adamick's right crashed upon Al's jaw. Ettore fell backward to the canvas for the full count for the first time in ten years of leather pushing.

In other matches, Tiger Jack Fox outpunched Willie Reddish (eight), Gus Dorazio trounced Nick Young (eight), Abe Simon halted Jim Whitest in the second round of a scheduled sixer, and in the opening bout, Nick Fiorentino, former amateur champion, K.O.'ed Buddy Paul in two minutes and forty-nine seconds of the fourth round.

Matt Raymond, Tommy Loughran's protege, after being defeated by Nick Young in his local debut across the river at Camden, came back to outpoint Chester Palutis in ten heats at Hazleton, Pa. Raymond will meet Billy Ketchell on the Cambria's first open-air show, which will also bring together Jim Robinson, former Golden Gloves heavyweight champion, and the same Nick Young.

Baron Jimmy Dougherty's son, Howard, will promote regular outdoor boxing shows at Leiperville this summer. Steve Martin, who shapes up like a heavyweight who may go places, will very likely top the opening card. Martin, incidentally, is the Baron's pride and joy.

Amateur boxing, a dead issue around here for the past four or five months, is about to be revived with the announcement of several outdoor shows this summer. Seymore A. A. has arranged a card at its field, 10th Street and Washington Avenue, and the Mason A. C. is getting together a program at Black Tom Field, 8th and Dickson Sts. The Passon A. A. will hold regular weekly attractions at Blue Ribbon Field and the *Daily News* Silver Gloves Championships will be decided during a tournament at Outdoor Arena.

The Broadwood Gymnasium, under the capable direction of Willie Clark, is probably one of the finest equipped gymnasiums in the East and is drawing all of the leading fighters hereabouts.

At Lancaster (Maple Grove Arena)—Wicky Harkins, 149, Philadelphia, won over Lambertine Williams, 154, Baltimore (eight); Willie White, 136, Baltimore, drew with Tony Strazzerri, 132, Philadelphia (six); Reds Rahn, 137, Philadelphia, won over Mickey Belletere, 137, Hazleton (six); Teddy Baldwin, 136, Philadelphia, bested Earl Fredericks, 135, Lancaster (six), and in the opening four-rounder, Jack Grebill, 137, Brownstown, Pa., defeated Joe Lamb, 136½, Philadelphia.

Billy Passan, scrappy southpaw bantamweight from Philadelphia, defeated Johnny Scibelli of Union City, N. J., in ten rounds at Johnny Burn's Cambria Club. Passan chased Scibelli from bell to bell, making every round a winning one. Billy weighed 120¼ and his opponent 123. In the semi-windup, Tony Strazzerri, 131, stopped Gene Gallotto, 135¾, in the fourth round on a T.K.O. Gallotto's left eye was severely lacerated and the commission doctor ordered the referee to intervene. In the other bouts, Bobby Masters outfought Mike DeStephano (six), Billy Crawford knocked out Danny McNichol (two), and Eddie Stewart knocked out Frankie Cortez (two).

Jack Laken, Philadelphia's wandering fight manager, has finally come to roost in his native city. Jack announces that his crack featherweight, Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh, will meet Leo Rodak of Chicago in a fifteen-round match at Baltimore. The winner of this match, Laken hopes, will receive the N. B. A. recognition as world's champion, inasmuch as Henry Armstrong will probably never defend that title.

Dick Curley, connected with the boxing game for nearly half a century, has been issued a promoter's license at Norristown, where he plans to stage boxing matches outdoors. His first glove wind-up will be between Midget Wolgast and Johnny Craven, the Conshohocken Kid, who is on the warpath these days. Craven is gunning for a shot at Henry Armstrong and it is your observer's guess that he is too, too much for the Wolgasts and the likes.

Tony Galento and John Henry Lewis will meet in Herman Taylor's next fistic extravaganza at the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium. The match has been made for fifteen rounds and it is estimated that the bout will draw $60,000 or more. The Newark Nightstick, having K.O.'ed both Lorenzo Pack and Leroy Haynes in this city, is tremendously popular with the Philly fans, as is Lewis also for his three thrilling fights with our own Al Ettore.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

MIKE CHRISTIE, formerly of Cleveland, now making Rochester his home, is planning on staging a few outdoor shows and expects to run his first show June 13th with two ten-round bouts.

Johnny Burba is spending a month in Miami, Fla., fishing, and on his return to Rochester he'll make plans for his outdoor amateur bouts. Burba is planning on having three shows a month at the local ball park.

Al Traino, a good club fighter, has just returned from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where he gave Joe Sweeney of that city a fair licking. Traino won seven out of the eight rounds, and both judges and referee gave it to Traino.

One of the best prospects ever to turn up at a local amateur affair is Tony DiCarlo, a hard-hitting welterweight. Tony has had fourteen fights and won twelve by K.O. Tony is planning on turning pro under the writer's management soon.

Following are the results of the more important amateur bouts staged in Rochester: Nello Nucelli, 126 pounds, won decision over Eddie Smith, five rounds; Johnny Aicher, 170, Pittsburgh, defeated Sammy Leta, five rounds; Tony DiCarlo defeated Steve Brandozwich, Pittsburgh; Walter Barnes, 147, K.O.'ed Tony Polizzi in three rounds; Willis Barnes defeated Joey Stefano in five rounds; Jimmy Lel won over Ray Smith in five rounds; Mike Saquella, 130, Industry, won over Andy Wallace in three rounds; Henry Smith won over Johnny Joca of Cleveland in five rounds; Jim Bivens, Cleveland, won over Carl Erne in two rounds; Sammy Devine, Batavia, defeated Jimmy Smith of Cleveland in five rounds; John Henry, Cleveland, won over Nick Tundo, Batavia, Paul Columbo, Batavia, won over Joe LaFrison in five rounds; Al Costa, 112 pounds, won over Eddie Urbanski in five rounds; Carl Erne, Rochester, kayoed Ross Phillips of Oil City, Pa., in three rounds; Nick Tundo, Batavia, won from Hiram Jackson of Buffalo in five rounds; Joe Stefano, Rochester, defeated Jack Hines of Oil City, Pa., five rounds; Tony DiCarlo, Rochester, K.O.'ed Johnny Lippa in one round; Henry Smith, Rochester, defeated Roy Perry of Oil City, Pa., in five rounds; Smoke Robinson, Oil City, Pa., defeated Lou Cicere, Rochester, five rounds; Jimmy Lee, Rochester, defeated Ray Smith, five rounds; Paul Columbo, Batavia, defeated Joe LaFrison in five rounds; Eddie Urbanski, Batavia, won over Jim Scutella of Oil City in five rounds.

Julie Bauman, local wrestling promoter, is lining up a few good shows to open his outdoor season. Julie packs them in at his shows, the reason being that he gives the fans the best and brings in the best showmen in the game.

Jack Harding, Toronto, Canada: I've turned your letter over to the amateur matchmaker, and you'll hear from him soon.

Joe Roybal, Galveston, Texas: Will keep your letter on file, and I've answered your letter.

J. R. Ryan of Newfoundland: I am doing all I can to help you locate your brother. Keep in touch with me and keep me posted if anything new turns up, and also let me know if the address I sent you was O. K.

Johnny Aicher of Sharpsville, Pa.: You are a good prospect and should make a good fighter.

A LITTLE FOR ALL—Billy Smith of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is keeping his boys busy around Pennsylvania . . . . Red Herring is promoting amateur bouts in Utica and drawing fair gates . . . . Irven Robbins is packing them in at his weekly shows in Syracuse, and so is Tommy Carry at Johnson City . . . . Joe DiCarlo, Niagara District A.A.U. 147 pounds, is planning on retiring from the ring and training his brother, Tony . . . . Tony Palozzi, another amateur star, is planning to quit the ring . . . . Tony suffered a broken nose in his last bout . . . . Jake Hagerman, the fighting milk man, is planning on a comeback . . . . Al Fields' right wrist is out of the cast . . . . Al broke it at Endicott in his last fight . . . . If Billy Shaw of Syracuse makes that De John and Risko fight in Syracuse it will draw around $4100 . . . . Joe Brady is keeping his boys busy around the Coal Region . . . . Bill Burke is working for the city as a laborer, and so is Tony Walker . . . . Sad Sammy Leta is driving a cab, and Joe Letta is running a cigar store.

Don't forget to get your notes in before the first of each month if you want to read them in THE RING. THE RING is on sale at all newsstands on the first of each month. My address is 181 N. Union St., Rochester, N. Y.

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

HITTING the thorn-strewn comeback trail with a vengeance is Eddie (Babe) Risko, former middleweight champion of the world. Risko, a better fighter today than he was when he held the title, defeated Gorilla Jones in a ten-round bout at Akron, winning nine of the rounds with ease, in his initial comeback attempt, and in his second outing the rejuvenated Syracusan fought a ten-round draw with hard-hitting Al Quaill at Pittsburgh.

According to Pittsburgh sports writers, among them Harry Keck, sports editor of the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*, Risko should have been given the decision over Quaill. The Smoky City scribe said Babe had won seven of the ten rounds and held a distinct advantage in the last four. Referee Al Graybar cast the deciding vote when he rendered an even break in the duke, although Judge Willie Davis voted for Risko and Judge Jap Williams named Quaill the winner. Reports state it was a fast, furious bout all the way. After the scrap, Risko was offered a summer tilt with Billy Conn at Forbes Field.

Gabe Genovese is delighted with Risko's new lease on pugilistic life, and predicts the Babe will some day regain the crown he lost to Freddie Steele. At this writing it is planned to make the much sought after match between Risko and Ralph De John here this summer, a natural in every sense of the word that will undoubtedly draw the biggest gate in boxing history in Syracuse. The brawl is slated for the Municipal Stadium, a park that has a seating capacity of 12,000.

De John, in his last start, defeated the highly touted Charlie Eagle of Waterbury, Conn., in a six-round top at Buffalo. While the scrap was marred by holding and a lack of action on Eagle's part, De John is credited with trying to make a fight out of it, and won handily.

The latest fistic sensation in this sector is belting Bert Courage, the Hobart heavyweight knockout artist, who has won fifty-one bouts by knockouts. Bert may have joined the pro ranks by the time this goes to press, for he is by far the hottest box office attraction uncovered in central New York in years. Courage has engaged in sixty amateur contests and very few of his foes have been able to go the distance with him. A throwback to Jack Dempsey in style, the colorful collegian bids fair to make a fortune in the prize ring if he joins the paid-to-punch brigade.

J. Lyman Bingham, Chicago man, who is vice-president of the A.A.U., launched a sweeping investigation of upstate amateur boxing, starting at Watertown, N. Y., but uncovered nothing serious in the alleged matter of broken regulations. Before Bingham started looking into affairs of the Watertown Athletic Club, owned and operated by the city of Watertown, he was informed that many of the simon-pures were becoming "punch-drunk." That he found no such evidence goes without question. Those in charge of the A.A.U. sport govern the game according to the rules, and no one-sided bout is allowed to go far in the amateurs. In fact, many times some of the officials are too zealous and halt a scrap too quickly before one of the contestants is really in danger.

We never miss an opportunity to attend an amateur bout, and can safely say that among the best boxing shows we have ever seen are the A.A.U. battles. Every year the Syracuse *Journal-American* stages a monster tournament, and under the watchful eye of Al Wertheimer, upstate commissioner for the Niagara District A.A.U., these tourneys are conducted very carefully with a weeding out process for those physically unfit to compete, under strict medical examinations by two prominent local physicians. The weekly and semi-monthly amateur cards held at the Arena are also well handled and some splendid prospects for pro boxing uncovered there.

LEFT HOOKS—Lou Greenberg, widely-known Syracuse press agent, was among the locals who witnessed Henry Armstrong's masterful win over Barney Ross at the Garden's Long Island Bowl . . . . Prior to the welter title fuss, Greenberg was all for Ross . . . . Writing in his weekly *Jewish Ledger* sports column, "Flashes," Greenberg gave Ross much credit for his gameness, but admitted Armstrong was "the buzzingest buzzsaw he ever saw buzz" . . . . Among the Syracuse boxing writers, "Ringsider," who bangs out a daily fistic column for the Syracuse *Journal-American*, stood out as the one man who picked Armstrong to win the welter bauble . . . . "Ringsider" even told how Hustlin' Henry would do it, by fairly smothering Ross with a tireless, two-fisted bombardment . . . . Twice a month, education movies are being shown at Jackie Brady's gym, training quarters for all the pro and amateur pugs in this section . . . . Open forums are held, and the affairs are attended by capacity crowds . . . . Umbert and Ralph Brady operate the gym and social club with brother Jackie . . . . Irving Robbins, amateur matchmaker, has put on some swell shows during the past few months.

The classic of the summer cards was Bert Courage's thrilling one-round knockout of Billy Huff, Cleveland Negro . . . . Joe Netro claims the kayo suffered by Ralph De John at the hands of Walter Woods has made De John all the more determined to make good . . . . The clever North Sider is a marvelous boxer and a picture to watch in action . . . . He recalls memories of the once great Jimmy Slattery, he is that classy and fast . . . . By the way, Woods took Buffalo by storm when he smashed his way to victory over game Jimmy Clark in a spine tingler in Bisontown . . . . For the present, address all our mail to 1009 Cadillac Street, as we are no longer located at 203 Stephen's Building . . . . This building is to be torn down and replaced by a skyscraper . . . . George Courtney, former Oklahoma Cowboy, who lives here, and Gabby Gans, the trainer, played important pictorial roles in pictures illustrating E. R. Vandeboncouers' "It Could Happen Here," a local story which ran in the Syracuse *Journal* . . . . Bob Kenefick, Lawrence J. Skiddy and Bill Reddy, local sports editors, will see the Schmeling-Louis go . . . . Five big pro shows slated here during the summer outdoor season.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

JIMMY ADAMICK'S four-round knockout of Al Ettore in a Philadelphia ring was the outstanding item of interest to Michigan fight fans. Jimmy had decisively defeated Ettore in Detroit, but had been unable to make the rugged Philadelphian take the count. At present Adamick is boxing in various spots throughout the country.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids 135-pounder, lost what was said to have been a "home town" decision to Sammy Angott in Louisville, but Johnny Durso, Angott's stablemate, had no such luck, and Ramey trimmed him handily in a rough ten-rounder at Muskegon. Durso had a six-pound weight advantage, but Ramey's speed carried him through an easy winner.

In the semi-windup, Bobby McIntire, Detroit's leading lightweight, was far too clever for South Bend's "Flying Dutchman," Georgie Vander Hayden, and copped the nod by a good margin.

Billy Bengal, hard-hitting Detroit 154-pounder, was too aggressive and won easily over Jack Glazier, Grand Rapids, who has been winning regularly. Glazier is a nice fighter, but Bengal's left hooks decided the issue, and the booes that followed the decision were unwarranted.

Pancho Villa, bantamweight champion of Mexico and really one of the best battlers around today, is in these parts with his manager, Senor Lazcano, and will undoubtedly collide with the best bantams in the United States. Villa already numbers among his victims such sterling performers as Harry Jeffra, Baby Casanova, Indian Quintana and Tobe De LaRosa. Johnny MacIntyre, well-liked Detroit manager, will do Villa's business in the States, and has fights pending in Louisville, Milwaukee and Toronto. MacIntyre can be reached at 2152 Military Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Jimmy Urso stopped Jackie Saylor in the seventh round at Fairview Gardens after being on the deck in an earlier round. Jimmy was scheduled to box K. O. Morgan at Arena Gardens, but suffered an infected ear and the show had to be cancelled.

Nick Londes, veteran wrestling promoter, gets back in the boxing circle with the Buddy Knox-Unknown Winston show at Naval Armory. Londes will undoubtedly run some good shows at the East Side amphitheatre.

George Sutka, the "Mayor of Wyandotte," returns to the wars with Ted Keating in the opposite corner. Joe Sutka, his middleweight brother, collides with Pete Petroskey in the semi-windup. These bouts are on deck for Lou Newman at Arena Gardens.

Bobby McIntire is keeping busy, with plenty of work on the line. Bobby is one of the most popular young fighters around Detroit, and never makes a bad showing.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By SPARKY RUDOLPH

GEORGE BARATKO pounded out a 10-round decision over Tiger Fann to climax a fast show at the 372 Armory. Baratko floored the colored lad in the second round with a driving left to the midsection, the bell saving Fann. The Tiger made a fast late rally but it was too late. Lem Franklin, former Golden Gloves champion, belted out one Jack Monroe from Pittsburgh in one round. Frankie Williams put the kayo on Joey Sper in the second round. Jesse Levels knocked out Ed Di Luzio in the first round of their scheduled six. Ernie Young kayoed Huce Bruce of Akron in one round. Tommy Taylor kayoed James Turner in one round.

Babe Risko easily defeated Gorilla Jones at Akron. Jones won but one round out of the ten. Leo Rittenour beat Sam Toarmina in a great fight; K.O. Kelly beat Jack O'Britton; Jim Roberts stopped Ralph Vasey of Cleveland in three; Jack Bloss knocked out Earl White in one.

Sammy Toarmina and Leo Rittenour boxed 10 rounds to a draw at Akron. Harry Weekly beat Johnny Sheppard.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Pete Leone defeated Kid Chocolate (Barberton) . . . . Roger Brooks stopped Hank Snyder . . . . Jimmy Vaughn, now living in the Big Town, is doing O.K. . . . . Little Jimmy La Marr, former crack amateur feather, is in the trucking business and doing fine . . . . The writer watched Henry Armstrong win the welter title and thinks he is the greatest thing on two feet. Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 714 E. Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

UPS 'N' DOWNS IN MIAMI
By KEN FERGUSON

PA STRIBLING, stormy petrel of Southern boxing deans, has gone and done it again. This time it's "Moonfaced Mullins, the Mississippi Monsoon," the big boy from Mississippi State University, a former Golden Gloves heavyweight champion, who rides in the saddle once occupied by Young Stribling, late King of the Canebrakes. And the selfsame board of directors guides the destinies of Mr. Moonface, Pa's new White Hope.

There's Pa himself, bustling around and rubbing his hands. And, too, there's Strib's old ballyhoo artist, none other than J. J. Jazbo Thomas, the Sage of Jawja. No doubt Strib is grinning through the mists of Eternity at Pa and Moonface and Jazbo as they tuck their big mitts in the car and head for Ty-Ty, Okalahatchee, Pahokee, and Sugar Centre.

Ben Brown came back to the wars after losing to Ralph Chong by knocking out Meyer Lichenstein of Baltimore after twenty-five seconds of the second round with a resounding left hook on the Lichenstein chin. Meyer was hopelessly outclassed by the Atlanta boy and Brown partisans found cause for encouragement in the brief flashes of old-time form. The Atlanta kid suffered considerable mental anguish during the past four months due to outside influences and his showings against Ralph Chong and Gus Lesnevich reflected it.

Mario Ramon, Mexican welter, T.K.O.'ed Roger Goss of New Orleans in the Brown-Lichenstein semi-final in the fourth round, and Pete Sumpter, Atlanta, won a six-round decision over Ray Woodward, Miami lightweight. Bobby Holland, 142, Orlando, laced Abe Schneider, 145, of Jacksonville in the six-round opener.

Miami winter faces who deserted Magic City rings for Texas stamping grounds have kept the faith with Florida followers. Johnny Dean whipped Eddie Cerda of Mexico in ten rounds at Corpus Christi, and Wishy Jones whipped Ted Garcia, Rocky Mountain lightweight champ, in Houston. Bill Gore took Ralph Chong to Houston, where the Chinaman trounced Red Conway and Tony Bruno. Red Hutchins, St. Petersburg featherweight, has been winning regularly also in the Lone Star State.

Percy Watson, Hialeah middleweight, who has been knocking over semi-final and main event 160-pounders for two or three years around Florida without getting much notice from promoters when main event billing was considered, finally landed a top shot at the Miami Armory against Jose Estrada, Mexican Iron Man. Watson was too good for Jose. Percy has beaten Battling Burroughs, Charley Jerome, and Roy Bailey, to mention a few of the elite.

Al Brown, Belize, British Honduras—Thanks a lot. Things are slow over here right now. Not advisable to come over. Would suggest England for you, a British subject.

Pal Silver, Belize, British Honduras—Same goes for you, also, Pal, although I know you have great ability. Thanks for writing.

Jimmy McCusker, Rocky Mountain bantam champ—Please contact the writer immediately.

Lou Novarro, Miami, Florida—Write me at Stokes Bay, Ontario, Canada, forwarding pictures, mats, clippings on Echeverria.

The boxing game needs a general "clean up" campaign . . . . Such an idea, of course, is nothing new . . . . Jack Dempsey has been campaigning for a Czar of Pugilism patterned after baseball's Judge Landis for years . . . . The stringent need for such an office has been pointed out graphically in at least two occasions of late . . . . when it is reputed that Freddy Steele's manager said that Apostoli "would never get a chance at the title" after the San Francisco bellhop committed mayhem upon the person of Mr. Steele in a non-title fight . . . . And later in Detroit after K. O. Morgan, a legitimate bantamweight contender, had whipped Sixto Escobar without trouble . . . . Like Steele's manager, Escobar's guiding light also said something about Morgan's lost chance.

It is just about time that intelligence be given a chance to guide the fine sport of boxing . . . . instead of cunning . . . . That would automatically increase gate receipts with the return of public confidence and, paradoxically enough, place it in the sport instead of business category.

The cauliflower industry could well afford one of the nation's finest minds to act as Czar, too . . . . Huge gate receipts all over the country attest to that. No one will deny that Judge Landis has done a bang up job for the welfare of baseball, nor will they denounce Will Hays' record as motion picture mogul. Why not an immediate action along these lines, Nat Fleischer? The Ring Magazine is best equipped to carry out an intensive campaign, world-wide in scope. Jack Dempsey and some of the finest men in boxing are behind you.

Fighters and managers are requested to contact Bill Hawkins, 2206 N. Lafayette Street, Sioux City, Iowa, who is matchmaker for Riverview Park Boxing Arena, Iowa's leading punch bowl this summer. Many of the country's outstanding boxers will headline Riverview cards. Let Bill know whom you have available.

The writer will be pleased to answer questions enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write him at Box 448, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

THE South's chief fistic attraction during the past month had the world's light-heavy king, John Henry Lewis, come through with a twelve-round kayo over rugged Elmer Ray at Atlanta, Ga. Ray, a colored lad from Tampa, Fla., was no picnic for the champion and made a fine showing before the large crowd.

Ben Brown, Atlanta's gift to the middleweight ranks, scored a two-round kayo over Myer Lichtenstein at Miami. A capacity house was in attendance.

Glad to report that Joe Knight, popular light-heavy from Cairo, Ga., is doing well in his comeback campaign. Joe turned in five victories in as many starts.

The Yucatan Kid of Miami made his debut to Richmond, Va., boxing fans and handed a trimming to Cowboy Howard Scott in the featured bout. Both are lightweights.

Jimmy DeWitt decisioned Ollie Touchton and put the skids on Eddie Bond in three. Harry Kersey rocked Bearcat Johnson to sleep in five rounds, drew with Johnny Higgins and lost decision to Ollie Touchton. Carl Sivers turned in another kayo at the expense of Jimmy Powell in five rounds. Bobby Lyons scored over Eddie Ponce and Bobby Smith flattened Sonny Yates in three rounds.

Tom Sharkey, Jacksonville youngster, resumed his boxing under the Navy banner and won a hard-earned decision over Sailor Mendick at Portsmouth, Va.

Carl Sivers holds some sort of a record. The plucky youngster has boxed Jimmy Powell six times to date. Each time he has gotten up from the rosin to come back and score a knockout.

Note to Pinkie Lou Masters, Dallas, Texas: Pal, thanks a lot for everything. Please write me at 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida. Frank Matey, *Times-Union* sports writer, sends his regards.

Note to Eddie Herring and Joe Shanley of the Jacksonville *Sportsman:* Your article about The Ring Magazine is swell. Many thanks to you both and, may I add, your paper is most interesting reading.

Pa Stribling's new protege, Moon Mullins, outpointed Joe Lipps of Ty-Ty, Ga., in a heavyweight duel at Miami, Fla. Mullins is a former New York Golden Gloves champion. In the semi-final, Mario Ramon, 145, won a T.K.O. over Bobby Holland, 147, in the seventh canto. Holland hit the deck four times before the bout was stopped.

Al Jensen, Daytona Beach sportsman, is making every effort to revive professional boxing to Jacksonville's fistic followers. Al has presented five cards which were all swell. Popular headliners such as Jim Bowden, Ralph Chong, Percy Watson, Jose Estrada and Jimmy De Witt were successful in attracting the fans to the Arena and it looks like happy days are here again.

Jim Bowden, 168-pounder, kayoed Rudy Cancella in two rounds and drew with Ralph Chong in ten.

Percy Watson, Miami welter, won twice from Jose Estrada and T.K.O.'ed Vasco Forsyth in six heats.

The popularity of Art Riley's amateur boxing shows is growing in leaps and bounds. The large number of fans are treated to plenty of slugging, with very little science shown, which goes to show that each participant has his heart set on the new car Promoter Riley will give away to the high point boxer at the conclusion of the tournament.

Lyle (Baby-face) Karnarth, Jacksonville's hope for the Olympics, turned in a neat win over Flash Smith, University of Florida mittenslinger, in the final bout. They both weighed 172.

Hershell Barry, classy lightweight from St. Augustine, won over Marvin Platt, 138, in a thriller. Clarence Ponce, 118, also from St. Augustine, easily won from Ernie Wiggins, 120.

Maxie Coleman, 118, made it two in a row over Waas Kennedy, 116.

Lewin Williams T.K.O.'ed Sam Seylor in three rounds. Both are bantams.

Tommy Barker, 124, won by a T.K.O. over Al Moody, 125, in the third round.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

WALTER (POPEYE) WOODS, hard-punching middleweight from New York's gashouse district, gave Jimmy Clark, Jamestown Negro, a terrific beating in their ten-round battle, which headlined the Queensberry Club's show. Clark was on the floor no less than six times and he was fortunate to be able to finish on his feet. The pasting will do him no good.

Jimmy got over a few of his famous right-handers and once or twice shook Popeye, but in a majority of the rounds Woods was handing out the wallops and Clark was receiving them.

A crowd of around 3500 fans saw the show, which provided some good action. The complete results follow:

Jimmy Gilligan, 118½, Hamburg, outpointed Katzumi Morioka, 116½, Toronto (6); decision fair.

Irish Eddie Dolan, 145, Waterbury, Conn., drew with Sonny Jones, 146½, Vancouver, B. C. (6); decision fair.

Tommy Tedesco, 140, Niagara Falls, stopped Lou Alpert, 133, Utica (3); Alpert quit at end of third round, claiming hand injury.

Billy Hughes, 158, Buffalo, knocked out Dominick Torre, 152, Albany, 2:39 of first round.

Joe Latona, 145½, Buffalo, outpointed Steve Bucelato, 144, Niagara Falls (4); decision fair.

Officials: Referee, Luke Carr; judges, Dan Russo, Art Scott; timer, Frank Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

Professional promoters are trying hard to get Jackie Donovan to desert the simon-pures. The local featherweight flash should do considerable thinking before making a decision.

Ralph De John and Charlie Eagle put up a miserable fight before the Q. A. C. De John, showing little of the spectacular form of his other appearances in Buffalo, won the fight, but is deserving of little praise for his victory. Eagle is overrated and proved it in the De John bout. The turnout for the scrap was anything but profitable for Charlie Murray, promoter, who is now up against it for talent.

The remainder of the card was:

Battling Monroe, 168, Detroit, defeated Lou Presto, 176, Buffalo, six rounds; official decision.

Irish Eddie Dolan, 141, Waterbury, Conn., defeated Sonny Jones, 144½, Toronto, six rounds; official decision.

Marty Simmons, 165½, Saginaw, Mich., defeated Paulie Mahoney, 166½, Buffalo, six rounds; official decision.

Jimmy Gilligan, 121, Hamburg, knocked out Tony Forezzi, 123, Albany, in 2:10 of third round.

Steve Buccelatta, 145, Niagara Falls, and Joe Latona, 144½, Buffalo, drew in four rounds; official decision.

Referee, Jimmy Goodrich; judges, Harry McCoy and Dan Russo; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

Bert Finch declares that Rudy Stiller, hard-punching German boy from the East Side, is Buffalo's only hope for big gates. Rudy gave Lou Presto a licking and broke a bone in his foot during the bout. This happened several months ago. Stiller is now O.K. and Manager Tom Timlin, Grey Eagle of the boxing game, is after the best in the light-heavyweight class. While Timlin is away, Uncle Bert will handle Stiller.

Timlin spends most of his time in Pittsburgh, where he holds a responsible position. Tommy gets a chance to see many of the best middleweights and light-heavies in action. But he is strong for Rudy.

"Stiller will lick them all next season," warns the Eagle.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Art Johnson, matchmaker for the Orioles' amateur shows, runs into more than his share of tough luck . . . . With the weather against him nine times out of ten, Art had the misfortune to have a team of Irish amateurs booked against the best of the local crop . . . . What happens? The Irish team gets mixed up in a motor accident and several of the best men were unable to show . . . . Result was that Johnson ran into a loss . . . . Art Straub, popular referee, dropped dead in the ring of a heart attack at the Broadway Auditorium on May 19 as he was about to referee an amateur bout . . . . Art was formerly a professional arbiter, but of late had confined his efforts to handling work for the A. A. U. . . . . Tony Sciolino, who has made a remarkable comeback, would be making plenty of money around these parts if the fight game was in good shape . . . . As it is, Tony has to keep working on his job to make ends meet . . . . He may still get a decent break in the ring for he is fighting in splendid form.

Jack Herman is back on his feet, following a major operation . . . . The major domo of the Buffalo Sporting Club is a tough bird for a man of his years . . . . Incidentally, the B.S.C. continues to pack them in with its wrestling shows . . . . Willie (K. O.) Brennan, a favorite with boxing and wrestling fans, is one of the best referees in this part of the country . . . . Willie is running a restaurant and bar on the East Side, and doing well . . . . Jack O'Sullivan, Niagara Falls amateur heavyweight, may still arrive on top if he is handled right . . . . Jack should stay away from clever boxers and fast thinkers . . . . Billy Michael, the Bald Eagle, may turn Harry Smith pro later in the summer . . . . Billy would like Jackie Donovan to remain an amateur for another year . . . . Rumors afloat are that Ralph De John, Syracuse light-heavyweight, is a benedict . . . . And Ralph hasn't denied it to date.

Jack Herman's wrestling shows at Broadway Auditorium continue to draw great crowds. Ed George got even with Rowdy Bob Wagner in their return match by tossing Bob in two out of three falls before the B. S. C. The villainous tactics of Wagner were of little avail this time, for George was more than a match for Bob. Over 7100 saw the show, which should please the mat moguls very much. Complete results on the card follow:

Ed Don George, 224, defeated Bob Wagner, 240, two falls of three. George won first, 4.23, body press; Wagner won second, 31.23, body press; George, third, Wagner counted out while out of ring.

Dan O'Mahony, 230, threw Don McIntyre, 218; 31:05, body slam.

Jules Strongbow, 287, defeated Dan O'Connor, 230, 6:11, bout stopped by referee due to O'Connor's injury.

Jerry Monahan, 241, threw Baron Benny Ginsberg, 214; 9:58, body slam.

Lou Plummer, 246, and Al Rumberg, 228, wrestled a 20-minute draw.

Promoter Herman may bring Jim Londos and other topliners here for grappling shows in the open-air. Some big things are ahead for the mat game in this city. The Paul Bowser group has all the star attractions tied up and should continue to pack them in for quite a spell.

FACES ABOUT TOWN—Ben Irvine has several amateur boxers and he would like to get active in the pro game again . . . . Bert Finch may get his new gym going by fall and then you'll see the big fellow show plenty of action . . . . Billy Michael has a dandy gym but doesn't seem to bother much about getting boxers to train there . . . . The professor is busy teaching boxing . . . . Jack Singer, who can do a problem in Euclid as quick as the next one, has a piece of the new Negro baseball team representing Buffalo in the All-Negro National League . . . . Charlie Pinto has taken a position with the Recreation Department, City Parks . . . . Chip Davis, good featherweight of a dozen years ago, is working in the Buffalo Post Office.

HERE AND THERE—Bobby Clary, crack bantamweight of seven years ago, is working for the Buffalo General Electric Company . . . . Clary fought Frenchy Belanger, Frisco Grande and all the best among the 118-pounders . . . . Big Boy Brackey took it on the chin again . . . . In New York, Italo Colonello, giant Italian, stiffened Brackey in the third round . . . . Jimmy Dunn was thinking of having Brackey do some boxing in California, but Big Boy will have to do some training if he fights for Dunn, who is a stickler for condition . . . . Dope around town is that Ed (Don) George may quit the wrestling business before fall . . . . George has made plenty of jack since the rassle boom.

Tommy Moore, one of the best promoters in the country, will get going again in Jamestown, N. Y., where he has leased Celeron Park with a seating capacity of 7500 . . . . Moore can be addressed at P. O. Box 864, Jamestown, N. Y.

Playfair Brown expects to stage at least one world's championship match at Toronto during the summer. Playfair is a real hustler and has kept Toronto in the big time even during the boxing depression. Bantams and welters go good in the Ontario metropolis.

Good boxers of real ability, especially bantamweights, welterweights and heavyweights, who would like to get established in a splendid boxing center should write Hugh Shannon, Crescent A. A., 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers should be free from managerial alliances and contracts. A great chance to make some big money is open to those who can keep winning.

Aside to British boxing enthusiasts: I would like to receive some newspapers from various parts of the British Empire. Will greatly appreciate any that are mailed to me. Address: Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

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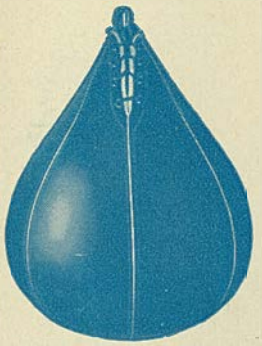

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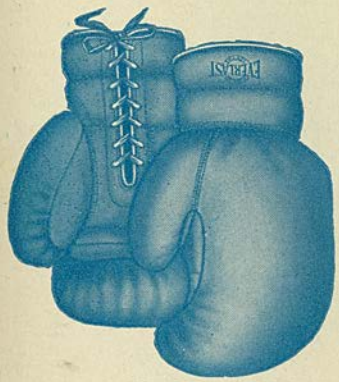

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Do YOU Want to Be One?

Charles Atlas

An actual untouched photo of Charles Atlas, twice winner of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"—who offers you this amazing 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER.

J. G. O'BRIEN
Atlas Champion Cup Winner
This is an ordinary snapshot of one of Charles Atlas' Californian pupils. You, too, can have a strong healthy body.

..And I'll PROVE in Just 7 DAYS I Can Make YOU One!

MEN—meet J. G. O'Brien, of California, one of my Silver Cup Winners! A smashing example of what my *Dynamic Tension* can do! Look at that strong neck—those broad, handsome, perfectly-proportioned shoulders—that muscled chest and stomach. Read what he says: "It seems only a few days ago that I mailed you that coupon. Look at me NOW! *Dynamic Tension* works like magic. Those *7 days* certainly *proved* you can make a fellow a NEW MAN—right in the privacy of his own home. I'm proud of the *natural*, easy way you have made me an 'Atlas Champion'!"

Do *you* want a prize-winning body like this? Are *you* fed up with having no strength, no vigor, being only HALF-ALIVE? Then listen—

YOU'LL SEE AND FEEL RESULTS IN ONE WEEK!

That's all I ask—SEVEN DAYS! In the FIRST WEEK I'll absolutely PROVE that I can give you, too, the kind of body men respect and women admire! You will actually see and feel the improvement in even this short time. And as the weeks go by you will see yourself transformed into a NEW man—a stronger, healthier and more handsome man!

I was once a skinny weakling of only 97 lbs. I didn't know what real health or strength were. I was afraid to fight, ashamed to be seen in a swimming suit.

Then I discovered the amazing secret that changed me, like magic, into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," the title I won *twice* and have held *ever since*, against all comers. My secret is *Dynamic Tension*. It is the *tested, natural* method of developing you *inside and out!* It not only can GIVE you the powerful, rippling muscles you'd like to see in your own mirror . . . It *also* digs down into your system after such needless, joy-killing conditions as ordinary constipation, pimples, indigestion, underweight and overweight.

My *Dynamic Tension* method will make a NEW MAN of you in double-quick time—and I'm ready to PROVE it to you in a 7-day TRIAL OFFER. Unless you get results in the first week it costs you absolutely NOTHING.

CHARLES ATLAS
Dept. 808, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your FREE book, "Everlasting Health and Strength" and full details about your 7-day TRIAL OFFER.

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... *State*.....

FREE BOOK

Let me show you the amazing results produced for thousands of other men! I'll send you FREE my famous book, **"Everlasting Health and Strength."** It shows actual photos. It tells exactly what I can now do for **your** body! Write your name and address carefully on coupon. Mail to me personally **today.** I'll rush your free copy to you AT ONCE! Charles Atlas, Dept. 808, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

THIS STERLING SILVER CUP BEING GIVEN AWAY

This valuable cup stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base.

I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement in his development within the next three months.